



• New "two-faced" coat—beige Teddy Bear cloth on one side, bright Scotch plaid on the other.

Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye— but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!



**Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.**

THE RIGHT KIND of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is *you*—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are

lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

WHY

DID CHARLES BOYER
COME BACK TO
AMERICA?

WHY

DOES JOHN GARFIELD
THREATEN TO LEAVE
HOLLYWOOD?

WHY

IS A ONCE-GREAT STAR
NOW A FORGOTTEN
WOMAN?

READ MARCH SCREENLAND FOR
THE ANSWERS TO ALL THESE QUES-
TIONS AND MANY MORE! REMEM-
BER—MARCH ISSUE ON SALE FEB-
RUARY 2nd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

February, 1940

Vol. XXXX, No. 4

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page	Delight Evans	17
Hollywood Whirl	Len Weissman	18
Dance Secrets of Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire....	Gladys Hall	22
Paul Muni Goes to Town.....	Ida Zeitlin	24
Norvell's Most Startling Predictions.....		26
Saint or Devil? Marlene Dietrich.....	Elizabeth Wilson	28
He's Living for Today. William Powell.....	Charles Darnton	30
He's Living His Life Backwards. Walter Brennan.		
Will Mortimer Supplant Charlie McCarthy?.....	Nord Riley	32
"Golden Bill" in Fast Company. Bill Holden.....	Sylvia Conrad	34
Sonja Henie Gives the Lie to Gossips.....	Dora Albert	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Nancy Kelly.....		54
Fashions. Brenda Marshall.....		56
What Next for Hedy Lamarr?.....	Liza	58
Jeanette MacDonald, the Impatient Photographer..	Ruth Tildesley	60
Don't Be a Dud—Shine!.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher	62

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Mae West, W. C. Fields, Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Myrna Loy, Margaret Sullavan, Tony Martin, Rita Hayworth, Margaret Sullavan with James Stewart, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly, Lana Turner, Randolph Scott, Errol Flynn, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood	6	
Tagging the Talkies.....	8	
Honor Page	10	
Inside the Stars' Homes. Una Merkel.....	14	
Courage, a Heart—and Brains.....	Courtenay Marvin	64
SCREENLAND's Glamor Guides	Marina	65
Here's Hollywood	Weston East	66

COVER PORTRAIT OF BARBARA STANWYCK, STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"REMEMBER THE NIGHT," PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM WALLING, JR.

V. G. Heimbucher, President

Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.



Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S *production of* MARGARET MITCHELL'S
Story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND

in TECHNICOLOR *starring*

CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler

LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting

VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O'Hara

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release



SCREENLAND

Hot

From Hollywood

Keep up with the latest gossip about stars and their pictures

IF THERE ever was a cause for the constantly rumored rivalry between Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison, Paramount has just lately fed the feud by throwing a very potent bomb of contention between these two. After all the comparison of their oomph and temperature-raising abilities, jungle-minded Paramount is at last giving a specific cause for hot comparison. Patricia Morison is going to play in a typical Lamour jungle epic called "Moon Over Burma." What a damning dish of comparison that will evoke—both of their personalities in the same natural tropical environment. And what's more, there's a clincher. Robert Preston will be Patricia's romantic team-mate. The studio has just announced that after the first of the year they will establish the team of Preston and Morison in a series of love dramas. It seems to me that the thing for Dorothy to do is to go back to her sarong.

JIMMY CAGNEY has taken up guitar playing and is teaching himself to pick out his own tunes. His ambition is to get to play "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice." . . . Another Hollywood sport headache, among those who can take it, is a wallowing sit-downer called Ten-Ice. It's nothing more than tennis on an ice-court. P. S. Don't try it. . . . Searching investigation proves that Garbo, of all things, really does wear striped men's shorts for undies.

THE guests at the fashionable Sunset Plaza apartments still don't realize what a well known young man it was who stepped momentarily into their lives the other morning, in a very intimate capacity. It was John Payne, who was pinch-hitting as a go-between for the doctor and dentist, and all the other ever-present calls of daily life. John and Anne Shirley stepped into the apartment building just as the young man at the telephone board was suddenly taken ill. John stepped to the board and took over. He earned his way through Columbia doing the same thing. He "Yes" madamed and "No" madamed so expertly and meaningfully, that each woman who used her phone that morning became quite impressed with the new male voice at the switchboard. When one woman wanted to know where he studied voice, and if he was free evenings, John thought it was time to quit, and so did his wife, Anne.



The picture everyone's talking about: "The Grapes of Wrath," from John Steinbeck's sensational novel of the Dust Bowl refugees, is ready for the screens. Here are first stills from this powerful production. Above, Jane Darwell as MA JOAD, with Henry Fonda as TOM JOAD and Russell Simpson as PA. At right, MA gives PA a road-side haircut while he relaxes.

MICKEY ROONEY is without question a lady-killer besides being able to pick out sensational feminine appeal. But once in a while he is still misled by the fact that he is really just a very cocky, precocious kid. Mickey and his director were going over his script in the M-G-M commissary not long ago, and were deep in the business of the technique of acting, when a very beautiful girl came into the room and ordered a luscious double-chocolate sundae. Mickey couldn't take his eyes off the girl and the director's pointers on the script were all missing fire. Finally, he coaxed Mickey with, "Come on, Rooney, I'll admit that she's a beauty, but we've got a lot of work to do here." Mickey sighed dreamily, "Beautiful is right. Four scoops of eggnog ice cream, oodles of chocolate fudge sauce, and look at that whipped cream. I've got to have a chocolate sundae just like that, right now."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, as you can guess, is never very far from ever-watchful eyes. Besides the scrutiny of those who guard her constantly, she can't help but rivet the attention of everyone in her presence, and she has had the cardinal virtue of readiness on the set drummed into her. So one day during the shooting of her last picture, when the signal was given, and Shirley was nowhere to be found for a take, there was momentary panic. She was safe, as you can guess, but was just out performing another one of her girl scout deeds. Shirley had begged for, and been granted, the daily prerogative of announcing the lunch hour over a loud speaker. That day, everyone on the set knew she had kiddingly given the signal before she was told, but she was the only one who thought about the sound-man stationed outside. She caught him before he went to lunch, but was locked out by the red light. She knew better than to open a door with the light burning, so they found her meekly waiting between the huge stage doors, locked out of her own set.



A FILM siren—you would never guess whom—has become very soulful about "Golden Boy" Bill Holden. She repeatedly traveled all the way to Pasadena during the holidays to hear him sing Christmas carols in a church choir. . . . Wally Beery insists that it costs him \$35,000 a year just to remain unmarried but emphatically says it's worth every dollar of it.

WHEN the huge, new, most modern studios in the world are completed by Paramount at their new location, George Brent will be the only actor who will benefit from the real estate end of the deal. Business-wise Brent has bought, in advance, some of the most valuable intersecting lots near the new studio site, and he will use the location as a setting for his brand new business venture. These studio units will form the nucleus of a chain of super-service stations and colossal open-faced markets which he intends to build. If you already know the impressive grandeur of the present gas and food emporiums of Southern California, you'll know that George Brent's plans to top them must be colossal even by Hollywood standards.

(Continued on page 12)

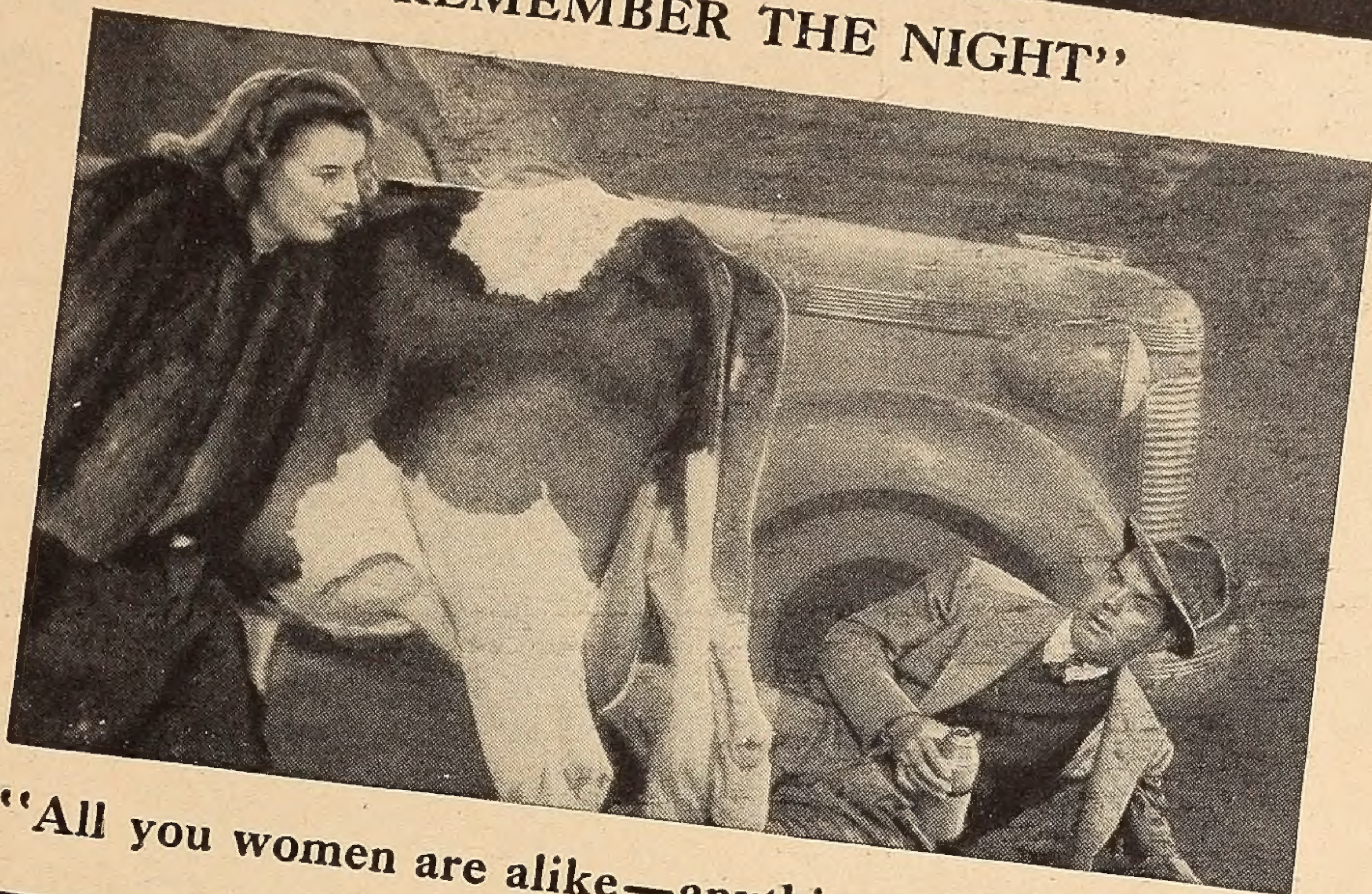
BAD GIRL—



GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!!

*Only Mitchell
("Man About
Town") Leisen
could direct a
scene like this.*

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



**"Know why you've looked at me the way you have,
danced with me the way you have, kissed me the
way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."**

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

*Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and
Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray
could bring you such a love story!*

**Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in
"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"**

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali" . . . Explosive as "Midnight" . . . Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges



**Of Course,
IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!**

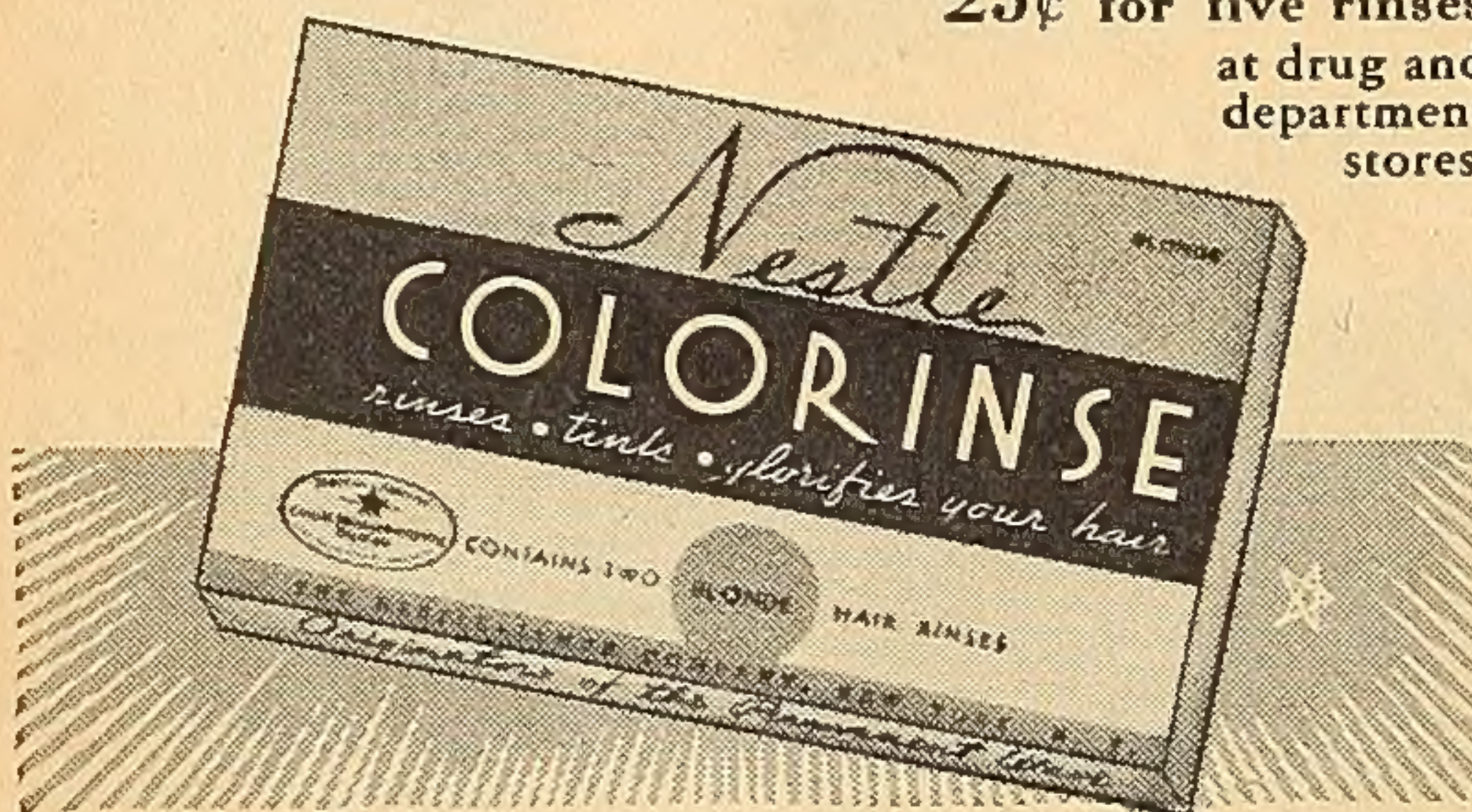


..STARTS WITH *Gleaming Lustrous Hair!*

Rinse those beautiful highlights into your hair with Nestle Colorinse. Notice how it makes dull, drab-looking hair radiant and lustrous. Not a dye or a bleach... Colorinse is so simple to use. Washes away soap shampoo film...leaves your hair soft and manageable. Choose your own color from the Nestle Color Chart at toilet goods counters.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores

25¢ for five rinses at drug and department stores.



PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and Tinyphone for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M.O. Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value **ORDER NOW! MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-2, Kearney, Nebr.**

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

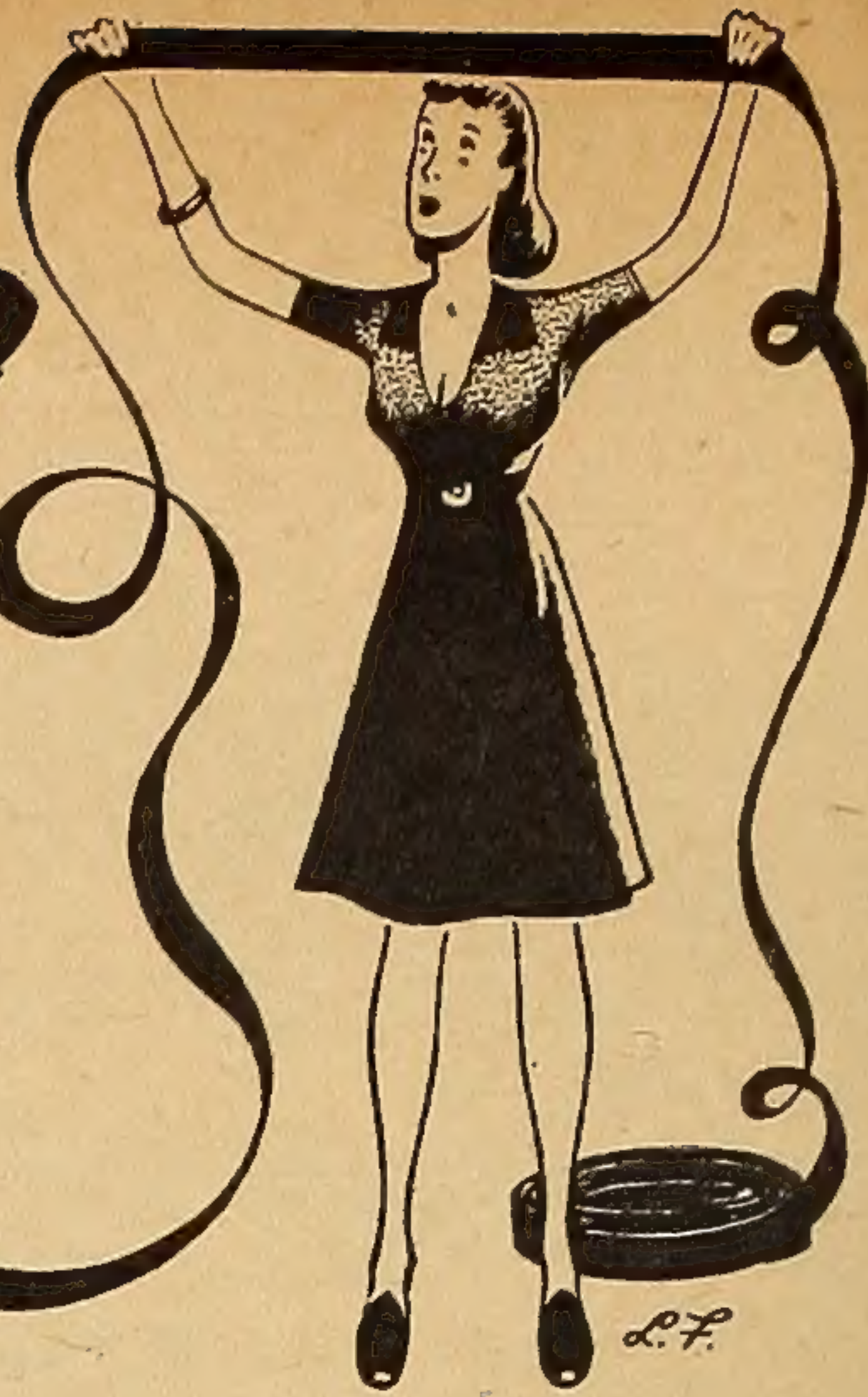
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but **ALSO** stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Day-time Wife—20th Century-Fox

Let us be gay! This comedy about a wife who becomes a secretary in order to find out what lure secretaries have that wives haven't is very, very gay. If you're tired of war news and tragedies, this is just the picture for you. Perhaps Tyrone Power is miscast as the wandering husband, but the clever, brittle dialogue will make you forget that. Linda Darnell as his wife is so alluring you'll find it hard to believe that *any* husband could stray.



Four Wives—Warners

Well, well, well, here they are again—the "four daughters"—but this time two of them are wives, one's a widow, and one is trying to win a husband. This begins where "Four Daughters" left off, and has all the same characters, including John Garfield, who comes back as a memory. "Four Wives" isn't quite as poignant as "Four Daughters," but you'll like it. And you'll be grateful for one new note—Eddie Albert as the amusing physician.



That's Right—You're Wrong—RKO-Radio

A hilarious comedy, tailor-made to fit the likeable personality of Kay Kyser, radio star famous for his College of Musical Knowledge. Kay Kyser plays *Kay Kyser*, in a plot about a radio star who is brought to Hollywood by shrewd producer *Delmore* (Adolphe Menjou). The highlights of the picture are the screen test, with Kay as a great lover, and the filming of a "College of Musical Knowledge" broadcast. Kay has his radio troupe with him.



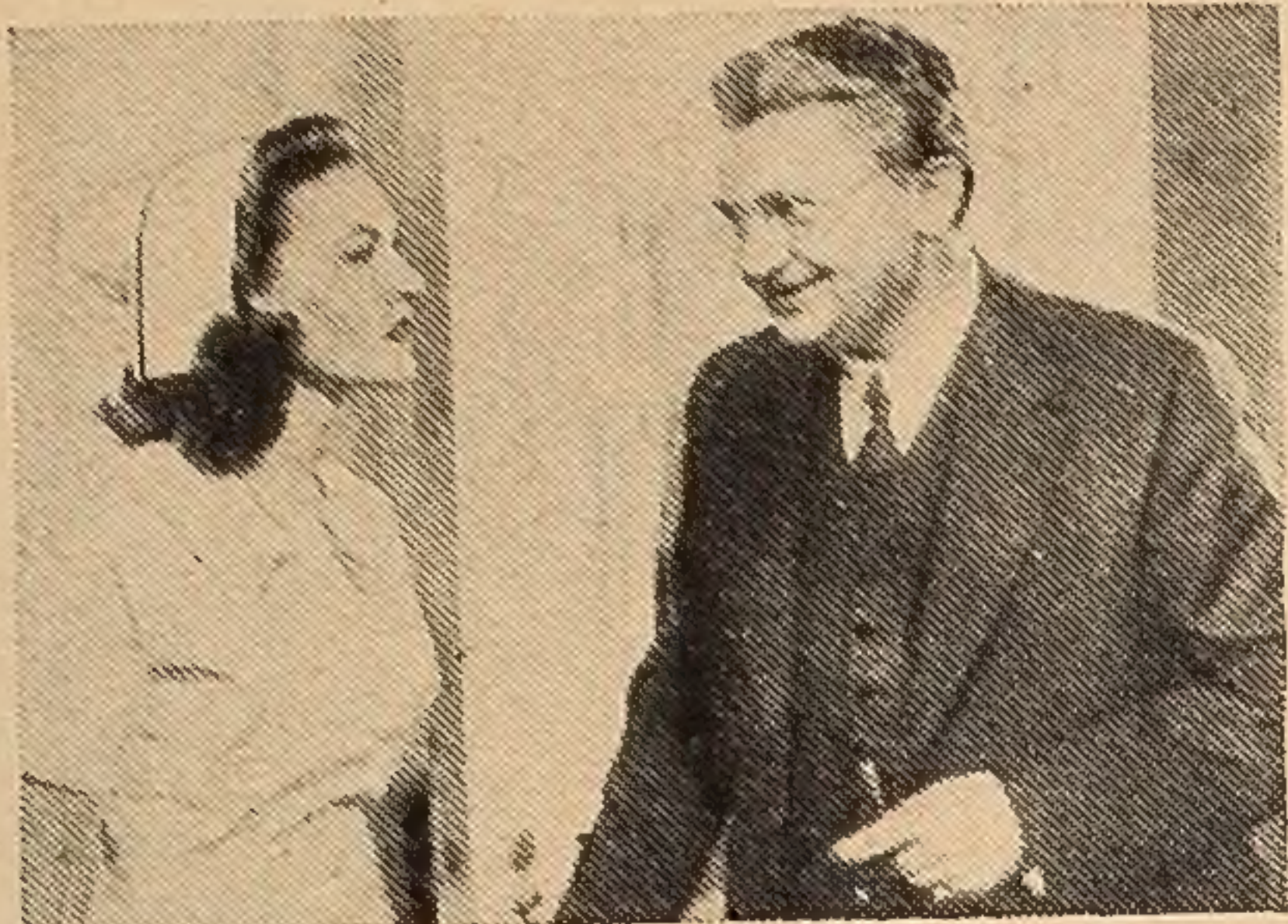
The Big Guy—Universal

Two prison escapes (count 'em, two), more shooting than you can count, a love story, a courtroom trial and an automobile accident combine to give this story more action than you usually find in half a dozen plots. You'd call it hokum if it weren't for the super-performances delivered by Jackie Cooper as the boy innocently involved in a prison getaway, and by Victor McLaglen as the warden who yields to temptation. Superb acting.



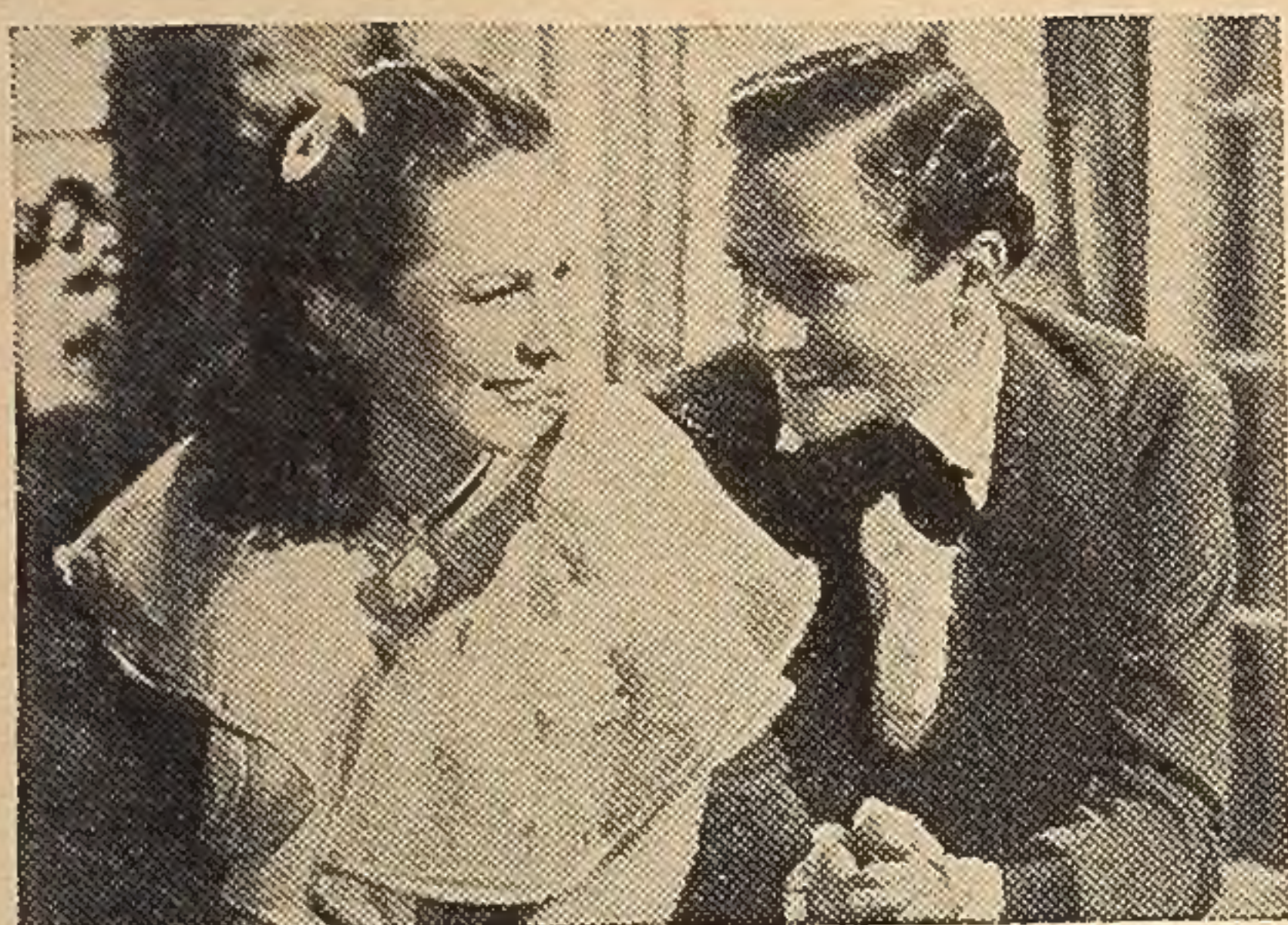
The Housekeeper's Daughter—United Artists

When this is good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's horrid. Fortunately, most of the picture is good. This is a crazy, mad, rollicking comedy about—of all things—a murderer who goes around putting poison in people's coffee. Doesn't sound much like a comedy, does it? Yet you'll find yourself roaring with laughter. Joan Bennett in the title rôle hasn't much to do, but looks beautiful. George E. Stone almost steals the picture as *Benny*.



Meet Doctor Christian—RKO-Radio

In the very same rôle he has played on the air, Jean Hersholt delivers his usual competent performance. It isn't his fault that the rôle is reminiscent of "Country Doctor" and therefore not as enthralling as if it were a completely new departure for "Doctor" Hersholt. Jean plays a skilled surgeon who settles down in a small town for humanitarian reasons. You'll like Patsy Lee Parsons as a brat.



Mill on the Floss—Standard

Geraldine Fitzgerald plays *Maggie Tulliver* in this filming of George Eliot's classic story about *Maggie's* ill-fated love for *Stephen Guest* (Griffith Jones). You won't be able to believe it's really Geraldine you're seeing. She has given some excellent performances on the screen, but this isn't one of them. The acting of the other members of the cast will remind you of amateur night at your local school.



Cowboys From Texas—Republic

There's dirty work afoot again, but the Three Mesquiteers (Robert Livingston, Raymond Hatton and Duncan Renaldo) are there to foil it. Livingston pretends to join the villains in order to discover their leader, who's fomenting trouble between cowboys and homesteaders. There's plenty of bang, bang, bang stuff. Though the Masked Rider's mask wouldn't fool a baby, this is an exciting, action-filled Western.

Don't label yourself all winter long—



**Underarms always perspire — even in Winter!
To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!**

NO MATTER how cold it is outdoors, it's *Summer* under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others . . . of being tagged as "unattractive"—are often actually *worse* in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself . . . don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . in summer and in *winter*, too. You'll find Mum . . .

SO QUICK! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're *completely protected*.

SO SAFE! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

SO SURE! You can *rely* on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of *men* have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

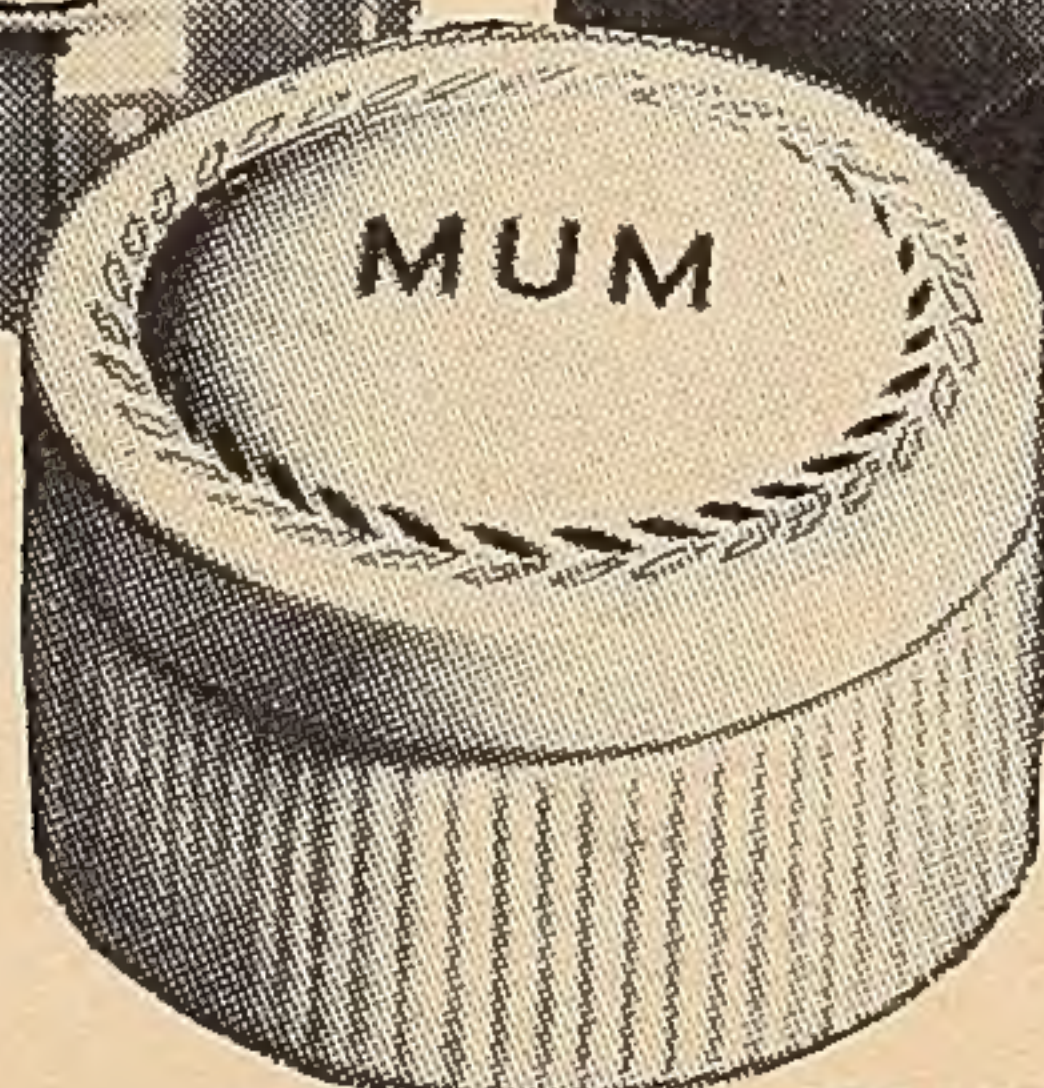
WOOLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOR! PLAY SAFE



TO HERSELF:
WINTER OR SUMMER
— IT'S GRAND TO
KNOW MUM KEEPS
MY POPULARITY
SAFE

Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



She's the find of the new season! Mary Martin, "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" Girl from Broadway, makes big Hollywood hit in her very first picture, "The Great Victor Herbert"



The piquancy of Jean Arthur, the charm of Claudette Colbert, and a very special warmth and womanliness all her own—we give you Mary Martin, the screen's new sweetheart

Screenland Humor Page

**Our Heart Belongs
to Mary Martin**

Musical comedy soubrette becomes cinema sensation! Mary Martin brings to the screen not only youth, verve, a voice, and great charm, but surprisingly poignant dramatic appeal. In these scenes from Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert," she is shown, top left, with Walter Connolly as Victor Herbert; top right, with hero Allan Jones.

HERE COME THE BRIDES!

SOMETHING OLD?

The lovable cast of "Four Daughters"!

SOMETHING NEW?

New laughs, new thrills, new joys!

SOMETHING BORROWED?

The same gay charm of their last hit!

SOMETHING BLUE?

A tear... even while you're laughing!

**PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE**

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**
Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of
'Mickey Borden'
as He Appeared in
'Four Daughters,'
is Portrayed by
**JOHN
GARFIELD**

Produced by
**WARNER
BROS.**
And Now
Showing



Bud Westmore, *Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox*, applies Westmore foundation cream for Brenda Joyce.

BRENDA JOYCE (20th Century-Fox Star) gets a WESTMORE make-up!

This wonderful foundation cream is the "star" of the Westmore cosmetics line. Used by Hollywood stars for both screen and street wear, because it is one essential part of perfect make-up. It's lasting, water-proof, covers up tired shadows. Gives you a lovely, lively look in day or evening light. In four youthful glowing tones, with powder to match. At drug, department, and variety stores. 25¢, 50¢ sizes.

GET PERC WESTMORE'S MAKE-UP GUIDE Has measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for greatest glamour. If not on sale near you send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. F-2, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City.



House of **WESTMORE**
HOLLYWOOD



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page 6

Will this be the greatest love scene ever filmed? Although the Hollywood grapevine said that Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable were feuding, their love scenes in "Gone With the Wind" certainly don't indicate a feud. What a RHETT and SCARLETT the two make!



ANN SHERIDAN is far more proud of her accomplished hand at frying chicken than she is of her screen success, only she's found that it's practically impossible in Hollywood for a whole group of one's friends to do justice to one's cooking at the same time. Someone always has to work and spoil the party. So Ann, after trying in vain to get Jane Bryan, Anne Shirley and John Payne and Cesar Romero and a lot of her other special friends together, solved the jinks by throwing a brand new kind of Hollywood entertainment. She invited all her friends to an ice-skating party at six o'clock in the morning with a guarantee that everyone would get to work on time. Then, after all her guests assembled, with ice-skating appetites, they had what Ann considers a real chance to get a load of her special Texas smothered chicken. There's one way to get your guests to eat your cooking!

GARY COOPER is still tops as Hollywood's most pretentious tinkerer. He's never grown up beyond the stage of taking alarm clocks apart. His latest experiment was a stab at building a steam-driven model launch, about five feet long. I don't know what anyone would do with a thing like that after they had it, but Gary fell to with a vengeance, and did all the work himself. He drew the plans, he shaped a sleek, graceful hull of the choicest mahogany. The decks, of course, were teak. He actually built a steam boiler that would drive a piston—it was fired with a blow-torch. Everything was built to scale. Altogether, Gary spent about six months of exacting work on the experiment, and then, upon the launching, the thing sank like a stone. Now Gary's going to build a model submarine.

I'VE often wondered how stars, who in leaner days used to lend their faces and figures as models for advertisers, feel about those pictures still being used. Now I know. Richard Greene is in the doldrums over just such a case. Right now, in war-torn England, his is the most prominently displayed face in poster ads in the British Isles, and not in any connection with motion pictures. Dimples and all, his portrait rides around on the front of big buses that lumber through traffic in large English cities. The picture was taken years ago when he was making the rounds of theatrical offices, and when modeling money was very, very welcome. The photograph is used in an advertisement for a popular hair lotion. All of Greene's efforts so far to buy up the privilege of using his picture have failed. His curly locks continue to sell the hair slickum in England.

A NUMBER of people in Hollywood want the exclusive credit for originating the idea of having invitations to parties recorded on phonograph records. I hope they don't succeed in pinning it on any one individual, because he may be sorry he started it. The thing is becoming a headache. All sorts of gags have started arriving by way of phonograph records. This year's holiday greetings and invitations were very novel that way, with singing, music, stale puns and poetry. You had to play all the darn things to find out where you were bidden and at what time. If you didn't own a phonograph it was just too bad. For the personal touch, they are now sending recorded birth and wedding announcements, and soon the plumber's bill may arrive on a phonograph record to the tune of "Have You Any Money?"

OVER at RKO they had a pretty vexing time of it trying to find out precisely what a 15th-century trumpet blast sounded like. Those yard-long trumpets in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" had to sound out at amazingly frequent intervals, and no one knew what kind of a toot they actually should make. The oldest authentic blast that the music department could find didn't sound at all fifteenth century—at least not to present-day sound technicians. So they got Hollywood's foremost trumpeter to audition a select group of toots for a select group of studio ears. After a dozen or so slightly different blasts the experts decided that number four sounded right. Then the trumpeter couldn't remember what number four was. He had manufactured them all on the spot, spontaneously. The sounds you'll eventually hear, were made up at a second audition.

IT COULD happen only in Hollywood: Even Hollywood sprouts nowadays know how involved with responsibilities the movie business has become. Bob Breen gave a little party for 20 valuable young film names, and took out liability insurance so no one could sue and collect if they were hurt at his party. . . . Nancy Kelly was knocked out cold by a flimsy, wispy gown in a scene for "He Married His Wife." In a rage, she was supposed to fling the dress about her boudoir. The heavy-weighted skirt that was supposed to make her a camera dream, clonked her on the head and Nancy bit the dust. . . . Bill Powell, for the first time in his career, had a really impressive wardrobe in "Another Thin Man." So far he's asked 50 or more people and not one had noticed any change in his haberdashery. They thought he went through the picture in the same suit.

YOU ought to know all about the livid streak of nature lover that surges through Jane Bryan before you accept her house guest invitation. If you don't you'll be in for a series of amazing surprises at Jane's housekeeping and her strange pets. If you can be nonchalant about finding a snake in your bed you'll be able to take the whole screwy set-up. But Jane hasn't been able to find a cook or a maid who could get used to her menagerie. Jane's fond of frogs, snakes, cats and dogs, and has a pet turtle. She raised a crocodile until it got too large for the bathtub. Jane's last colored cook left her flat when, as she put it, she found the clothesline full of empty snakes. It was Jane's collection of snake skins out for an airing.



One of the first scenes from "Little Old New York." No wonder Fred MacMurray is enjoying his mug of beer. Who wouldn't, in his place? Alice Faye is such a pretty bar-maid!

Lady Esther says

"Let me send you 12 SHADES of MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!"



Choose your most flattering—your lucky nail polish shade—without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that... and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail... made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands... accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty... that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

Lady Esther's
7-DAY
NAIL POLISH

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

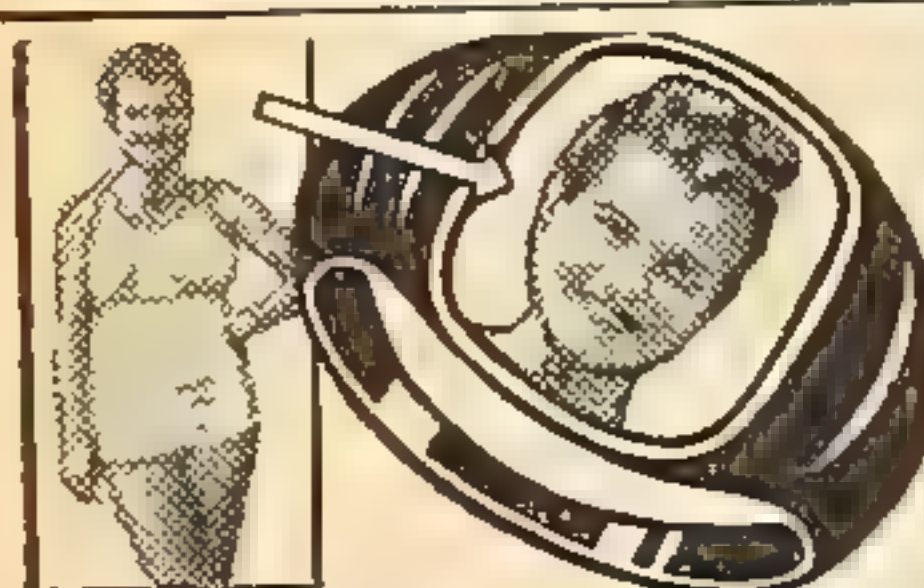


More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)



ple Ring NOW. Only 48¢ made from any photo. Photo Rings sell on sight. Take Orders—Make Money! **SEND NO MONEY.** Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay Postman 48¢ plus a few cents postage. Photo returned with ring. Send 48¢ and we pay postage. Order now! (Canadian orders must send cash.)

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. S-4, 606 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

"CASH IN" ON YOUR SPARE TIME

Use your spare time now to train for a pleasant, profitable Art career. Our proven home-study method has been training men and women for art careers since 1914. Our method makes it fun to learn COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING, CARTOONING all in one course. Write for free book, "Art for Pleasure & Profit"—describes course and TWO ARTISTS' OUTFITS included. Write today—state age.

FREE BOOK Sent on Request

STUDIO 172P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 1115-15th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.



Something different! Una Merkel serves New England breakfasts in Hollywood. Try out all her delicious recipes

By Betty Boone

"THIS house," said Una Merkel, welcoming me into her newly acquired white-painted-brick English dwelling, "is one that somebody might have dreamed. It's so odd that it seems nobody would ever think of building it, but it has so many grand points about it! If you just sat around wishing for them, you couldn't have wished anything nicer. When you look at it outside, it's a beautiful place, set in a pretty garden, but inside, parts of it might have come from 'Alice in Wonderland.' There's this living room— isn't it tremendous? I thought we might use it for a rollerdrome some day! It's twice the size of our old living room and *that* wasn't small. Another odd thing: this living room has fifteen archways in it, with all sorts of alcoves. It's ideal for either large or small groups, you see. A big party has plenty of space to spill into, and a small one can choose a location which is very cosy and comfortable.

The archways lead to hallways, to a bamboo bar, to a library, a coffee room, the inset fireplace, a small writing room, a powder room, and outside to patios. The room has a light and cheerful air, as if it were used to people having fun in it.

My hostess, as usual, bubbled over with laughter and excitement. "I'm having a breakfast in New England style," she confided, "and isn't this just the place for one? We'll serve fruit juices in the bar, while the guests are gathering from whatever they have been doing with their morning—going to church, or riding or sleeping late. It's a noon breakfast, of course. Considering the menu, I should take a nice long hike to get up an appetite! Mother has a house guest, Mrs. May Snow from Connecticut, and she's been working me up about New England dishes until I couldn't resist serving them. They eat the heartiest food you ever heard of, so what Holly-

wood dieters will say to me when they next get on the scales, I wouldn't dare to imagine!"

We inspected the bar, an alcove furnished in bamboo with colorful leather cushions, leis decorating the hanging glass shelves, and bowls of hibiscus adding a Hawaiian note.

"After breakfast, we'll serve coffee in the coffee room. In winter, if I'm entertaining, I usually have plenty of hot coffee at hand for those who crave it. I who drink half a cup a day, if that! Sometimes, we serve coffee with a flavor of hot chocolate in it—ever try it? There's something so festive about the smell of coffee that it adds to any party."

The coffee room is gay with flowered chintz. Its windows look out onto patios, bright with poinsettias. "See, there's my special pot of English holly." Una pointed out a tub with a flourishing young holly tree in it. "The gardener who took care of our other house gave it to me when I acted as godmother to his little girl. She's named for me, and is she the adorable thing? When we moved over here I couldn't leave the holly tree. But it seems not to mind transplanting."

New England food, as Una remarked, is very hearty. "We're having codfish balls, because May Snow has the most delicious recipe ever. And hot sausages with maple apple rings and scrambled eggs—it makes a pretty dish, and it's marvelous. Oh yes, and mince pie! May says she always serves pie with breakfast. Usually apple pie, but her mother served hot mince, so we will. New England people never have toast, did you know that? They have Johnny cake, that's something like pancakes, spoon bread muffins, and nearly always buckwheat cakes. We may have Boston baked beans. She has such a glorious recipe for them. And she recommends fried fish, if you can get it fresh. I think we'll pass that one up,

though. By the way, they pour cream over their pie—the apple pie or blueberry pie. I hardly believe they pour it over the mince!"

LITTLE PIG SAUSAGES WITH MAPLE APPLE RINGS

Broil little pig sausages until well done. Arrange on platter with apple rings, sliced (but not peeled) and baked in maple syrup to cover, around a heaped mound of scrambled eggs. (*Log Cabin Maple Syrup*)

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

Soak beans overnight. Pour off water in morning and parboil until tender, or until skins burst, drain and season, as follows, for a quart of beans:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses (Brer Rabbit)
- teaspoon dry mustard (R. T. French Co.)
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Place one pound of salt pork on top of seasoned beans and bake slowly overnight, or for 12 hours.

This is strictly New England.

JOHNNY CAKE

- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg well beaten
- pinch salt
- 1/2 tablespoon soda (Arm and Hammer)
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 tablespoon molasses (Duff's Molasses)
- 1 tablespoon butter, melted

Sift dry ingredients together in a bowl. Add other ingredients and beat thoroughly. Pour into a shallow greased baking pan and bake in a hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

Grease with Crisco, not with butter.

CODFISH BALLS (Boston Belles)

- 3 medium-sized potatoes
- 1 cup dried codfish
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/4 cup milk

Soak codfish for about an hour in cold water. Peel and quarter potatoes. Drain codfish and add to potatoes and cover with fresh water (cold). Bring to a boil and cool until tender. Drain and mash. Add beaten egg to the milk and mix with the fish mixture, drop by tablespoons into deep, hot shortening (Crisco) at 375 deg. F., and cook until brown.

Drain in brown paper to remove excess fat.

MINCE MEAT PIE

This recipe makes a small quantity, but can be increased as you wish. Use your own pie-crust recipe, but do not use criss-cross pastry top for mince pie.

- 1 large cup chopped meat (cold roast or broiled meat)
- 2 cups chopped apples
- 1/4 cup suet
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 tablespoon ground all spice (Burnett's)
- 1/2 tablespoon ground cinnamon (Burnett's)
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup currants
- 2 cups cider
- 1/4 pound of citron
- Candied orange peel, ground

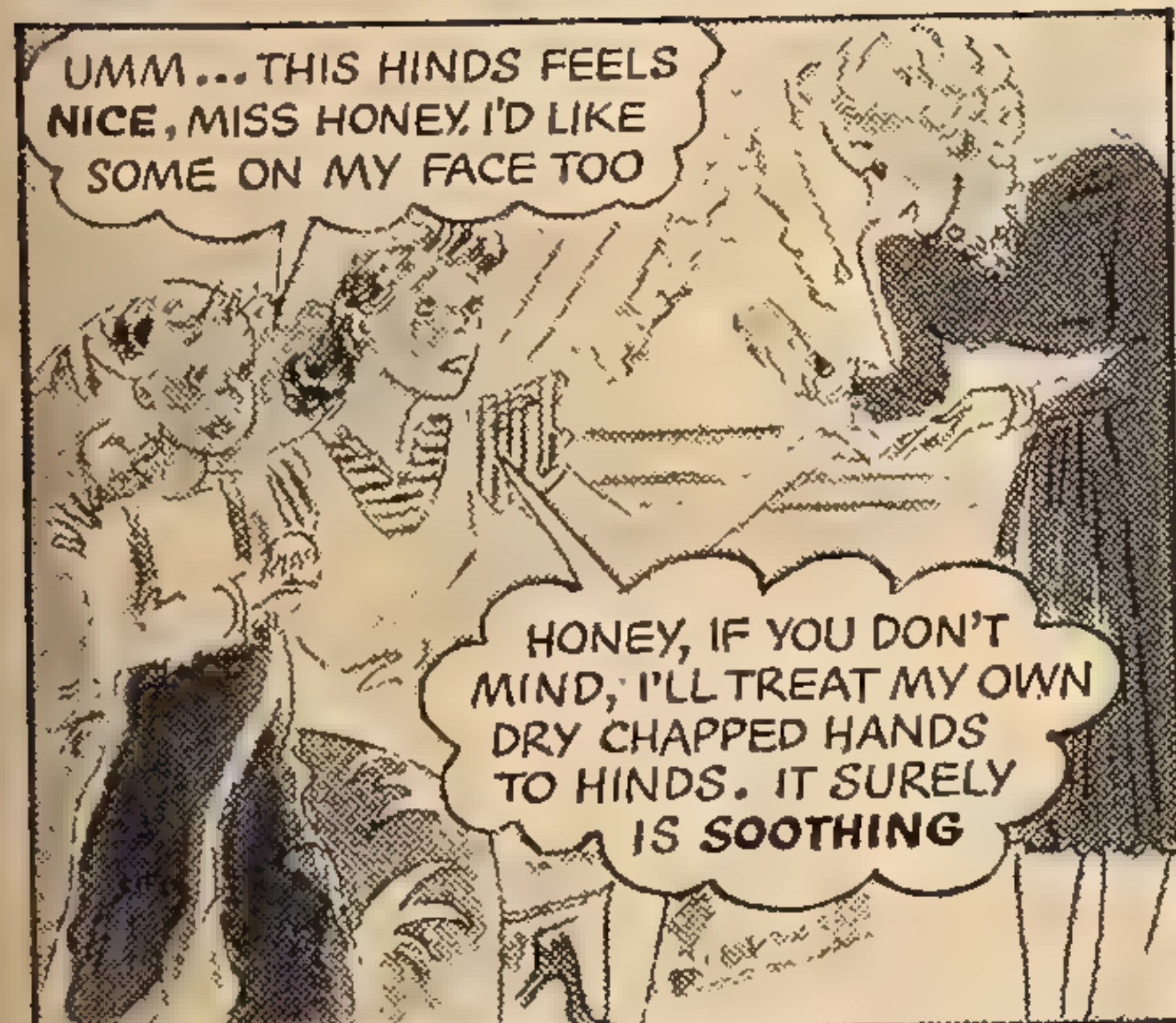
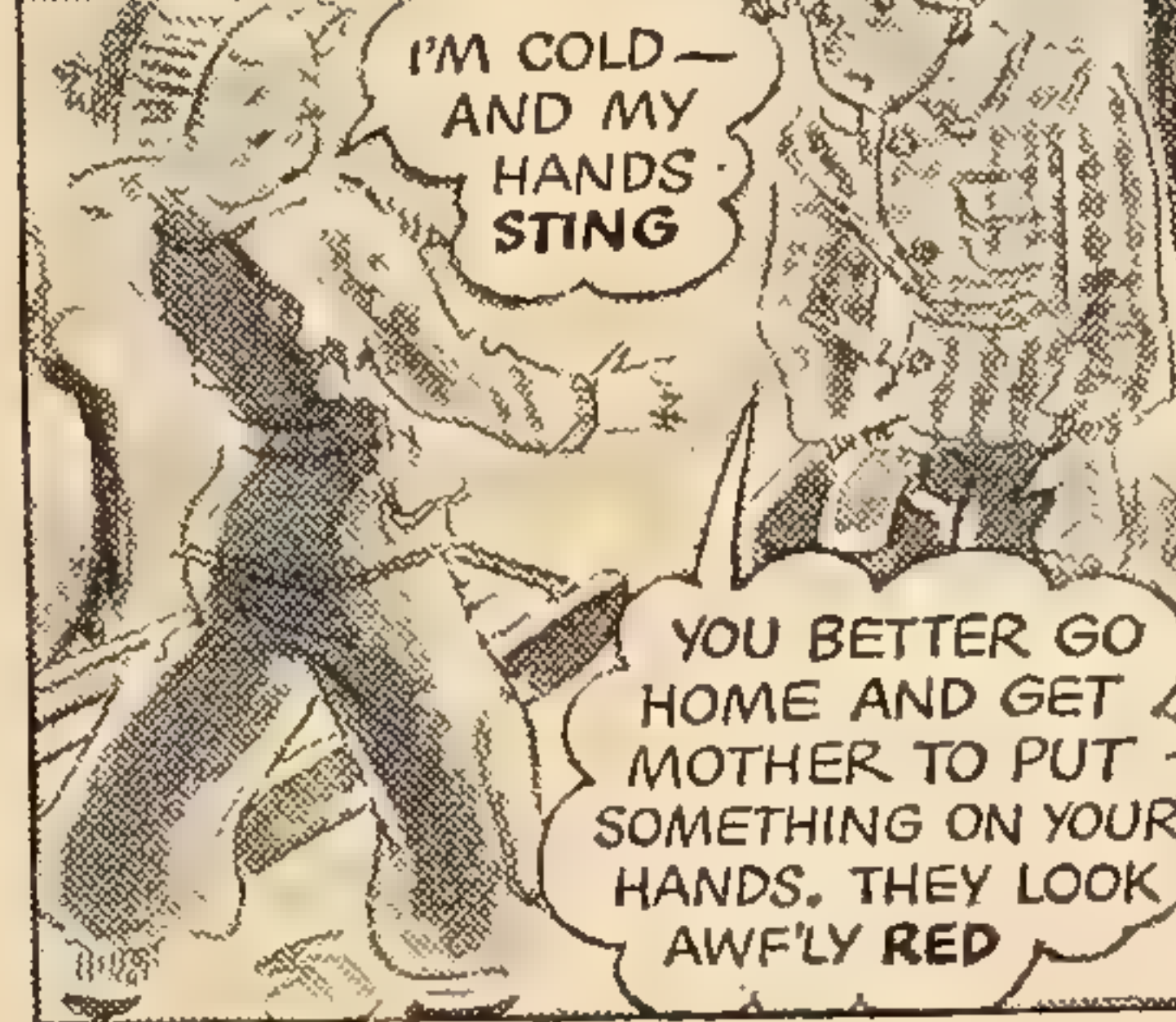
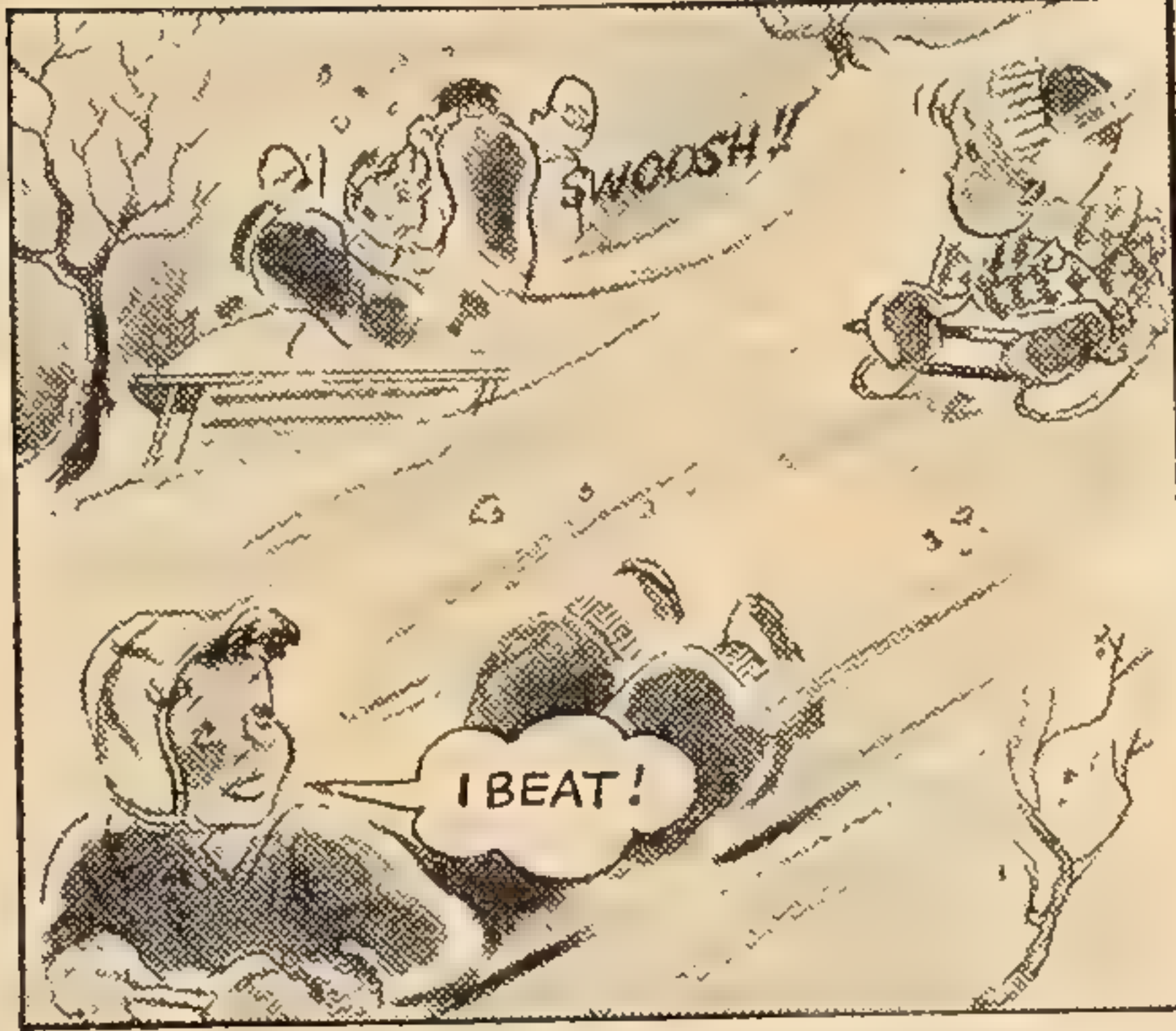
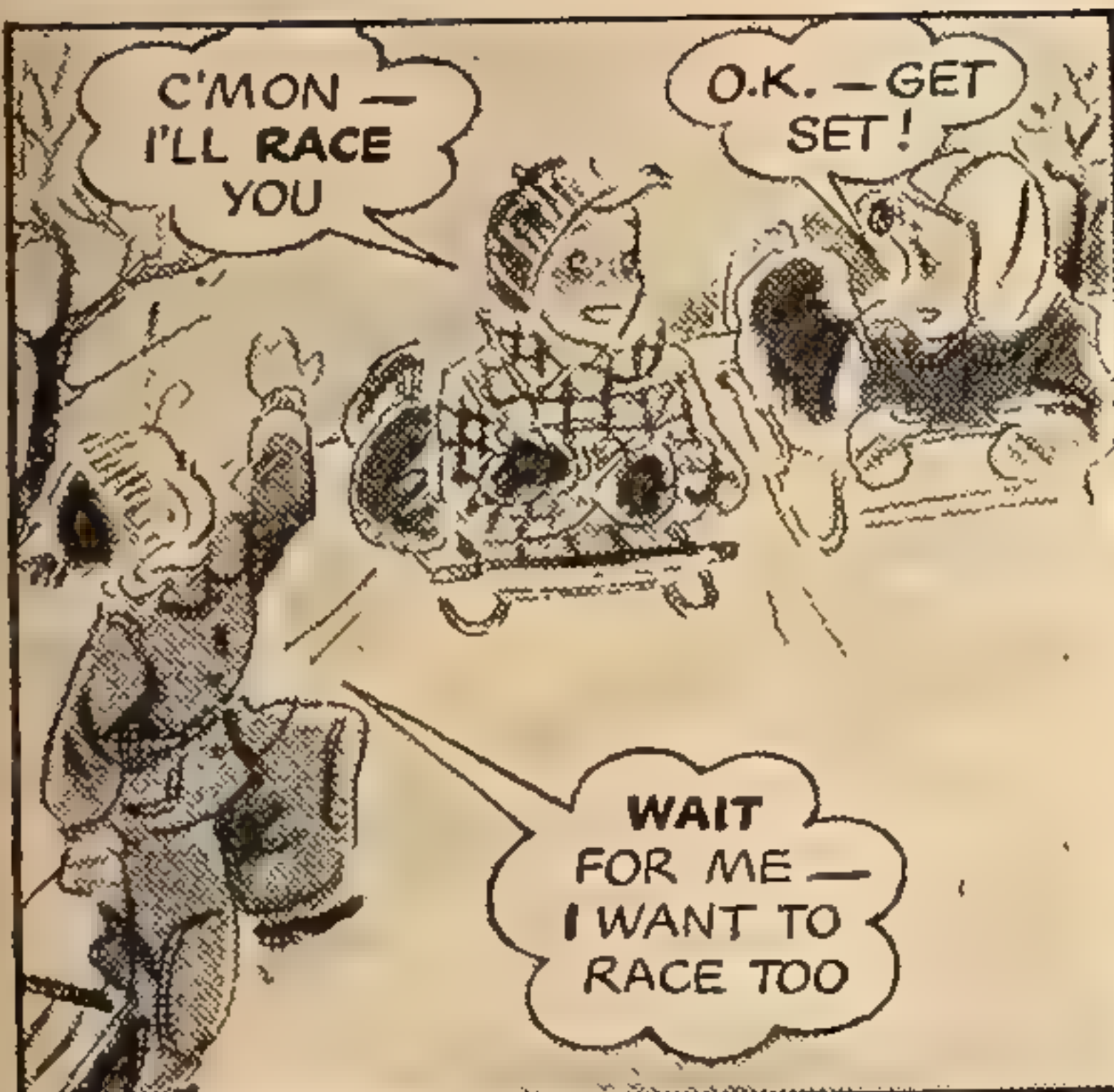
An archway from the coffee room leads to the small library, which is lined with books. "The books belong to the doctor who leases us the house," explained Una. "He thought I might like to browse among them, he said. And believe me, I browsed at once, and what do you think I found? A diary written (*Continued on Page 74*)

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

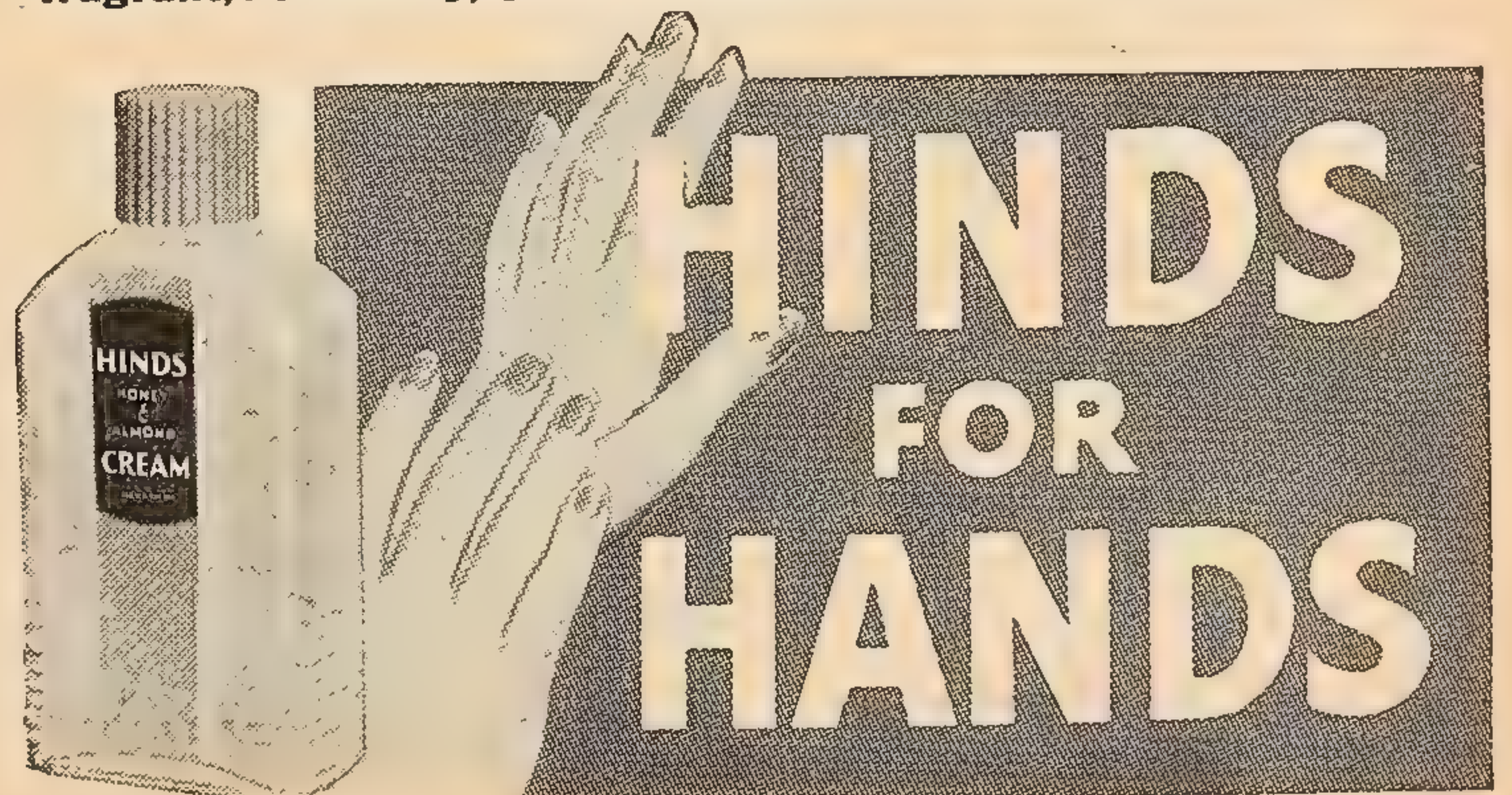
says

"CHILDREN'S CHAPPED HANDS NEED
REAL SOOTHING COMFORT"



SOFT, ROMANTIC HANDS FOR YOU

HARD-WORKING hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. At toilet goods counters... **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream**—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.



Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

Copyright, 1940
by Lehn & Fink Products
Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!



**IN
TECHNICOLOR**

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SOIREE POLKA

SWANEE RIVER (OLD FOLKS AT HOME)



JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

CAMPTOWN RACES



SWANEE RIVER

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour
with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

**FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR**

Directed by **SIDNEY LANFIELD** • Associate Producer **Kenneth Macgowan** • Screen Play by **John Taintor Foote** and **Philip Dunne**

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

"Gentlemen, be seated!"

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to LINDA DARNELL

Dear Sweet Sixteen:

Just to let you know that we at SCREENLAND have organized a new club for you—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Linda Darnell, we're calling it.

Our Head Office Boy started it all. He burst into my office the other morning with fire in his eye. "We gotta do something!" he shouted, and waved a paper at me. "Did you read what this fellow says here? Says SHE's spoiled! Says SHE was mean to her hairdresser and has forgotten the people from her old home town. Well, I don't believe it! DO YOU?" he bellowed at me.

I thought SHE was at least Greta Garbo or Carole Lombard or one of the six big Glamor Girls. No. It turns out that SHE is You. And for a little sixteen-year-old who's only been in pictures a few months you have certainly been doing all right. Just in two released pictures so far—"Hotel for Women" and "Day-time Wife"—and already you have our Office Boy, who has seen 'em come and go and doesn't give a hoot, grovelling at your feet and wanting to go right out and beat up a Broadway columnist. Nice going, Miss Linda.

I persuaded him to settle for an autographed picture—and you'd better not keep him waiting very long for it if you know what's good for you—so the columnist is still alive and kicking people. But I just want to add that the office boy is not alone in his resentment of unfair play. Why don't these columnists pick on someone their own size, anyway? All right, so they let Garbo have it, and Hepburn; well, these gals can take it. But when they turn on a youngster like you, new to the picture game, and make unfounded and unproved assertions of disloyalty, haughtiness, bad temper, and general brattiness, then I think it's time somebody's nose was punched, and hard. You've proved to screen audiences that you have beauty and intelligence and poise and humor which would be rare in a woman



of thirty, and miraculous in an authentic sixteen-year-old. You've held your own with such polished troupers as Tyrone Power, Ann Sothorn, John Halliday; you're the mainstay of your mother and family; you've submitted gracefully and smilingly to innumerable portrait sittings and new make-ups and coiffures and costumes—and you're still a school-girl. I mean, literally, a school teacher appointed by the Board of Education comes to hear your lessons at the studio while you're working. Imagine going from a love scene in Tyrone Power's arms to a nasty little problem in algebra! I wonder if you can still smile like that.

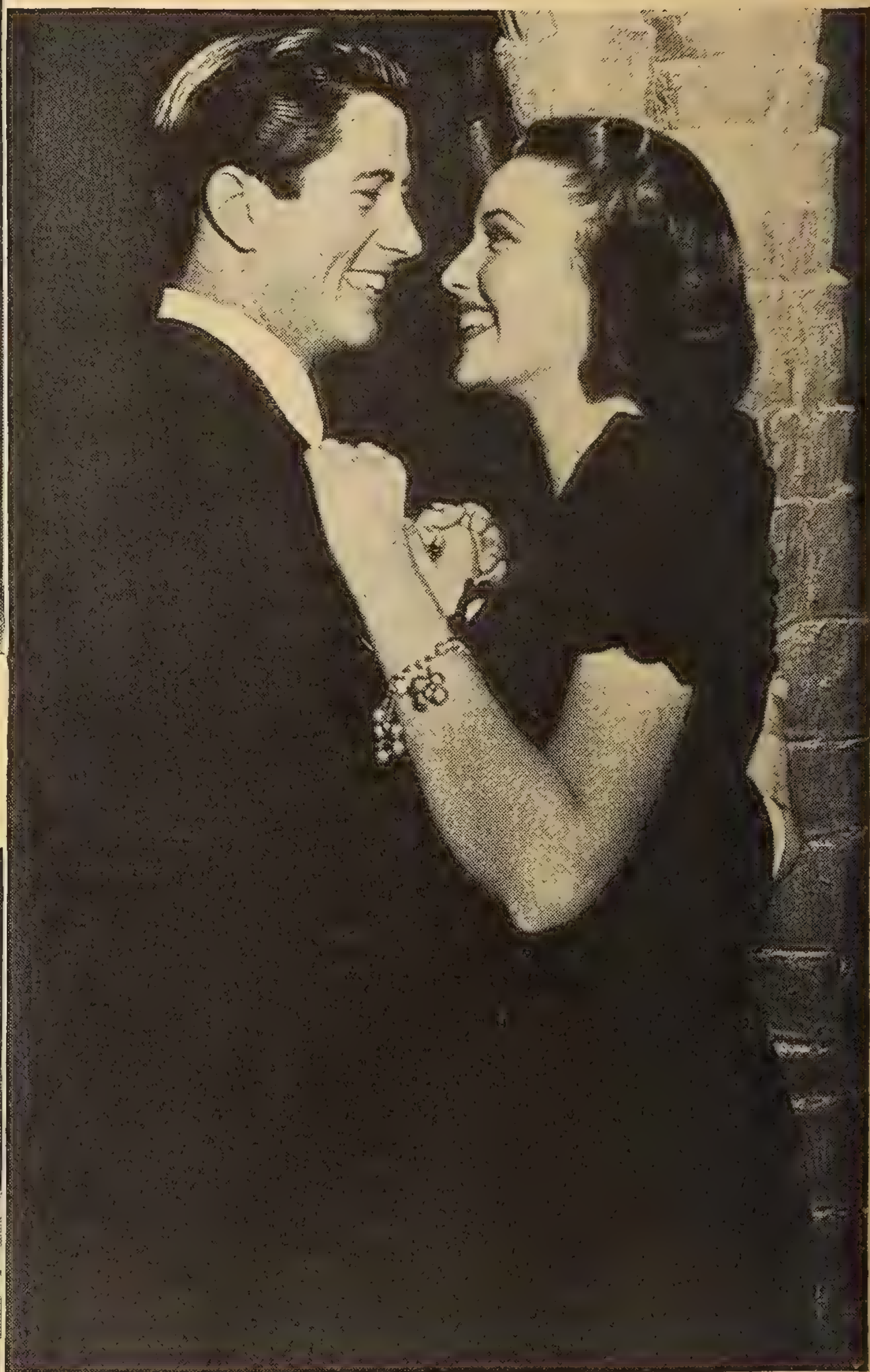
Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

The latest, most colorful stories about the stars told in picture form by SCREENLAND'S ace camera reporter, Len Weissman



Hollywood's hottest current romance? George Raft is dancing these days (but not with tears in his eyes) with Norma Shearer. The columnists say it's love. George won't talk.



Linda Darnell (above) Zanuck's latest glamor girl discovery, is gay because her career is going so well, Jack Shaw because he's dancing with her. Left, the final chapter on the romance of Richard Greene and Virginia Field hasn't been written yet.



Two stories of friendship. Above, Marjorie Weaver lights John Garfield's cigarette at the Victor Hugo Café. Below, Loretta Young assists Magic Man Russell Swann in his Coconut Grove act.



Above, are Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in love? The answer's in their faces. Has Mickey Rooney gone high-hat? No. See how friendly he is with John Payne and Anne Shirley, below.





Jimmy Stewart watches while Margaret Sullavan writes out her autograph for a fan. This is a story of enduring friendship. Maggie helped Jimmy get his first big rôle.



At the opening of the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne play were Joan Crawford (top) with John Emery, Tallulah Bankhead's husband, and Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin (above).

Garbo laughed, and now Dietrich laughs! She attended the preview of "Destry" with the Goldwyns (below right). The bashful guy is co-star Jimmy Stewart, that's all.



Is this Edgar Bergen's first serious romance? The man who said he would never marry because Charlie McCarthy wouldn't like it, is shown here with Fay MacKenzie.



The guy who makes you merry, Jack (Buck) Benny, makes merry himself, with Mary Livingston, his wife. See them, tapping the Conga drum at the Biltmore Bowl?

Also present at the Lunt-Fontanne opening were Mrs. Jack Warner and Norma Shearer (top)—that's George Raft behind her—and Allan Jones and wife Irene Hervey.





Fred and Eleanor look very gay in these stills from "Broadway Melody of 1940," yet Hollywood insisted they were feuding. At upper left, the spectacular set where "Broadway Melody" was filmed.

And other secrets, too! Eleanor breaks down and answers all your questions about herself and her dancing partner, Fred

Dance Secrets

By
Gladys Hall



WHEN Hollywood learned that Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire were going to be teamed together in "Broadway Melody of 1940," the town began to buzz with excitement and speculation. When he and Ginger Rogers were teamed together, there had long been rumors of a feud. And yet the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire situation hasn't been half as tense as the Eleanor Powell-Astaire set-up. For in the Rogers-Astaire team, Fred was the more famous dancer. But Eleanor was just as well known for her own style of dancing as Fred for his. And she was a queen on her lot, just as he had been king of his former lot.

The gossip mongers waited with glee for news of a feud that would make all former feuds in Hollywood seem like Sunday school picnics. Everyone wondered: Would there be temperamental clashes? Would they fight bitterly over their individual dance routines? Would Fred be arrogant and overbearing and try to dictate to Eleanor, and would Eleanor retaliate by reminding him that she'd been with M-G-M for years? As the picture went into production, the rumors grew hotter. Columnists, both in newspapers and on the air, hinted that (Continued on page 70)



of Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire



Muni



GOES TO TOWN

Why has Paul Muni, after seven years, deserted Hollywood for Broadway? You'll find the answer to this question, and many others about the mysterious Muni, in this exclusive story

By Ida Zeitlin

BY THE time this sees print, the curtain will have risen in New York on a play by Maxwell Anderson called "Key Largo." An Anderson play is always an event. "Key Largo" is doubly an event because it brings Paul Muni, after seven years in Hollywood, back to the stage. As the curtain rises, Muni will be somewhere backstage in a cold sweat. Mrs. Muni will be sitting alone in an aisle seat—alone by choice, in an aisle seat so that she can escape unblocked by knees, should her nerves demand it. The third member of the household will be snoozing or stalking butterflies three thousand miles away. For the sun will still be shining in California, and Simon the Airedale is a lucky dog, blissfully ignorant of what his beloved family is going through.

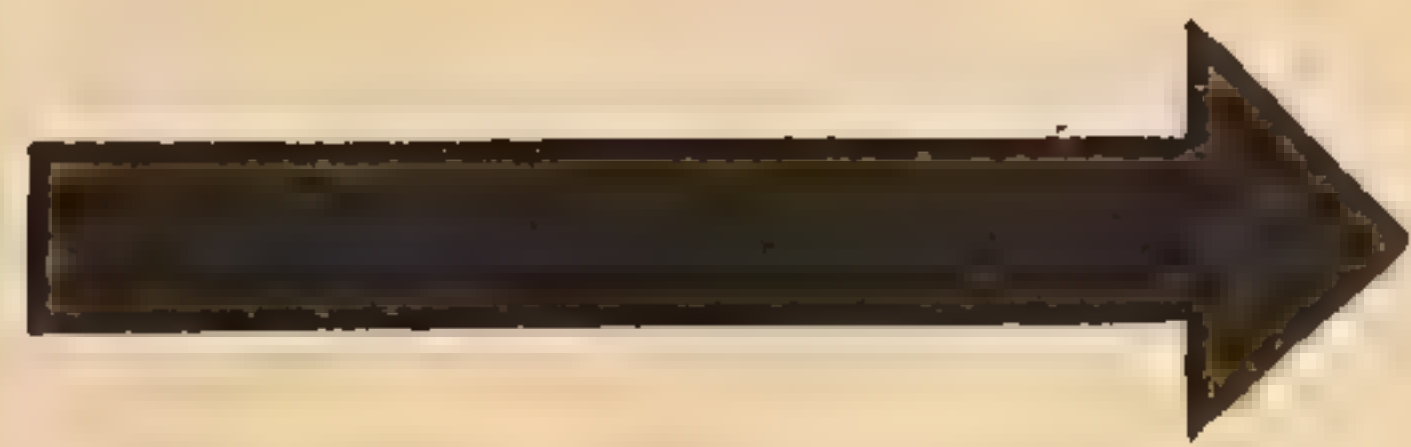
By all this hangs a tale. Muni's contract with Warners' gives him time off to do a play, if and when he finds one. For seven years, ever since he performed "Counselor-at-Law" for the last time, he and his wife have been reading plays—hopefully, desperately, steadily. Sometimes the play has been good and the part unsuitable. Sometimes the part has been an actors' holiday, and the play not right. He was once importuned to take on the rôle of a boy of nineteen. "Do you realize," said his wife, "that Mr. Muni is a man of forty?" "But his spirit is young," protested the author, to which the practical Bella replied that his spirit couldn't play the part.

Bella Muni is a member of the famous Thomashefsky family, which is to the Yiddish stage what the Barrymores are to the English. She gave up her own career to devote herself to her husband. The career she dropped promised to be brilliant. It could hardly have been more so than the one she followed, and for which she was qualified by a rare endowment of humor, warmth, and good sense. She is Muni's friend and adviser, his balance wheel in depression, a shock absorber between his high-strung nerves and the world. She scolds, heartens, laughs at and loves him. He takes no step without consulting her, and her approval of his work is the first he seeks. Theirs has been cited as proof that Hollywood marriages can be successful. This is a fallacy, for their marriage has nothing to do with Hollywood, and the snags that trip up the typical movie pair don't exist for them.

Muni dislikes crowds and gregariousness generally. Several years ago they were living tranquilly in a ranch-house they had bought in the valley, convenient to the



**HE
LEFT
THIS**



AND THIS



FOR THIS



On opposite page, Muni in character for "We Are Not Alone," his last film before his return to the stage. On this page, at upper left you see Muni as he really looks, minus moustache and quaint clothes. He left the luxuries of Hollywood—see home pictures above and at left, with his wife—for the hazards of a movie star's Broadway comeback. Below, a scene from "Key Largo," Maxwell Anderson's play for the Playwrights' Guild, in which Muni stars and is supported by Uta Hagen.

Vandamm



studio. Muni suddenly decided he had to have a shack at the beach—a little place for week-ends, a hideaway when he felt the urge for seclusion coming on. One day an agent showed him a house on top of a Palos Verdes hill. By no stretch—or shrinkage—of the imagination could it have been called a shack. That didn't stop him. He was entranced by its inaccessibility, by the serenity of the hills and the endless vista of skies. So they bought the place, rented the ranch-house and took possession of their eyrie. Bella was content, because her husband seemed to find peace there. Simon loved it. There were extensive lawns to prance over, and a hundred inviting smells for his nose to explore.

There are few things essential to Muni's happiness, none of them externals. He had craved the Palos Verdes hilltop. He gave it up easily after two years' residence had convinced him that the house was too big, too formal, and too far from the studio. All he really wanted, anyway, was that shack at the beach. Why tie yourself down to any house? They'd sell this one, they'd sell the ranch-house too, they'd throw everything into storage, they'd be free as the wind. Meantime, his hopes had been stirred by a letter from an eminent playwright. "Dear Mr. Muni, would you consider doing a play? If so, I have one in mind I'd like to write for you." That was last December. Muni said that he'd be only too happy to consider it, but that the script must be in his hands by the middle of June, since he was obliged to give the studio final notice of his plans (*Please turn to page 72*)



Hedy Lamarr looking over the predictions in the astrology chart which Norvell, pictured with Hedy, prepared for her.

**MAKES THE MOST
STARTLING PREDICTIONS
FOR THE STARS AND**

A 1940 HOROSCOPE
Free!
TO SCREENLAND READERS

Your astrology chart for 1940 sent Free! Through the science of astrology, Norvell makes some startling predictions for the screen stars and for you. Want to know what the heavenly stars predict for you? Then fill in the coupon below and Norvell will send you a brief astrology reading. Mail coupon to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

Please send me NORVELL'S 1940 Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.
MY NAME IS.....
MY ADDRESS IS.....
CITY.....
MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

WILL Hedy Lamarr divorce Gene Markey in 1940?
Is Shirley Temple through in pictures?
Will Deanna Durbin marry Vaughn Paul?
Will Bob and Babs and Clark and Carole remain happily wed?

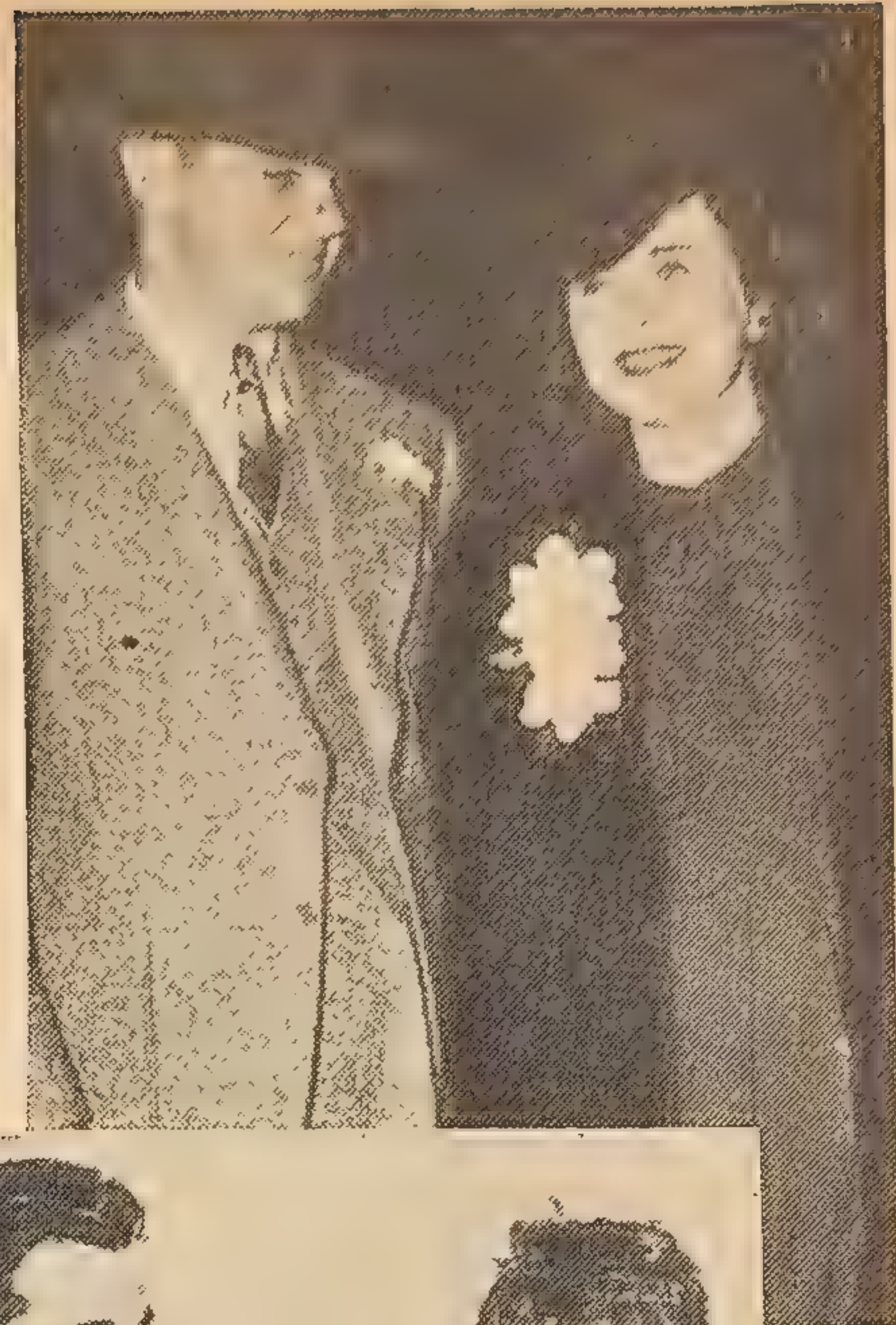
New and thrilling events are scheduled on the Hollywood scene for 1940. Loves, heartaches, separations and divorces; fame for some, oblivion for others, thus do the heavenly stars predict for the glamorous screen stars. The planets are able to reveal the answers to these and many other interesting questions, so let's draw aside the veil of the future and see what surprises 1940 holds for Hollywood and for YOU!

Romance will flourish in Hollywood during 1940; not that Cupid has been asleep in the past year or two, but the love planet, Venus, will be especially active at this time, and some of the screen's sturdiest bachelor boys and girls will give up and take vows for better or for worse.

Joan Crawford will lead the way with another marriage in 1940. Joan was born in the fire Sign of Aries, and has been pretty hard hit twice when she married men not born in the right signs. This next marriage will be

Norma Shearer's chart shows marriage for her during 1940. However, Norma's rumored romance with George Raft, below, is not favored by the stars. According to their birth signs, these two screen stars are not compatible.

Norvell advises Deanna Durbin against early marriage. Right, Deanna with Vaughn Paul, her beau. There's no reason for Jimmy's long face, below. Norvell has assured Cagney that his career and marriage will remain successful.



Shirley Temple, left, and Mickey Rooney, far right, will continue on the screen for many years, according to their horoscopes. Bette Davis, right, must watch her health during 1940, and there's a possibility of a second marriage for Bette.



FOR You!

the last for beautiful Joan, and although she won't retire in 1940, she will devote more time to the finding of personal happiness.

Jimmy Stewart will be kayoed by Cupid in 1940—much to his and everyone else's surprise! Jimmy has broken several hearts in the past, but his resistance is wearing down, so don't be startled when news of another romance and an engagement are announced some time in 1940.

It has been rumored that Norma Shearer is seriously interested in George Raft. Is there anything to that rumor, astrologically speaking? What does Norma's chart show for 1940? Norma Shearer was born in the fire Sign of Leo, and for several years that sign has been under a heavy cloud. 1940 holds more happiness for Leo-born than they have known for some time. However, it also holds a warning that they must beware of love and marriage lest they act hastily. George Raft was born in the air Sign of Libra, which, unfortunately, is not the most compatible for Leo. If these two charming people marry each other and defy the stars, I fear for the outcome of that marriage. In this case Norma Shearer should let her head rule her heart. Marriage is shown

for her, in any event, some time during the year 1940.

The Lane sisters have marched triumphantly on, a triple threat to all the eligible boys in Hollywood, and have remained singularly aloof and unfettered. The indications in their charts, singly and collectively, are that love and marriage are in the offing. Of the three, however, Priscilla's chart shows she will be the most likely to wed in 1940. Rosemary and Lola are apt to wait for twelve to eighteen months before they finally marry. Marriage will not end this determined triumvirate, however; they will continue to entertain screen audiences, all three of them, with their adopted screen sister, Gale Page, in other epics expressed in digits of four. Their careers will continue indefinitely, and probably in 1980 we will limp down to the theatre to see them in something called "Four Grandmothers."

One of the screen's greatest stars, once divorced, may decide to marry again in 1940, according to her chart. She is Bette Davis, and although her name may be linked with that of George Brent, the stars warn them against a union. Brent was born in the water Sign of Pisces, and Bette in the fire Sign of Aries; these two signs attract each other because they are (Continued on page 88)

Saint

Or

Dietrich has 'em guessing again! Has she turned into a Pollyanna, or is she still an Eve? Our story about her big come-back tells you all

They're calling her "a New Dietrich" in "Destry Rides Again." Left, a portrait of the supposedly "New" Marlene. Left, bottom of page, with screen lover Jimmy Stewart; right, Una Merkel just after the girls staged their big scrap for the cameras. Opposite page, "New" or "Old," she's still lovely Legs Dietrich!



Devil?

By
Elizabeth Wilson

IT WAS bound to happen. Every time a movie star in Hollywood changes her hair-do, her make-up, her manners, or something, we promptly have a New So-and-So. So when Marlene Dietrich, after a two-year absence, changed her studio recently I braced myself for a deluge of New Dietrichs.

Maybe it's Wishful Thinking, or maybe it's the Easiest Way. I don't know. But anyway, when a Glamor Girl starts a picture at a studio where she has never worked before, and a fresh batch of press agents are turned loose on her, the newspaper columns are quickly filled with all kind of stuff and nonsense about how she has changed—and always for the *better*, of course. (What must she have been!) When "Destry Rides Again" got into production over on the Universal lot I began to read endless paragraphs in all the columns about the New Dietrich, and I must say that the more I read about the New Dietrich the bigger nostalgia I had for the Old Dietrich. The New Dietrich, it seemed, was a regular paragon of virtue, sort of a potpourri of *Pollyanna*, *Elsie Dinsmore*, *Lady Bountiful*, and all the people I particularly disliked and distrusted, and hoped never to meet again. After days and days of reading about "Good Deeds" Dietrich in the morning and night editions, I began to long fervently for the old Paramount Dietrich—"Feathers" Dietrich, "Legs" Dietrich, "Narcissus" Dietrich, we used to call her. (That was before she was sainted by Universal.) Well, Universal can have its *Pollyanna the Glad Girl*, I growled, but I'll stick to Marlene the Mirror Girl. She was fun.

I was afraid to meet the New Dietrich, I'm allergic to saccharine, but I have me curiosity, so when the Universal-praise agents insisted that I come out ("You'll never know it's Dietrich," they said) and get a gander at Marlene-the-New, I took a little something to settle my estomac, and slung a big basket over my arm just in case Marlene started tossing trinkets around à la her publicity. It was the day that Una Merkel and Marlene were doing the famous fight sequence in "Destry." When I saw the preview of the picture later the audience fairly shrieked their heads off as Una and Marlene tore into each other like a couple of hellions, and believe me, it was plenty exciting right there on the set. While they were waiting to go into their brawl Director George Marshall brought over two hefty dames and said that they would double for them and do all the fighting, except the close-ups. Marlene and Una exchanged glances. Said Marlene, "Una and I will do our own fighting. What do you think we are? Sissies?" And boy, they did.

At the end of the "take" where they roll off the table on top of each other with a loud *kerplunk*, I noticed that both girls rose painfully from the floor and said, simultaneously, with great concern, "Oh, I do hope I didn't hurt you." Bruises and scratches were looked over, and Marlene ran for the iodine with which she daubed Una up good. "You are so frail," she said. "I worry about you."

"See," said the press agent, fairly dancing with glee. "See, how Dietrich has changed! Imagine a star worrying about the other fellow's bruises. She's so kind and considerate of everyone. And see how she can *take* it. No griping, no complaining. No time out to cry over skinned



elbows. She's a new person entirely. I tell you she's not a Glamor Queen any more. Why, she's swell."

Marlene retired to her dressing room to dry out her hair—wait until you see Jimmy Stewart dump a pail of water on her head—and I stopped for a chat with Una who, and I don't have to tell you that, is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. She too was full of the wonders of Marlene, except that Una is not concerned with whether it's a New Dietrich or an Old Dietrich, on account it is the first time she has ever met any Dietrich. "Her real charm," said Una, "is her complete sophistication. She has Eve written all over her. Some one should make a picture called the Garden of Eden and let Marlene play the part of Eve. The only trouble is that she'd be too clever to eat the apple."

For years writers have been trying to solve the secret of Dietrich's charm, and I think that Una has hit the nail right on the bean. Marlene's charm is the charm of an Eve. A charm which all women desire but few possess. There isn't a feminine wile that Dietrich doesn't know. Not a trick that she has missed. There's a lot of honesty and goodness there, oh heck, yes—but there is also a lot of naughtiness. She's (Please turn to page 73)

By
Charles
Darnton

Two of Hollywood's best actors—William Powell, here, and Walter Brennan, opposite—give you, out of rich experience, their philosophy for successful living. Their salaries may be bigger, but their problems are much the same as yours, and ours

He's Living For Today!



William Powell, after his illness, comes back to the screen in "Another Thin Man," with Myrna Loy—and tells Darnton in this brilliant story what he learned in his long exile. The close-up shows that the screen's Thin Man has grown more rather than less.

FRANKLY, it was a great surprise—and a most happy one. More astonishing, it hit me bang in the eye. For there, standing in the open doorway of his Tower Road house with a welcoming smile, was the Thin Man, brown as his sweater and, if you please, grown more rather than less.

Just how I had expected to find William Powell looking would be hard to say. But surely he would bear some mark of the deep grief and suffering he had borne for a year and a half, first heart sick, then body sick. There was none. None except, perhaps, for a faintly new light in his eyes, seeming to reflect at thoughtful moments the beauty and the sorrow of life.

What struck me most of all was that here was a man who could stand the gaff. Yes, he could take it—indeed, had taken far more than his fair share of it. That was all to the good of his strength of character. Weakness, it could plainly be seen, was no part of him. Another actor might have been tempted to play the interesting invalid. Not Bill Powell. Another actor might have dramatized himself in a wheel chair. Not Bill Powell. Another actor might have seen himself forsaken by the fateful gods. Not Bill Powell. This man Powell was up and doing with both feet, smiling the same old smile at those fates who had knocked him off them, asking you what you would have to drink and having one himself.

Another thing: it was late in the afternoon, with the nightly California chill already creeping into the air. Yet no sooner had we crossed his threshold than the

ever solicitous host inquired, "Would you like to sit here or outside?" With the choice left to him, we went straight through to the patio. There, in merely sweater and slacks, his man neither suggesting nor bringing a rug to spread over him, William Powell, restored Hollywood idol, dispelled any possible notion as to his being a sensitive convalescent.

"No," he grinned, "I don't seem to be that kind of plant, but more like a hardy perennial. Anyway, hospitalization developed me into a series player. My first appearance in the operating theater was so well received that I took two encores. They called me back again and again with such flattering enthusiasm that there was no resisting it. In the cordial circumstances, it was only natural, perhaps, to feel I had made a distinct hit. Although a few of my essentially personal lines were cut out, there was every assurance I would never miss them."

With due allowance for his visceral sense of humor, Mr. Powell certainly appeared to be all there, in fact, slightly to exceed his original Thin Man specifications.

He nodded. "I'm a few pounds up. When 'The Thin Man' was done the first time, I weighed 160 pounds. It was made so fast, in sixteen days, that I may have lost an ounce or two in the process. That early speed was explained by the fact we were doing what now is called a B picture, though I liked it immensely and thoroughly believed it would turn out to be far more than was expected. This time we were not striving for a record, and so 'Another Thin Man' took. (Please turn to page 76)

"WHEN I was an old man—"

This is the way Walter Brennan, in reminiscent mood, might well begin his personal anecdote. It would not hark back to his screen youth—he's never had any. Fantastically, his tale would be adorned with a long white beard and seem remotely King Learish. Such being the strange case, the bemused listener could only stare incredulously at his clean-shaven, boyish face and his dark hair without a trace of gray in it, and wonder whether this old world of ours was playing a new trick.

Let me put it up to you. Just suppose you were going to meet the Walter Brennan you had known on the screen, what would you expect to find? A gaffer—amiable, keen, and with all his wits about him, yes—yet a gaffer still. Even though he had managed to keep his hair on, the chances were he hadn't teeth enough to go round and that his eyes were on the blink. Like as not, he'd be sprightly to all appearances, but as he

creaked out of his cushioned chair you'd notice a touch of rheumatism. It's too bad to see so good an actor on his last legs.

Save your sympathy, for that's where he'd

that notorious thief, Time, if not that it takes a Brennan to catch a Brennan.

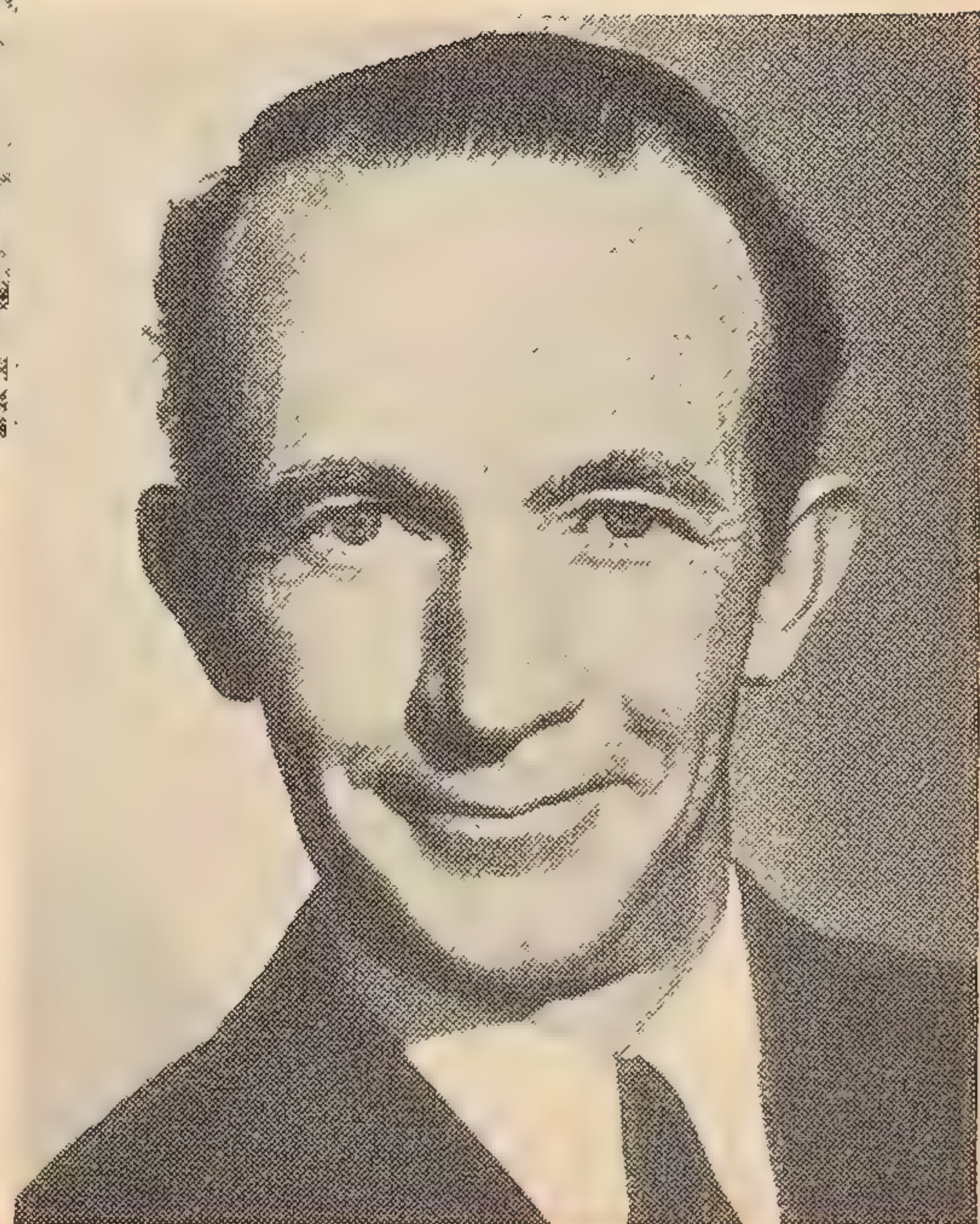
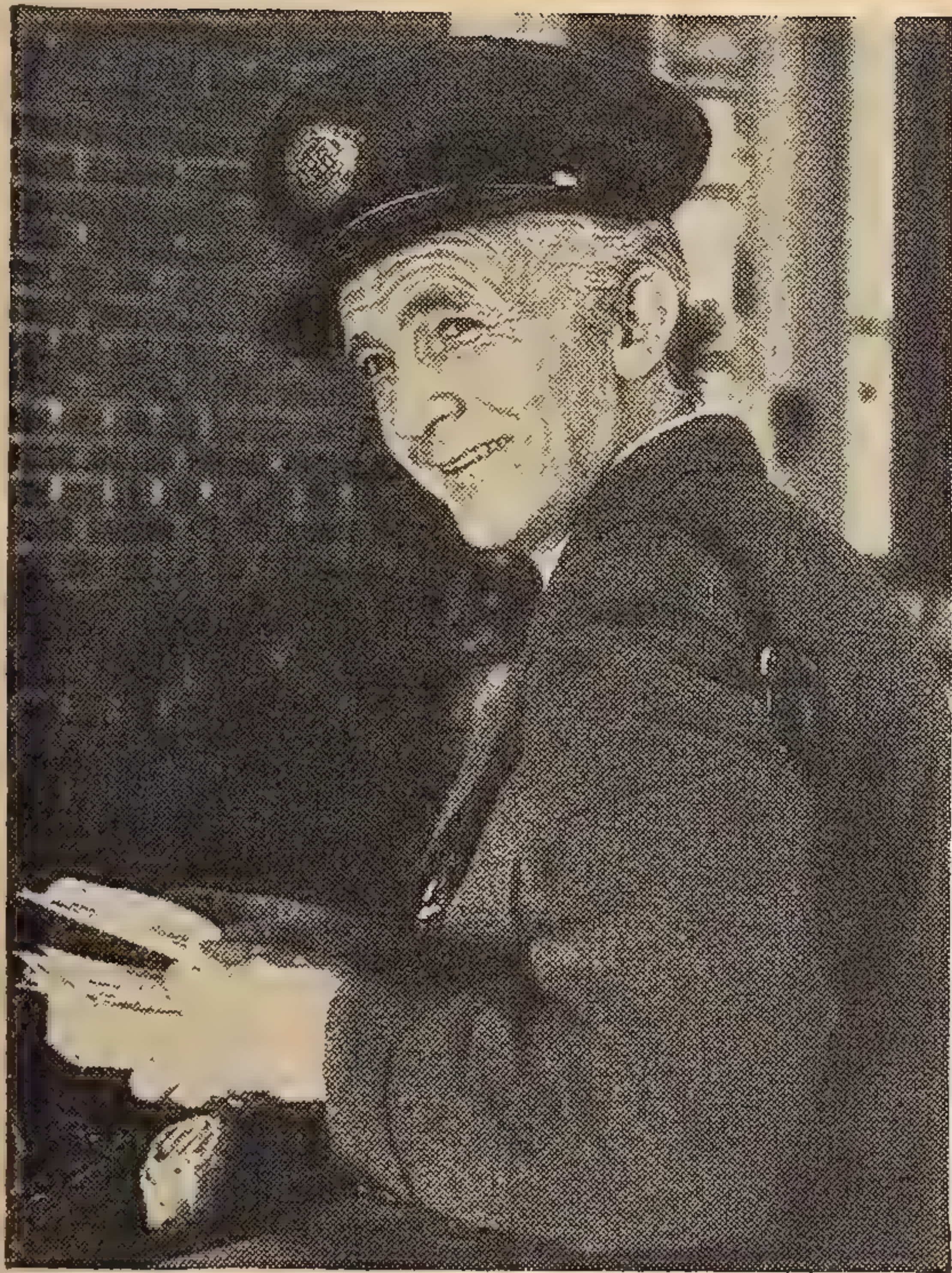
"I've been an old man all my life," he was saying, "so now that I'm playing a young man I feel a bit twisted."

No wonder. For without benefit of grease-paint—bright daylight betrayed no wrinkles to cover—this extraordinary actor was living his life backwards.

"That's about the size of it," he grinned in such lively agreement that he seemed ready to turn a handspring. "Next thing I know I'll be joining the Boy Scouts. For the first time in my hoary career I can look at the calendar on the wall and give it the laugh. All along I've thought of Methuselah as my pal. That began soon after graduating from Rindge Tech in Cambridge. I was then supposed to go to M. I. T. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), but instead I got on a freight train. If I'd got off at Lynn and gone home, I might have thrown approaching old age off the track. But it got me the moment I got out of a box-car. You see, I joined a few 'turkeys,' and in all those shows played old men. They started right in hanging whiskers on me. As a result, my sense of characterization suggested a bad case of lumbago. You've seen that poor old guy on patent medicine bottles? Well, that was me all over. Even as a Hollywood extra I usually tottered around with one hand on the small of my back. Whenever a mob scene needed a pathetic touch, the director would sing out, 'Where's that kidney actor?'"

How long ago had that been? "Fifteen years. I got into pictures over the back fence. For ten years I was at Universal, and during that time prided myself on knowing every janitor on the lot. This influential circle (Please turn to p. 78)

He's Living His Life Backwards



fool you, just as he fooled me. An Irish leprechaun might have been up to some rejuvenating devilry here, but by all the powers I found myself face to face with a gay young dog of 25! There he was, not wearing a year more, if you please, for "A Call on the President." As the gallant postman who made a specialty of carrying love letters, he would in time jump to 38, 49, 55, and finally 63. But now at long last he was realizing his aim in pictures—Walter in search of his youth. Though actually 45—anyway, just turning it—he didn't look a day older than one score five, proving nothing against

Walter Brennan is usually seen as an old man, but in his new film, "A Call on the President," he has a chance at last to appear as himself—right. The catch is—the boy grows older—see scene above—and before the picture finishes Walter ends up in his customary character—an old man!



Those deadly rivals, Charlie and Mortimer, fight it out in "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," with pretty Constance Moore, the heroine, rooting first for Mort and then for Charlie, driving 'em both crazy—see our center picture. Bergen is too busy to listen to McCarthy's complaints—see top close-up—so the Terrific Termite succumbs to the blandishments of Anne Gwynne, his beautiful nurse. Ah, me!



CHARLIE MCCARTHY, the Whispering Pine, rules the air waves. But now a cross-eyed hayseed named Mortimer Snerd is getting gobs of fan mail and sneaking up on Charlie's Crosley and movie box office rating.

Is this three-foot hunk of papier-maché really a coming picture star? I went to Bergen to find out.

"First," said Bergen, "I think you should meet Mortimer. I really ought to warn you about him, he's not very bright." Bergen took out a key and unlocked a closet holding Charlie McCarthy's wardrobe, twenty suits ranging from a Foreign Legionnaire's get-up to a baseball outfit. McCarthy wasn't there, but Snerd was sitting on the floor with a white hood on his head. He looked happy enough, but Bergen apologized.

"But you don't mind sitting on the floor, do you, Mortimer?"

"Huh?"

"I say you don't mind sitting on the floor."

"Who?"

"You."

"Thought you meant him. Nope, floor's all right. Can't fall off the floor." This set Snerd to laughing wildly. When Mortimer laughs it sounds like the gurglings of a thirsty sink.

But Bergen was stern. "Mortimer, this is Mr. Riley." "Yuh?" He looked me over. "What do I care?"

"I want you to say how do you do."

"Who to?"

"Mr. Riley here."

"Never met him."

"Mortimer," said Bergen exasperated, "how can you be so ignorant?"

This is a very tough question. Mortimer can't think any faster than a punch-drunk turtle, but he gets there. "It ain't easy," he replied.

"This gentleman would like to ask you some questions."

"Uh-unh. Not me."

"Oh, come now, Mortimer, why not?"

"Can't. Don't know nothin' either."

Will Mortimer Supplant Charlie McCarthy?



Snerd vs. McCarthy, with Bergen in the middle! It's the battle of the century, folks, and you'll see the finish in the unholy three's newest picture

By

Nord Riley

a "gopher puss," says McCarthy.

Snerd was christened Elmer Mortimer Snerd, but the Elmer was dropped because of the strain on Snerd's intellect and now the bucolic gentlemen is plain Mortimer Snerd, but Snerd is still bewildered.

"Tell this gentleman your name, Bergen told him.

"Name?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Name?" Mortimer thought hard.

"Huh. Funny, had it right on the tip of my tongue. Know it as well as my own name, too."

"You'll have to make allowances for Mortimer," Bergen explained.

"He hasn't been around much. He

is just a simple farm boy."

"Iowa," said Snerd in his gloopy voice.

"Yes, Mortimer comes from a dairy farm five miles north of Keokuk."

"That's in Iowa too," Snerd added.

All reports to the contrary, Snerd was not conceived to take Charlie McCarthy's place should that mighty fourflusher hit the skids. McCarthy, according to Bergen, is not something the public took up at a whimsical moment. McCarthy will last as long as he is fed sprightly material. Wit is always palatable. But Snerd is not witty, he's just ungodly dumb; he gets laughs because his brain works in slow motion when it works at all. His vocabulary, too, is small. Thus, his comedy is limited. No, Bergen didn't have big plans for Snerd. "I merely wanted an encore number for the supper clubs I was playing at the time. I needed a variation," Bergen explains, "you know, as an antidote to an evening of Charlie's wise-cracking." (Please turn to page 95)

With a good deal of confusion we got around to Mortimer's birth, which turned out to be a little irregular. He started as a noise in Bergen's larynx, whence Charlie McCarthy had already been mowing 'em down for fourteen years. "I had the voice and I knew I wanted a rural character," says Bergen. That was three and a half years ago back in a Chicago night-club. With nothing but a voice to work from Bergen set out to design his new stooge. For six months he littered tablecloths with his sketches before he got what he wanted.

Snerd is it. Bergen took his design to Virginia Austen in Los Angeles and together they molded Snerd. Molded, not whittled, because unlike that termite flophouse, McCarthy, Snerd is papier-maché. All that is stupid and all that is weak have gone into Mortimer's map. His forehead retreats idiotically; his chin would disgrace a rabbit; his eyes are blue, round, and crossed; his blond hair looks like an unmade bed and seems to have hay in it; worst of all are Mortimer's teeth, two bare bones—

"Golden Bill" in *Fast* Company



He's in fast company, all right! Get a good look at young "Golden Boy" William Holden, at left in scene still above, as he competes for acting honors with those shrewd veterans, George Raft and Humphrey Bogart, in "Invisible Stripes." Our guess is that Bill's surely Holden his own!

○VERNIGHT, he has become the potential No. 1 man of pictures—a threat to every established star. With a single picture, "Golden Boy," to his credit, Bill Holden seems to be headed for a place among the Clark Gables, the Tyrone Powers, and the Robert Taylors. The critics shouted about him. About his looks; his acting; his naturalness; and the fact that he is so utterly likeable. The great steam-roller of ballyhoo has started. A typical press agent blurb says, "Yesterday he was a college student, with a college student's interest in athletics, in school dramatics, in school dances. He dressed like a college boy, and thought like one and felt like one. And today he is a star. The implications of that are dazzling."

The one person who is completely unconvinced by the ballyhoo is William Holden. "I'm not a star yet," he protested. "I can't see this business of calling a person a star when he's had just one picture released. If I'm lucky enough to have good parts in my next two or three pictures, then people might say, 'Well, he's a star *potentially*.' And ten years from now if I'm still in pictures and a fine character actor, then that might be something to shout about!"

Bill didn't look like a star, but like any twenty-one-year-old boy who has just gotten out of bed. His blue and white striped shirt hung loosely over tan trousers; his light brown hair was slightly mussed; he was wearing carpet slippers. When I walked in on him, he was leaning out of the (Please turn to page 96)

**Here's the
very latest
on that new
Holden Boy**

**By
Sylvia
Conrad**



Let's Laugh



What this weary world needs is more mirth, and Hollywood rushes to the rescue. Mae West and W. C. Fields, above, do their share in their co-starring film, "My Little Chickadee." Now turn our pages for more fun!

BUCK BENNY
GRINS AGAIN!



DOTTIE
LAMOUR
AND
BOB HOPE
JOIN IN

Help yourself to happiness with Jack Benny, doubling from radio in new picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again"—and with Lamour and Hope, who share honors in "Road To Singapore"



Jack Benny photograph by Richee. Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope by Don English, Paramount

*Jeanette MacDonald,
photographed by
Clarence S. Bull*



They
Smile
As They
Sing!

Nelson Eddy serenades Jeanette MacDonald in "New Moon" and Jeanette sings right back at him

Eddy,
photographed by
Willinger



Million Dollar GIGGLES

She'll giggle for the studio cameras, and gladly—but it isn't often she'll give in and let a still photographer catch her off-guard. That's what makes this new informal picture of Myrna Loy and her dog practically a collector's item. Better save it.



And speaking of rare pictures—see this of Margaret Sullavan, who has to be coaxed to pose, with photographic results which usually prove her reluctance. But this time, having completed her “come-back” picture after a year’s absence from the screen during which she presented her husband, Leland Hayward, with a beautiful baby daughter, her second, Maggie’s in the mood to make this enchanting study.

Let's Love!

Calling all Cupids! Hollywood's so big-hearted, there are plenty of jobs for the little bow-and-arrow boys



Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart love and laugh together again in "The Shop Around the Corner."



There's "Music in My Heart," sings Tony Martin as he makes lavish Latin love to pretty Rita Hayworth in their new Columbia film.



SIGHS JOAN TO CLARK:

"You wouldn't be so hard
to like if you went at
things in a nicer way!"

GABLE-CRAWFORD SCREEN REUNION!

In "Strange Cargo," Clark and Joan meet and romance for their eighth picture as a team. In the new film, she plays a café entertainer, he an escaped convict, in this story of a Guiana penal colony



YOUNG LOVE IN SWING-TIME

America's favorite young sweethearts, Andy (Mickey Rooney) Hardy and Polly (Ann Rutherford) Benedict, pursue their pictorial romance in the latest of the popular "Hardy Family" series

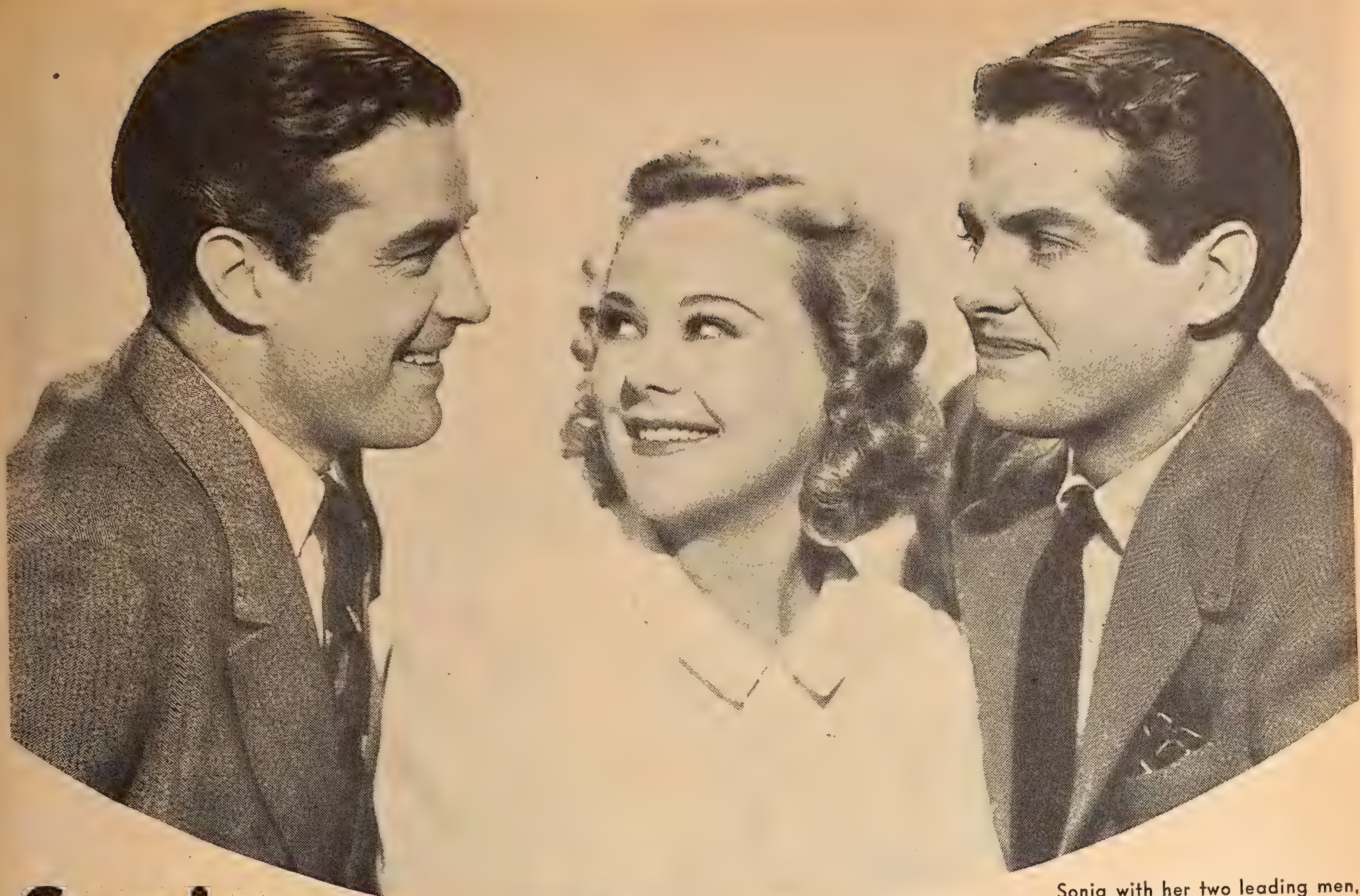




Harrell

Randolph Scott

By popular demand—new portrait of the gallant Southerner as he appears in his latest rootin' tootin' rôle, that of a Confederate officer in Warners' all-star cast for "Virginia City"



Sonja with her two leading men, Ray Milland and Bob Cummings, in her newest film, "Everything Happens at Night." And—everything happens to Sonja—off the screen, too!

Sonja Gives the *Lie* to Gossips

Help scotch unflattering rumors that swirl about this great little skater and good sport by reading the real facts in our authentic story

By Dora Albert

IS IT true what they say about Sonja?

Is she the most ruthless, grasping business woman in Hollywood? Does she get hold of every penny she can and then hang on to it? Was she broken-hearted when Tyrone Power married Annabella? Is it true that she and Tyrone parted enemies, after a bitter quarrel? Is it true that she carried the torch for Tyrone for many months and is still carrying it? Has Sonja Henie definite plans for marriage? Has she made up her mind that she is going to marry an American?

All these things have been said about Sonja Henie. For the past few months this pretty bubbling dimpling blonde has been the target of every columnist and sensational writer in Hollywood. The climax of all this

unfavorable publicity came a few months ago when a sensational writer asked, "Is Sonja Henie money mad?" and proceeded to say that she must be, that no girl who earns as much as Sonja does could be anything but money mad.

You may have wondered why the press seems to have turned against Sonja Henie. There was a time when there was a perfect honeymoon of love and kisses between Sonja and the newspapers, when every newspaper columnist was turning handsprings because never had a blonde honey as important as Sonja showed so much willingness to cooperate with the newspaper reporters. Other stars turned a cold shoulder to the press boys, but Sonja could always be reached for an interview. When a newspaper man needed a special feature story, Sonja was even willing to go out on the ice rinks and give the big goof skating lessons. When other stars had temperamental tantrums, Sonja simply shook her blonde curls and said, "Why should I be temperamental? What good does temperament do anybody?"

So what's all the shooting about now? Why are the gossips picking on Sonja? Has she changed so much? I decided to see Sonja herself, in order to get my answers. So far, she is the one person whom the gossips have not consulted, as they spread their conflicting stories about Sonja. "Why," I asked Sonja, "do you think there has been so much criticism about money?"

We were sitting in the commissary at Twentieth Century Fox, with the sunshine pouring in through the windows, making bright golden patterns against the rugs, the tables, and the walls with their gay, modernistic mural. At a nearby table sat a youngster in Tyrolean costume, with blonde hair and (*Please turn to page 84*)



REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

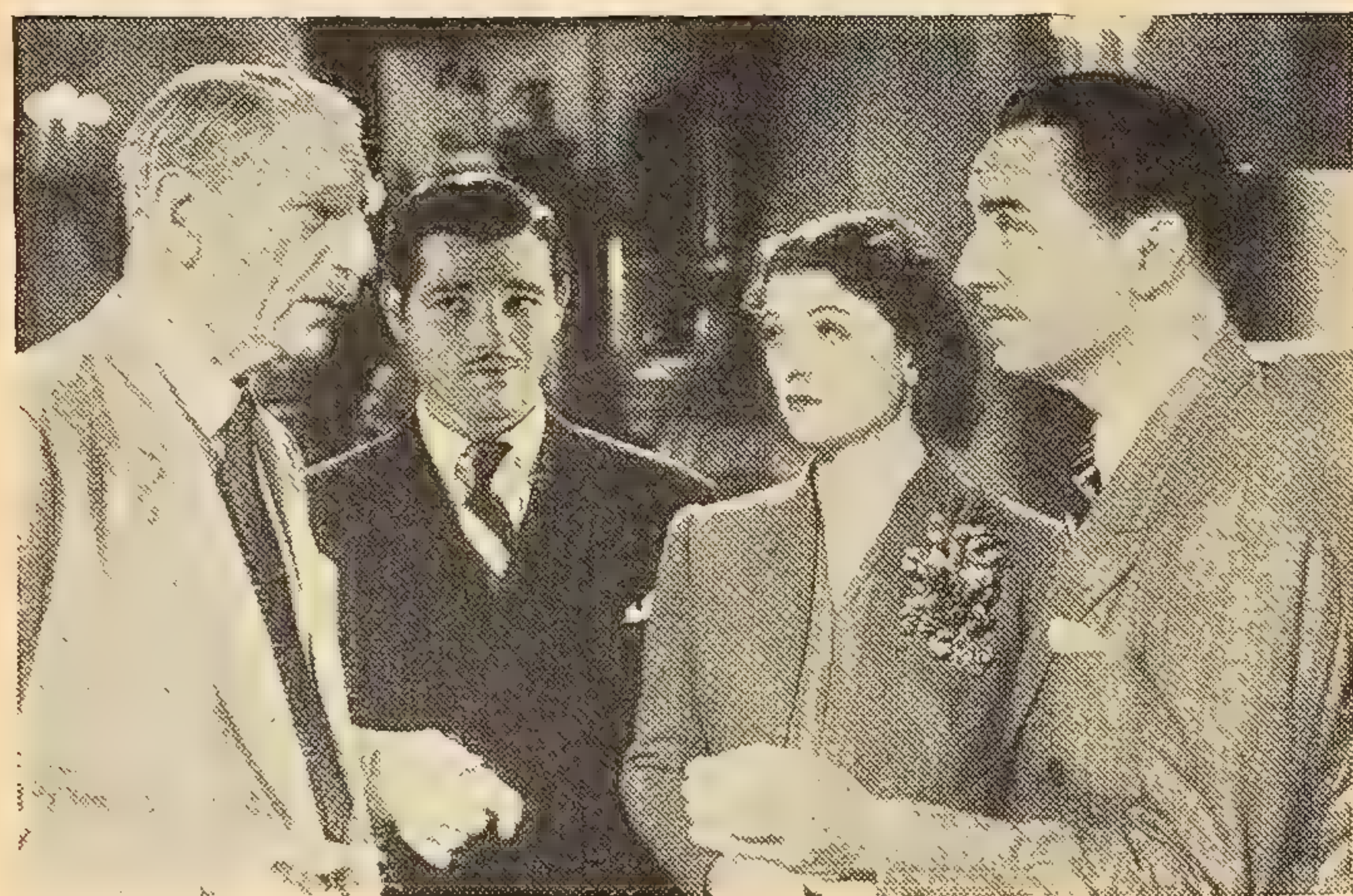


HERE'S a holiday movie number that will leave you with just the right glow. You'll remember the picture as one of the most heartwarmingly human you've ever seen, and although it is all about what happens to a young attorney and a girl crook at the Christmas season, I think it will be just as good when it is re-issued some distant Fourth of July. I'll be there. The old, old theme of regeneration serves once more, but with a difference—due to Mitchell Leisen's superbly sympathetic direction, Preston Sturges' poetic handling of a corny plot, and the best performances in many months by co-stars Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck. Golly, are they *good*! You believe in them every minute, from the time they first face each other on opposite sides of a court room, through a zany series of adventures which bring the lady jewel thief to an old-fashioned Indiana Christmas on Fred's mother's farm—to the bitter-sweet ending. Stanwyck will surprise those of you who've forgotten how good she can be with her beautifully sensitive playing—never once a false note or gesture. MacMurray's acting matches hers, while Beulah Bondi and Elizabeth Patterson are joys as the two heavenly Hoosiers. It took one (1) fine director, (1) fine writer, and two (2) fine stars to make this one (1) grand picture. Doesn't that prove anything at all to top-heavy Hollywood?



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M



AND that's just what it is—another "Thin Man" film. If you expect something new, novel, different, you'll be disappointed—but if, like this reviewer, you are so darned glad to see William Powell back on the screen you would cheer him in a scenic, there will be no complaints. So stop whining, even if, in this latest of the Dashiell Hammett-W. S. Van Dyke series you can spot the guilty party in practically the first reel, leaving no suspense except whether Asta or the new baby is cuter in the close-ups. The blessed event predicted in the previous "Thin Man" mystery has taken place a year before this picture begins, so we find Mr. Powell a proud papa and Myrna Loy a very pretty but apparently rather bored mama. (Aside to Miss Loy: not that I blame you for being just a *little* bored by this time with your *Mrs. Nick Charles* rôle, but the cash customers do expect some animation now and then, so won't you try, please, and wrinkle your pretty nose occasionally, as you used to?) Domestic bliss, however, hasn't dulled *Nick's* interest in crime, and he's soon in the thick of a juicy murder which eventually he solves with the usual aid of Asta, the Missus, and even a bit of help from Junior. It all has its moments, especially when the matchlessly adroit Mr. Powell is weaving his sleek and sophisticated spell. Lively Muriel Hutchinson is best of the cast.



DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal



THE best Western you've ever seen or can ever hope to see. It has everything a Western should have—hard ridin', fast shootin', bar-room brawls, a soft-voiced but lion-hearted deputy sheriff, and Marlene Dietrich—and does she give the Old West a new zest! The only thing I can think of that this super-Western may lack is Gene Autry and Champion—and there's an idea I gladly pass along to producer Pasternak, who, judging by the brilliance of this gay, bad, mad screen show, has more ideas than he can use now. But aside from missing Gene and his guitar the most rabid Western fans will have no complaints when they see Jimmy Stewart as *Destry* cleaning up the tough old frontier town, or refereeing a feminine free-for-all between Dietrich and Una Merkel; or when they hear Marlene as a dance-hall hostess singing low-down ballads in that strange, husky voice of hers; or when they howl at Mischa Auer or Charles Winninger or Billy Gilbert or Allen Jenkins, four of the movies' funniest fellows who add to the gorgeous confusion with their characteristic comedy. It's a spontaneous, prodigal, and provocative entertainment, bringing Dietrich back literally with a bang, giving Stewart another chance to show what a superlative actor he is, and proving once more that Pasternak is the canniest producer in Hollywood. Off-stage shouts of "More!"



THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT



IT'S a "musical," yes; but it is also a love story, a drama, and a celebration—enough entertainment to please the most exacting cinema shopper, and all for the price of one admission. The celebration is—first, for the beloved American composer, Victor Herbert, reviving his most popular melodies and memories of his own brilliant career as he is enacted here by Walter Connolly; second, for the discovery of Mary Martin—consult our Honor Page for further details; and third, for Allan Jones, who in this picture finally comes into his own after a long wait which reflects no credit on Hollywood casting. The story is not an account of Herbert's own life but presents him as the generous sponsor of two young singers, Jones, reigning matinée idol, and Mary, talented small-town girl whom Jones marries and who eventually becomes the greater stage favorite, to the ruination of their happiness together. Through it all is woven the best of Victor Herbert's lilting tunes, charmingly sung by Mr. Jones and Miss Martin, while their gracious acting talents work wonders with the machine-made plot. In her later scenes as mother of a future prima donna Mary Martin is particularly poignant and impressive—a surprisingly fine performance for a newcomer to screen technique. Bravo, Mary! Bravo, Allan Jones! And biggest bravo of all—Victor Herbert.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount



COLMAN and Kipling—now, there's a combination to interest Conservative Picture-goer—you know, the one who keeps muttering "Bosh, fiddle, and poppycock, not to say Bah!" at all these wacky comedies and whimsical young-love-films flooding the screen. It's a combination to interest practically everybody, as a matter of fact—for I can't imagine anyone failing to cheer Ronald Colman, and this is excellent Colman; and it's not for me to say any the less of Mr. Kipling's works—and this is said to be the best Kipling, automatically making "The Light That Failed" a Must-Must on your movie list. Kipling's story should be read, I suppose, before you see the picture; otherwise the leading character of the artist frustrated in both love and career, despite Colman's noblest efforts, remains shadowy and unmotivated. Somewhere in the screen translation or in William Wellman's direction, somehow the spiritual values are lost, and the final scenes which should have concluded the picture in a blaze of glory are meaningless except as examples of Hollywood's photographic genius. Technically notable, "The Light That Failed" emerges as a conscientious but uninspired photoplay. Ida Lupino is vividly impressive as an artist's model, Muriel Angelus is decorative as the self-centered woman artist who helps wreck the hero's life, Walter Huston fine as usual.



WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners



AFTER his cinema flight into the stratosphere of important historical impersonation, First Actor Paul Muni comes down to earth in this fine and moving film based on James Hilton's novel. Muni proves that he can present as powerful a portrait of one of the millions as of one of the few. Here is no Zola, Pasteur, or Juarez, but here is indeed a small town English doctor, insignificant in the annals of medical science but important—because of what happens to him and the way it happens and what it does to him. In less sensitive hands than Hilton's and Muni's, "We Are Not Alone" might emerge as merely a drab drama culminating in a sordid murder trial. But as the author has written it—and he helped with the adaptation, by the way—and as the great actor has played it, aided by Flora Robson and Jane Bryan—it becomes a gripping tragedy with poignant implications. All the ingredients of the customary cheap triangle: the domineering wife, the sympathy-starved husband, and the understanding intruder—in this case, a little Viennese girl, ex-dancer now a waif, who is befriended by the doctor and brought into his household to be governess to his little son—but the "romance" is subordinated to the tragedy in which the two unworldly and tender souls find themselves on trial for the wife's murder. Jane Bryan gives an exquisite performance as the girl.



AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M



I DON'T know what we'd do without the Marx Bros. I don't know what we'll do with them, either, if they don't get themselves better screen material. I can say that—now. But put me in the theatre where the Bros. are on the screen and I am not so detached. One glance from Groucho, one leer from Harpo and one scale from Chico and I am at their mercy, and glad to be there. I don't know why they must write a "young romance" into their comedies when all we really want to see is Groucho chasing Margaret Dumont around her boudoir or all three of the boys working their wives on a midget—but just when we're really working up to a good laugh the picture goes into slow motion while Kenny Baker, a nice tenor anywhere else, sings drippy songs to Florence Rice—a nice girl and a good actress but not for the Marx Bros. If the great zanies would cut up their annual feature picture into short subjects they would have something and might even take the place of Benchley, or the horse and buggy. Meanwhile, don't miss "At the Circus," folks, for its few outrageously funny scenes: Groucho's song and dance number of "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady," the brothers' session with one of the dear little people, Harpo's jam session with chocolate-colored singers—good, too—and the dinner for the 400—Groucho counts 'em and the gang's all there.

Go

You're
Going
Places!



Screenland Glamour School

If you're among the lucky Winter vacationettes, you'll find helpful clothes hints here, for fun and sun

Edited
by

Nancy Kelly



Suppose you're starting out in your smart new car. You'll take to suede—see Nancy smiling, top facing page, as she sets forth in green suede ensemble; or tweeds—see Nancy's dull blue and rust plaid-jacketed tweed suit with monotone skirt, top. And if you are heading South, Far West, Hawaii, you'll want a dressed-up white silk jersey frock with matching turban, as worn by Nancy far left opposite page. If it's a dude ranch you're bound for, consider the very trim and slim "trous" and plaid shirt, boots, sombrero, left.

For that wonderful mid-Winter cruise, you need a good top coat, and at left on this page Nancy Kelly models her new one for you, proving the importance of plaids in the Hollywood fashion picture. Soft shades of brown and beige tweed with immensely flattering tuxedo collar of natural lynx—over a simple frock of sheer beige wool. Above, white chiffon for a special tropical evening—in "He Married His Wife," Nancy wears just the gown to make other girls envious and men dreamy-eyed. Designed by Gwen Wakeling.

50- You're Staying Home!

How about hunter's pink and black for a refreshing color combination? At right, Brenda Marshall models her suit of rough-surfaced wool, with jacket of pink, pockets bound in black, and high, shallow collar faced with black. Her "Scotchy" hat is of black grosgrain ribbon. Black accessories. Below, beautiful gown of ice-blue satin brocade with flower motif, styled with low V-neckline, very wide corselet waistband, and side hoops.



To bridge the gap between dated wintry fashions and the first definitely springy things, Brenda selected the smart outfit at right: flared black taffeta skirt topped with cutaway-front jacket closed with brilliant buttons. Her accessories are black suede, her jacket mink. Below, a two-piece black dress for cocktail time, with bodice embroidered in glittering sequins. Her wrap is a natural lynx jacket, dramatic with black.



"If you're a working girl like me, you'll be
a stay-at-home looking forward to Spring!
So here are a few style suggestions for us!"

Brenda Marshall

What Next for Hedy

ALL God's chillun got feuds. In Hollywood they have, anyway. Somebody is always feuding with somebody over something. Sam Goldwyn and Edgar Selwyn are feuding over Walter Brennan's whiskers. And Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper are feuding over newspaper scoops. And so it goes. But it is only when a movie star feuds with her studio that Hollywood takes notice—and sides. *That's* big time. So when Hedy Lamarr and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio kissed (perhaps not *too* fervently) and made up recently, one of our better feuds came to an abrupt end, leaving us completely without chit-chat for the cocktail hour. (But there'll be another feud along soon. There always is.) Friends of Metro claimed a complete victory for Metro. Friends of Hedy Lamarr claimed a complete victory for Hedy Lamarr. My opinion is that they both won.

You can say what you please but it is my contention that a movie star doesn't begin to "rate" in Hollywood until she, or he, has had a good hot name-calling feud with her studio. It inevitably results in much better parts, in much better pictures, which is all that matters anyway. *Regardez*, Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Jimmy Cagney, Jean Arthur, John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Jeanette

MacDonald. They all said, "The hell I will," and the studios said, "The hell you won't." So what? So all right. Look at them now! There's only one trick to it and it is done with tickets and not with mirrors: Is the star big enough box office to make the studio sit up and say uncle? Maybe you shouldn't count your chickens before they're hatched (Lombard does), but if you are a smart movie star you'll count your fans before you feud.

The latest Hollywood feud, as you know, concerned the beautiful, the glamorous, and the so desirable Hedy Lamarr and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Hedy pouted and Metro pouted right back at her. (Hedy's pouting with those long dark lashes and sultry lips was much prettier than Metro's pouting, or am I just a pushover for beauty!) The feud was over money. Hedy, as we all know by now, was brought to Hollywood from Europe by Louis B. Mayer, following her great success in "Ecstasy," and after a year of twiddling her thumbs at the Metro studio she was loaned out to Walter Wanger to appear opposite Charles Boyer in "Algiers." Hedy was sensational. She was immediately acclaimed the most promising, and certainly the most glamorous, of the new Hollywood personalities. Her original contract called for

\$750 weekly on a forty-week basis. That was pro-rated so that she was paid on a fifty-two week basis. Hedy said she was worth more money than that. Metro said she wasn't. Hedy said all right then I won't work. Metro said all right, then, don't. And the feud was on.

As usual in small towns (and Hollywood is a small town, we might as well face it) people took sides, and dragged the Lamarr-Metro feud right into their dining rooms along with the *filet mignon*, medium done. Not since the Shearer-Raft romance had there been so much commotion under the candelabras. Those in favor of Hedy said that it was a shame, a disgrace, and an outrage that Metro paid Hedy less than six hundred a week. They pointed to the fact that the other stars on the Metro lot, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Bob Taylor, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, Fred Astaire, etc., all made big four-figure weekly salaries, some of them ten times what Hedy made. And Hedy, young, fresh, beautiful, and alluring, they screamed, was certainly better box office than any of those babes who have been around a long time. As for her acting ability, of course she could act. Didn't her "Elizabeth of Austria" have Vienna on its ear?—but Metro hadn't given her an opportunity with "I Take This Woman" which made the top shelf, or "Lady of the Tropics."

You can well imagine what those in favor of Metro said—the exact opposite, of course, with emphasis on the points that "Lady of the Tropics" did poor business, that Hedy couldn't act, and that Hedy's demand for \$5000 a week was absolutely absurd. And right now, let it be said with all (*Please turn to page 80*)



Lamarr?

Her past has been storm-tossed. Her present, with film feud settled, seems serene. What does the future hold for this beauty?

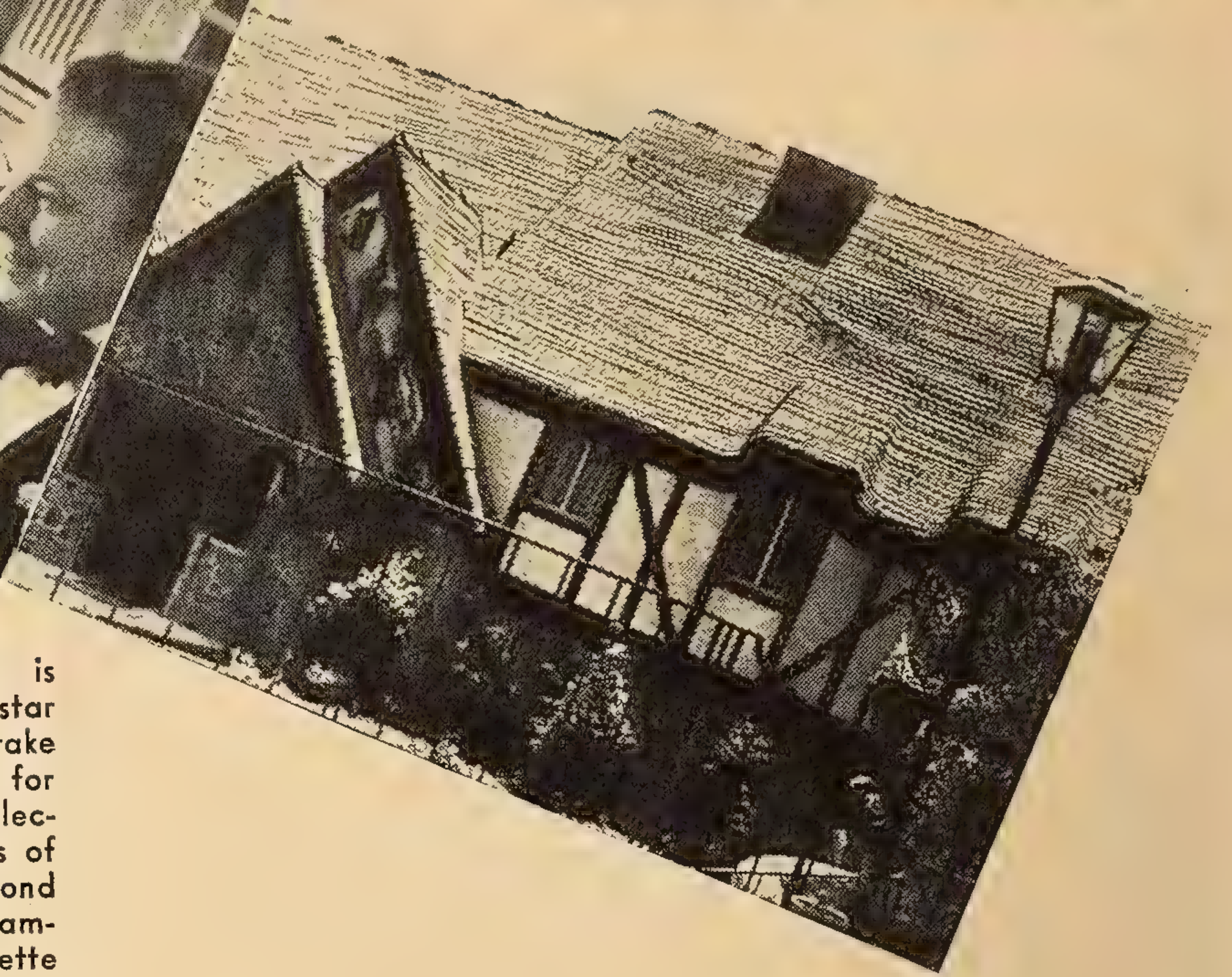
By Liza



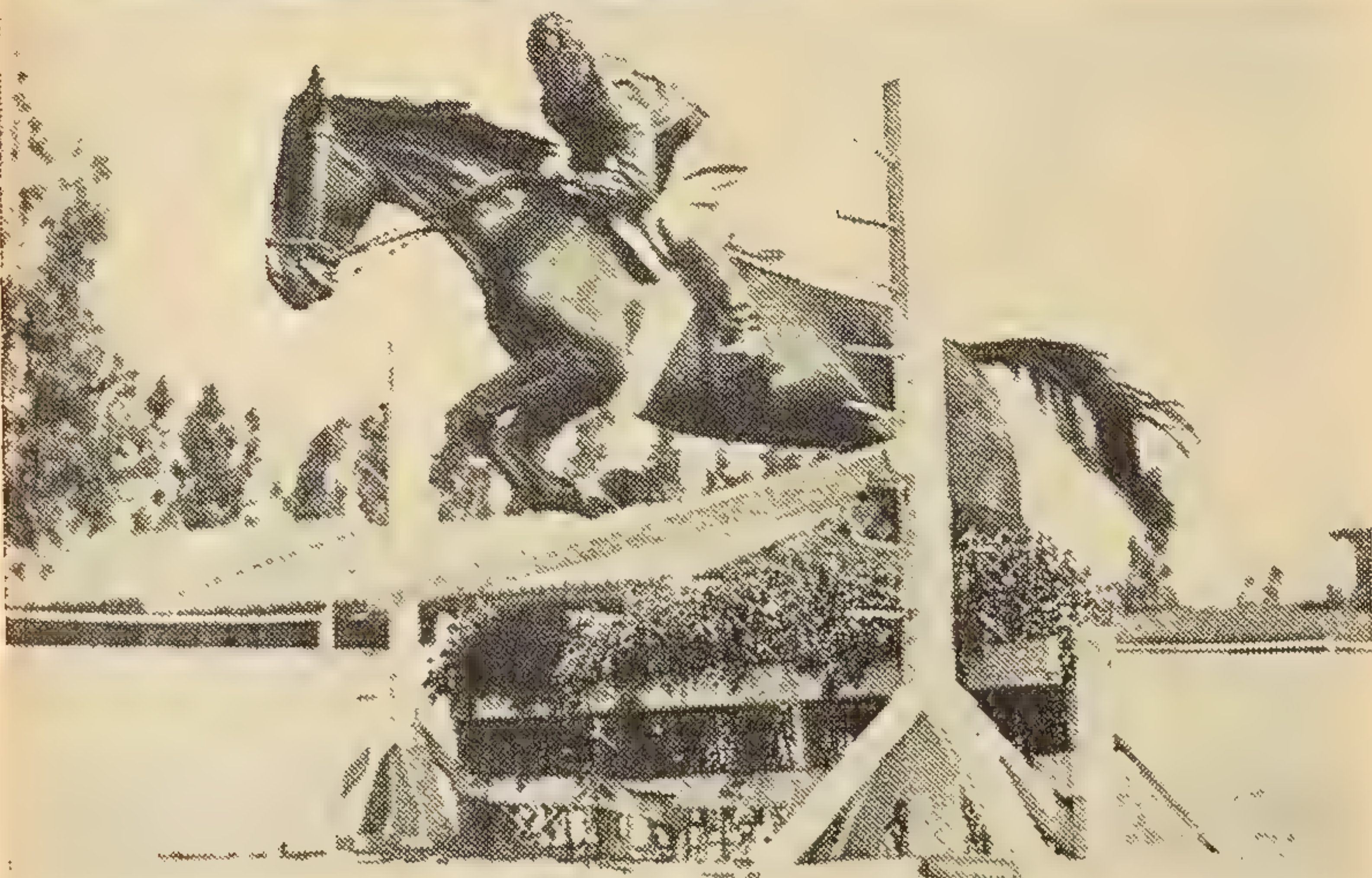
Here's Hedy as she likes best to be seen—in simple sports clothes. On the screen she has been too hampered by exotic draperies. Opposite, with husband Gene Markey.

JEANETTE,

By
Ruth Tildesley



Jeanette MacDonald is one Hollywood movie star who would rather take pictures than pose for them. Result: fine collection of intimate poses of husband Gene Raymond and the rest of the family, but none of Jeanette. Here are her favorite pictures: above, family dinner party; exterior of their home. Left and below, Gene and Black Knight. Bottom, Irene Dunne. Opposite page, Gene in a quiz game.



"THE MacRaymond has *everything!*"—That's a catch phrase used by Jeanette MacDonald's friends whenever that starry young person has a piece of good—or bad—luck. When I found her on one of the deep couches in her living room, almost entirely surrounded by albums, loose pictures, rolls of film, and half a dozen containers of negatives and prints, I chanted it, too.

Jeanette shook her head. "Except some really good pictures!" she finished. "You know I'm the Impatient Photographer, incarnate, and I'm afraid that's the way my prints usually look. Delight has such gorgeous things in her magazine, she will be disappointed with mine."

She brushed some of the negatives from her lap and took up the little camera. A great idea dawned. "There's some film left in here! Suppose we make some new stuff for SCREENLAND," she suggested. "I'll make some pictures of you, Ruth. Oh, I know—come out and climb up on the grape arbor! Only today, Gene was saying that the only place we hadn't been photographed was up on the grape arbor, hanging by our knees."

The idea began to lack attraction for me. But it developed that I wasn't to hang by my knees. I was merely to sit on the top of the trellis—after transferring myself from a stepladder—and try not to look as scared as I felt, while my hostess clicked the shutter. From the arbor, we visited the garden, where I had to hold a rake, a weeder, a pair of clippers, and a spading fork in various positions among the flowers and shrubs, while Jeanette earnestly eyed my image in the finder and clicked and clicked. In the thick of it, a low clear whistle sounded. Jeanette whistled back, eagerly, and presently Gene Raymond joined us. Their signal can be heard anywhere on the Raymond grounds or in the house, which, Jeanette says, is convenient because they can find each other in a second.

Gene watched the last picture, took the camera, examined it, and laughed. "Little Mrs. Wanger again!" he teased. "That film is the one we were fooling with last

the Impatient Photographer

Sunday and somebody let the light in. It's no good."

Jeanette laughed, too. "I told you I'm impatient," she reminded me. "That Wanger gag is one they use to confound me when I prove it. You see, one night a group of us went to a preview that had been talked of for ages. As the credits flashed on the screen, I was always one thought ahead. I'd say: 'I thought So-and-so was in this'—and So-and-so's name would appear on the screen; then 'I thought Whoozis directed this'—and up came Whoozis' name; finally, I said: 'I thought Wanger produced this'—and there was Wanger's name. They began calling me 'little Mrs. Wanger' that night, and they keep it up whenever I'm impatient—which is practically always."

"This is the house of heckling," grinned Gene, escorting us back to the laden couch.

"Anybody who comes here must get used to heckling—but do we have *fun*? Look, dear, these shots of the house aren't bad."

"The first pictures I ever made—with Gene fixing the camera and placing me so I couldn't go wrong," confessed Jeanette. "The house couldn't suddenly move or walk out of focus or anything, either. But the kind of pictures I really enjoy taking have people in them, and usually they are people doing something. I'm rather pleased with some of the stuff I have of Gene. These with the horses—Black Knight was the first gift I gave him after we were married, and White Lady, my horse, was his gift to me. I'm usually in such a hurry to grab a picture that I can't wait to fool around the way Gene does. I'll admit his results are better. But the time I tried to make some pictures of guests at a party, I followed his process—I moved the candles back and forth, changed the seating arrangement, worried my guests into looking this way or that, until Blossom, my sister, having dodged a set of candles for *(Please turn to page 98)*



"Mrs. Mac-Raymond" has all the qualifications of a good candid camera-woman — except patience. Read Jeanette's own hilarious account of how she gets her pictures—sometimes!



Want to be Popular?

By
**Adele
Whitely
Fletcher**



**SHE'S FRIENDLY! SHE
PUTS PEOPLE AT EASE—
SHIRLEY TEMPLE**



**SHE LICKED A BAD INFERIORITY COMPLEX—
ALICE FAYE**

WE DEFINITELY want people to like us. When we protest we don't give a hoot whether they do or not we're only fooling ourselves. If you're not likeable all you have to do is forget a lot of nonsense it has taken you years to generate in yourself—a lot of nonsense that springs from false pride and defensiveness; from a stupid fear that you may appear more eager in someone's direction than they are in yours.

Friendliness begets friendliness. In charming proof of this I offer Shirley Temple. Shirley has a genius for friendliness. I'll long remember a story about her first trip to Hawaii. A band of natives came to serenade her. They stood in a stiff little group, children in front, before the house she and her parents occupied. Everyone was uncomfortable and self-conscious.

Most little girls would have found those golden Hawaiians with their abbreviated bright clothes and their native ways a little strange and terrifying. But not Shirley! She reached out to them. She made them forget their strangeness. She made them laugh. She put them at ease. She decked herself with the leis they presented her. She clowned a little as she put necklaces of flowers about her mother and her dad. Then she stepped forward and gave a lei to a tiny brown fellow who stood, unadorned, in the front row. Like them she must fasten flowers in her hair. Then she called to them in their native phrases, laughing as she fumbled a little with their words. And when they played a gay tune on their

Had Shirley held off from those Hawaiians there great delight.

Had Shirley held off from those Hawaiians there would, of course, have been a stiffness all round. They would have been self-conscious. And her little party would have grown increasingly uncomfortable too. She saved the day by her instinctive realization that the Hawaiians were just like her underneath, even though their exterior and manners were very different indeed. It's a lesson in being likeable we learn from Shirley:

Be aware of the strangeness and fears which others are likely to feel in your direction. And concentrate upon helping them overcome these things instead of concentrating upon the strangeness and fears you know.

More and more you hear "Alice Faye? She's swell!"

Now it used to be that only the few who were close to Alice ever said that. Because it used to be that only the few who were close to her were allowed to know her. With brusqueness for her armor Alice protected herself against everyone not tested and tried. And undoubtedly although her brusqueness spared her some animosity, it also cheated her out of much warmth and friendship. It was, as it almost always is, something in Alice that made her wary of people. And that "something" was an inferiority complex—as it is likely to be at least nine times out of ten.

Now Alice admits that she used to be sure of herself only as a singer; not as an actress. This naturally made her dubious regarding the things people thought and said about her. And not only as an actress either. Generally! For once fear is allowed to strike down roots it spreads. Then Alice's father died under circumstances unbefitting the parent of a rich movie star. The press, unaware that Alice's mother and father were separated, that her mother was with her, and that neither of them knew of Mr. Faye's predicament, went to town with their criticism. This was more than Alice, nursing a general resentment anyway, could stand. Immediately she assumed that the press disliked her and were her sworn enemies. It never occurred to her—and she's a smart girl usually—that there must be many men and

Then take a leaf out
of the charm book of
your favorite actress

Don't be a dud...
SHINE!



**SHE ENCOURAGES OTHERS
TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES—
PHYLLIS BROOKS**

women on magazines and newspapers with whom she would be congenial, whom she would enjoy as friends.

In those days it wasn't easy to interview Alice. First of all, it was almost impossible to get an appointment. Once an appointment was made it was likely to be changed half a dozen times. And if you finally did get to her it availed you little or nothing. She was pleasant enough on the surface but she didn't really cooperate or talk. It was only when an interview was almost over and she had relaxed a little because of some chance remark or look that you realized she could thaw and be quite human. And there were many put out by this "Get-a-story-if-you-can" attitude who wrote stories that didn't help Alice at all, but hurt her. (Please turn to page 92)



**SHE ACCEPTS PEOPLE FOR WHAT THEY ARE—
MIRIAM HOPKINS**



At the top of this page goes Paulette Goddard, because she has what this story is all about.

Courage, a Heart— and Brains!

By Courtenay Marvin

Here are words just for you when you think, "I ought to improve myself"

THIS is a time of the year when a great many of us face ourselves frankly and don't exactly like what we see. The beginning of another year, the fact that many seem to bog down a little in mid-Winter, and the temptation of the love seat or cozy chair against the biting elements outside, undoubtedly contribute to this session of self-analysis. This mulling over oneself usually concentrates on appearance, personality, and success. If you do some constructive thinking, you'll get somewhere. If you hug the comfort of your chaise-longue and merely day-dream, you won't. Now, indeed, is the time for courage, a heart—and brains. Perhaps this will remind you of Judy Garland in "The Wizard of Oz," with her three strange companions, off for the Emerald City—seeking what they wanted, and finding.

It takes courage for a girl to change herself. Sometimes this means physical work, like removing an inch or two of hip, or it may mean stamina, like denying yourself your favorite foods because they do not mean beauty for you. It takes courage, too, to buck the opinion of friends when you decide to let your butter-colored hair return to its natural brown, because that's *you*. Alice Faye and Ida Lupino both know this experience—very well! Both looked in the mirror, made up their

minds, and became themselves again, to their good fortune.

As to you, if you feel low about your looks, do something. Just *what* is the problem. So here are some starters. How is your hair? You probably know it needs more brushing at this season and probably a little night massage. But maybe you don't know that its beauty could be increased a hundred per cent with a beauty brightening rinse with your next shampoo. Your beauty salon can give you this or you can do it at home—very successfully. You might sit down before your dressing-table and try your hair this way and that. You might sleek it up high from the sides to discover you have beautiful ears. And then you might indulge in some earrings, not forgetting that pat of your most precious perfume behind the ears. You might discover that you look very elegant and alluring with a high front bang. If you wear your hair high in front, real or artificial flowers here for evening are very dramatic. Carole Lombard has a Winter-party coiffure that is very nice. Her hair is all swept to the top of her head in flat ringlets. At the center forehead, allowing about three inches of hair to show, she wears a cluster of violets to match a purple crêpe frock, amethyst necklace, and earrings. If you are very young, you might sweep that top hair (*Please turn to page 94*)

Screenland's Glamour Guides

By
Marina

Good taste, good fashion and comfort for the career girl. For where to buy, see Store Directory, Page 83



Casual Spring, all-occasion classic, impeccably tailored by George Hess. Of Wool-Top, a fabric of woven rayon and wool, with new softly flared skirt, exquisitely detailed with deft, feminine touches and heightened by a superb fit. In new dusty tones for a flower-like freshness under Winter coats—copen, light rose, aqua, caramel, as well as navy or white. About \$15. This very wearable frock is a registered George Hess original.

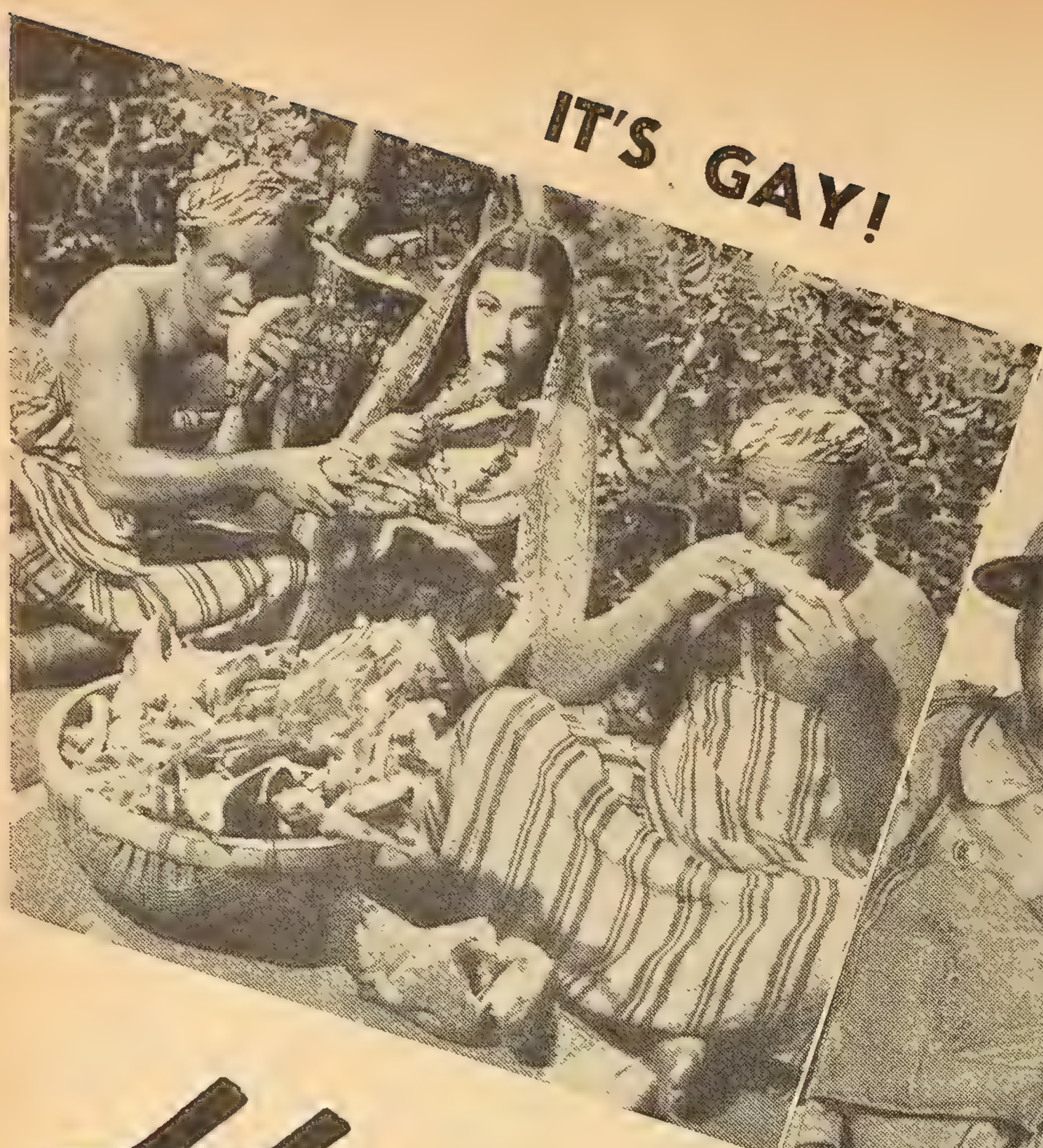


For the business girl who works on her feet and for walkers, Dr. Scholl scientifically designs special shoes. Left, is a dashing, youthful spectator in softie-calf. It feels like kid and helps keep your feet beautiful and very fit. Smart stitching and perforations. This shoe may be had in black kid or brown bucko. \$6.75.

To sleek down curves, to reef in a waistline, try Carter's Figleaf pantie girdle of sturdy, satiny peach lace. Front and back panels of vertical Lastex and rayon satin, run-resistant Milatuck crotch, In-viz-a-Grip front garters—all destined to give you a better Spring figure. Price, \$5.

At right, is Dr. Scholl's version of a T-Strap model, in dressier mood. Here are graceful lines, support where needed and the softness of a kid glove over sensitive areas. Accented with stitching and punch-work. Feet on the ground, yet a sensation of walking on air aptly describes the joy of comfort to be experienced in Dr. Scholl's shoes. All have that costly look. The T-Strap model is black at \$6.75.





The newest loves, the latest hates, the hottest feuds—read about 'em all this month

IT'S GRIM!



Here's Hollywood

By
Weston East

YOUR guess about the authenticity of the Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston romance is as good as anyone's, because neither one of them will commit themselves in so many words. However, if you follow the undercover machinations of their appearances about Hollywood, you can't help but see the truth about the torches they carry. To throw us off the scent they both appear with other people, Dottie with a number of men-about-town, and Bob with a "Pasadena socialite." It has been hinted said girl is really a close relative of his. When Bob appears at an opening with his mother and Dorothy with a friend, their seats are always *that* close together, and the looks between them burn. At a recent party, Dorothy radiantly arrived with Wynn Rocamora, but I can vouch for it, she left with Robert Preston.

EVERY movie actor is grateful to any of his fans, even the humblest, and he is flattered by anyone's interest in his career. But when a celebrated personage seems intrigued by an actor it is doubly flattering. Adolphe Menjou tells the story of how puzzled, pleased, and awed he was, when, appearing in London one time, he was informed at his hotel that the celebrated George Bernard Shaw was waiting in the lobby to see him. For a moment he thought it was a gag, because he had never met the famous author, and so suggested that they send the gentleman up to

his room if he cared to see him. To his amazement he walked Shaw, who tersely announced that he was doing something very unusual for him, and hurriedly made it clear that he, himself, didn't care to meet Menjou, but it was Mrs. Shaw who insisted that Menjou come to lunch. Shaw thought it only proper at least to have met him before asking him to lunch.

ERROL FLYNN has done it again. This time there is no secret about his plunge, and he doesn't care who knows it. He'll take any and all kidding. Flynn is off on another wild gold chase. It's the original, fabulous treasure of Captain Kidd that has him all excited again. He has already made two stabs at the selfsame treasure in entirely different spots in the Caribbean, and I might add, dropped a neat sum into each fantastic forage. This new clue places Captain Kidd's booty on a bleak island off the coast of Nova Scotia. That old pirate did get around! And how Flynn loves to follow the wildest stories about him, and play pirate. This time he will sink his money into some water-soaked diggings on that Northern island where Canadian treasure hunters have found traces of old Spanish gold. As a gag, I think I'll show Flynn my beautifully faked buried-treasure map. It puts that same treasure in the Pacific, in a much more pleasant climate and much nearer Hollywood.

Guess who those two natives with Dorothy Lamour (left) are? They're Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, in "Road to Singapore." (Right) There's mud in "them there" trenches, Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, and George Brent found out when they were making "The Fighting 69th."

THIS is a tip to all those schools which are trying to get Lana Turner to be present at their spring formals. Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth are among the Eastern schools bidding for Lana's high-powered presence at their proms. It's too bad all those anxious boys are so far away. They'll be a little sore when they hear this, and it will give them an idea of how original they'd have to be if they got Lana for their entertainment. The local U. C. L. A. chapter of Phi Kappa Psi doesn't let any grass grow under their feet. Lana has already been their guest of honor at their annual ball, and those boys know how to throw a ball. The most pretentious Hollywood musical couldn't boast more lavish decorations. The climax of the evening came when they presented Lana with a platinum link bracelet which bore a fraternity charm, and which made her, forever, the No. 1 Phi Psi sweetheart. Lana's still a little awed by the grandeur of it all and a little dizzy remembering all that dancing at U. C. L. A.

MY, MY what a thrill it was for those visitors from the frozen East who are thawing out at the El Mirador in the desert. One dazzling, sunshiny dawning the entire hotel was roused by sounds of clashing steel out on the velvety green lawn. There, in excellent view of everyone, was an honest-to-goodness duel going on. The Eastern matrons immediately recognized the dashing Gilbert Roland, who was swapping thrusts with an equally handsome Indian brave. Their blades flashed in the early morning sun, it was like a scene out of Sabatini. That is, until Joe Penner, of all people, popped out of a bush, and from behind a portable screen took on both the duellers for a side-splitting finish.

IT'S TOUGH!



And they're tough, too! Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell (left above) have to be for the rôles they play in "His Girl Friday." (Right) Andrea Leeds and Don Ameche in the month's most touching, poignant love scene, in "Swanee River." The story's about the life of Stephen Foster, the famous American composer.

OVER at Paramount they've pulled so many terrifically pointed jokes on Andy Devine because of his ever-increasing girth that Andy was finally forced to do something about reducing. Everyone on the lot from office boy to producers kept making cracks about his size. Jack Benny had signs put on all stage doors that were 15 or more feet wide that read "Reserved Exclusively for Use by Dimples Devine." The wardrobe department sent a polite note telling Devine that he needn't come in for fittings because they would be able to fit his clothes on a rain barrel they had just acquired. Something had to be done! Andy Devine took to reducing all right, but now he's the envy of Jack Benny and all his ribbers, and Andy only grins. He's arranged to get a daily morning work-out by joining the rehearsals of the Abbott dancers, a group of young swell-lookers who do very esthetic dancing with veils and things. And immediately everyone forgot about Andy Devine's weight.

AS YOU know, Sonja Henie's leading men are all supposed to be able to skate—but not *too* well. An amusing sidelight on Sonja is that she usually picks leading men who can't skate at all. To watch her rag her man after she's got him out on the ice for the first time, is reminiscent of a spider playing tag with a fly. Robert Cummings, Sonja's new leading man, took an awful beating the day I watched Sonja having her fun. She ran circles, figure-eights, and squares around poor Cummings, who had a terrible time staying on his feet. After a half hour I was sure that Bob wouldn't care to contact a chair for weeks. But with a knowing wink, after all the shenanigans were over, he pulled a couple of squares of thick padding out of his pants. He hadn't been able to use a pillow because it would show, but the next best helped—tremendously.

THEY are telling the story of how terribly embarrassed Francis Lederer is because on his tour with the great Katharine Cornell it was Lederer who got a most tremendous play from the fans, all his movie fans. Miss Cornell has never evidenced any interest in the movies, or set much store by them, but she certainly got a gander on what it's like to be popularized by them. During her tour with "No Time for Comedy" it wasn't at all unusual to have a police guard in mid-western cities to keep the females from crashing their way right into Mr. Lederer's dressing room. They crawled through windows and hid for hours in darkened theaters to beard the bouncing Czech. They unexpectedly pounced at him from behind old scenery and out of dark corners. They usually got around to asking about Miss Cornell but it was Francis they wanted to see. The conscientious Mr. Lederer spent most of his time profusely apologizing to Miss Cornell and trying to laugh away those flattering but embarrassing attentions to him. However, Miss Cornell didn't mind.

IT'S TENDER!



JOAN BENNETT'S gardener is the most chagrined man I know right now. He lives a constant, Edgar Kennedy slow burn, and no one can help him, poor guy! It's all because of some very fancy garden pots that sit on the top of the high wall around Joan's back yard. Almost every day one or more of them are unexplainably broken. The man can't stand the aspersions on his clumsiness much longer. But Joan is never upset by the breakage or the expense. The gardener thinks she is being very kind to him, but the truth is that Joan is covering up her own weakness. The whole answer lies in her recent stab at archery. She simply won't confess that the only targets she has been able to hit are those beautiful blue pots.

MARLENE DIETRICH gave herself a new car for Christmas because her cars are in the war. They were commandeered by the French government when they remained abroad after Marlene's last visit. Some army big shot is due for a jolt and a lot of kidding when he finds that complete built-in vanity and make-up compartment staring at him every day.

AT THE moment Dolores Del Rio is lolling about in an ancient but restful villa near Mexico City and feeling just like she did in the old days when she was *the* topnotch movie star. The war and the stepped-up movie interest in Mexican and South American trade has pushed Dolores right into another come-back that she vowed she would never make—unless she got the right picture. Her tremendous popularity in Latin America makes her a natural again. All of us may as well get used to an avalanche of pictures dreamed up for the much needed South American trade. When Dolores slipped down south of the border, alone, right after she finished "Arouse and Beware" all of Hollywood in a Greek chorus chanted "divorce." Dolores nixed the rumors once again by announcing that Cedric Gibbons would join her, at her recently acquired villa, in his first real visit to the Mexico from which Dolores came.

New

Kid Star



Remember Jane Bryan was supposed to be expecting a baby at the end of "Brother Rat?" Well, in "Brother Rat and a Baby" he arrives—his name is Peter B. Good, and Hollywood says fourteen-months-old Peter certainly is.

THE most miserable fellow in Hollywood is a handsome elevator operator in a boulevard building whose displayed license announces his name is Robert Taylor. The "you ought to be in pictures" rib has given him a furious grudge against the real Bob Taylor of the movies.

EXACTLY seven and a half years ago to the month, Jimmy Stewart met Margaret Sullivan for the first time. Their weeks of working together, now, in "The Shop Around the Corner" have been just one long siege of reminiscing. Their friendship started under very unusual circumstances, because Stewart was the most girl-shy undergraduate of the Triangle Club, a Princeton drama society. All the members laid bets that the handsomest killer-diller of the society would be the one whom Maggie would accept as her escort to the club's reception. Maggie, meanwhile, new to the Falmouth stock company, never expected to get a single bid, and so jumped at Stewart's first offer. Jimmy remembers that all he got to say was, "May I have the honor?" He never got any further. Maggie snapped him up slap-dash with "Why, yes—certainly." It was all set before either knew what the other was talking about.

CAROLE LOMBARD couldn't imagine why people kept staring at her in such a surprised and amused way as she whizzed along Ventura Boulevard in her open car. Maybe it was because she was in furs up to her ears, or maybe it was her bright red wool Christmas mittens that caught their eye. But it was cold driving an open car, even in California, and Carole was dressed for comfort. She knew that for some reason she was getting much more than her usual share of attention. It got embarrassing and finally annoying when people began shouting things at her. When they began pointing and doubling over with laughter, Carole knew something was wrong—but what? She found out when she got to the studio. She found a hen nestled down in the folds of the canvas top of her car, clutching on for dear life and very ruffled by the wind. That ranch hen picked the wrong roost.

ANN SOTHERN has always gone for things Mexican in a big way. None of her friends could ever understand her passion for the border towns and resorts. Even when the big hotels faded in popularity with the movie crowd, Ann always spent her free moments at the same sleepy little village on the Mexican coast. She learned to speak Spanish expressly for the purpose of making real friends at her favorite vacation spot. She spent a lot of time and sincere effort trying to help her new, less fortunate acquaintances. Soon, everyone in the quaint old place got to know Ann Sothern, motion picture actress, and just last week the entire town reciprocated in a warm and touching gesture. They have deeded two choice ocean front acres of land to her, and now Ann will build a permanent vacation home there.



IT WAS a great thrill for the tiny coast town of Pismo Beach to have a big movie location move right into their midst. The entire town was agog because Joan Crawford was reported really to have arrived in her limousine, in true movie star fashion. Every youngster in the village was out for an autograph. The Crawford name was magic until the youngsters found out that the guy driving an old station wagon looked like Clark Gable. When they found out that it was Gable, and he fixed up an immediate game of softball to entertain the mob, because the weather got too foggy to work, glamor queen Crawford was lost in the shuffle. No one minded being put out on first base, because King Gable was playing that position.

FRED MacMURRAY was walking down a street on the Paramount lot the other day, and in the distance he saw an older woman approaching him who looked vaguely familiar and who kept staring at him as though she meant to stop and talk. Fred didn't want to hurt her feelings by not being able to recognize her so he tried to avoid talking to her. But she bore down on him like a ship in full sail. She started an animated conversation, asked him the most intimate questions, and the embarrassed Fred could do nothing but stare and cudgel his mind to recall her. "You don't remember me, do you?" she said. Fred sheepishly admitted he didn't. "I played in a picture with you a few years ago," Fred brightened, and bluffingly replied, "Oh yes, of course, you played my mother in..." Then Bonita Granville, who was in old woman disguise for scenes in "At Good Old Siwash," broke into her natural voice and told the surprised Fred who she really was.

THE seasonal trek to Palms Springs is on again and the town's talk is mostly about the lure of the desert. In comparing tans Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio come out way on top. Week-ends, now, mean a dark-bespectacled bicycle binge. Everyone rides bicycles at the desert resorts, even before breakfast. A smart innovation at the Desert Inn is a novel bicycle breakfast. You bicycle into the desert at dawn for your food cooked in the open. The amusement spots are gayer than ever this year, with more atmosphere. The Racquet Club is completely done over, the red-canopied dining room has a very sophisticated floor show, and the high spot of an evening there is Ralph Bellamy's impromptu master-of-ceremonies stint at the microphone. He's a Bellamy you never saw in the movies.

Next

Big Star?



When a girl who has played in only two pictures, both of them comedies—"What A Life" and "Seventeen"—grabs the dramatic plum of the year, that's news and so is she. Watch for Betty Field as sexy siren MAE in "Of Mice and Men."

OUR glamor girls have a terrible time trying to keep track of their little trinkets like diamond-studded cigarette cases and sapphires as big as hen's eggs. They're always being tragically misplaced, but, luckily, rarely lost. A typical scare came at the latest showing of a flock of new, exciting jewelry at the Somerset House. The sight of all the sparklers together was eye-opening, but, to me, they looked as cold as all the detectives' faces, who filled the room to the point of suffocation. All the girls were pointing at the trinkets they expected to get (I felt awfully sorry for every man in the room) when, abruptly, right in the middle of things, Virginia Bruce, with a little squeal, announced that her sables had suddenly disappeared. Pretty soon the detectives were talking out of the sides of their mouths, looking under tablecloths and getting generally tough. Then, with a giggle and a lame apology, Virginia happened to remember she had left the darned things in her car after all. The machine wasn't locked, but there sat the fur piece waiting for her.

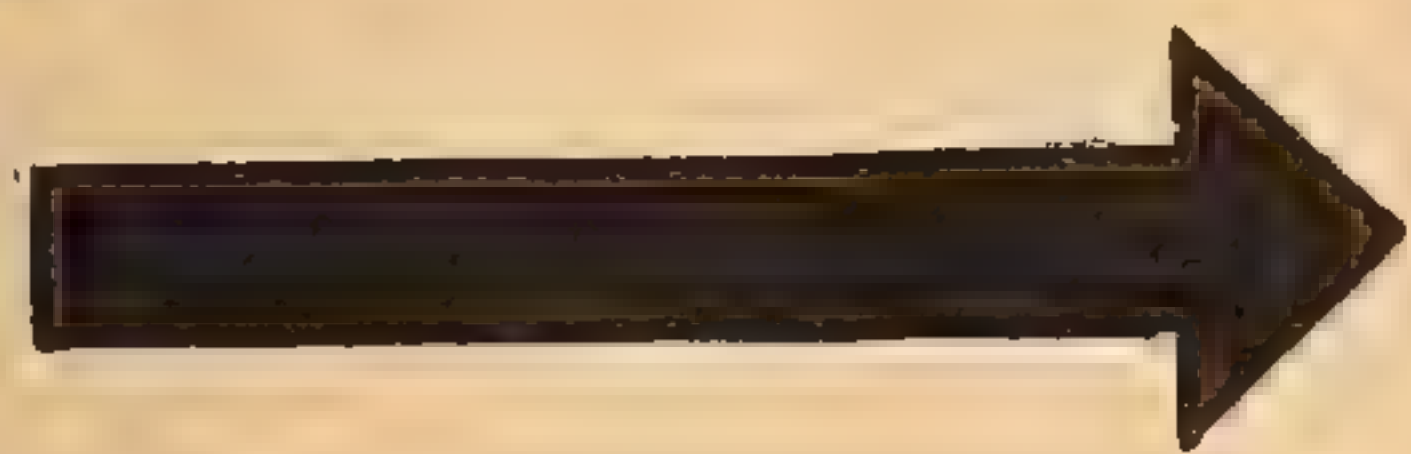
kiddie sizes. . . . At the age of nine Priscilla Lane tripped and fell flat during a stage appearance. She rose and told the howling audience it was part of her act.

MADAME MARIA OUSPENSKAYA is a match for any actor on stage or screen, she can steal a scene from the best of them. But this remarkable Russian is no match for a house prowler. When she heard someone stealthily gain entrance to the back door of her home, she remained quietly in her bedroom and called the police. The bandit, whom she bagged enjoying a leg of cold chicken out of the ice box, was one of Hollywood's best actors, and one of Madame Ouspenskaya's prize pupils. It was no one else but always-different John Garfield. He paid a very informal back-door call, and was enjoying a light snack while waiting for someone in the house to appear. For his trouble, he got a never-to-be-forgotten Ouspenskaya ultimatum for all future calls—to use the front entrance and ring the bell.

IF THE Wayne Morris' long-awaited heir doesn't turn out to be twins (boys) no one will be more disappointed than Wayne himself. All preparations take in the possibility of twins, and the nursery has been ready and waiting for months. Wayne has taken more than enough kidding about becoming a father of one baby. This blessed event should turn out to be twins just to spite his pals who have given him such a merciless razzing. For months now Wayne's mail has been filled with gags. His desk has been piled high with stacks of advertisements telling how to feed, dress, and bathe babies. Samples, preparations, pills and lotions have come in by the score. All acknowledged the magazine coupons he was supposed to have clipped and mailed in. The servants have paid out a neat sum for books and baby culture courses that arrived at the door C. O. D. The trend of the correspondence has now turned to pamphlets from military schools that Wayne's inquiring mind is supposed to be already mulling over for his heir's education. They all go into the waste-paper basket.

Are These Beauties

Battling?



Hollywood says they are, and that it's all because of "Little Old New York." Wonder why the usually astute Darryl Zanuck cast two beauties of exactly the same type, Alice Faye (above left) and Brenda Joyce (above right) in the very same picture?

BELIEVE it or not the remodeling going on at the Bob Hopes' new home is a consequence of a Christmas present that Bob received which was so large he couldn't get it in the house. The recreation room in the Hopes' beautiful lodgings was made to accommodate only an average-sized piano. A very dear friend, generous but unthinking, gave Bob an exceedingly valuable, but much oversized piano for Christmas. Not only did the whole room have to be made larger to give the instrument room, but so did the doors to get it in, and out again should Bob decide to move. However, the most poignant irony lies in the fact that no one in the house can play the piano.

PHYLLIS BROOKS' brother isn't complaining a bit. He gets all the surplus of the over-supplied wardrobe that Cary Grant can't hope to wear himself. The two are exactly the same size. . . . Anita Louise's going-to-bed costume never varies. She always wears long-sleeved, pink cotton nighties. . . . Gale Page demands a personal palm print as well as your signature in her guest book. It's for future pondering of her guest's fate from the telltale lines in their hands. . . . Those smart and different sports clothes of Ida Lupino's come from kids' shops. She's so tiny she can wear

ALL through the making of "Day-time Wife," Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell played a complicated game of give and take, and in the end Linda won out by a few points. It doesn't seem possible that Tyrone is a veteran at picture-making but he knew how to put Linda at ease by placing the blame on himself after she was a nervous wreck from repeatedly fumbling her lines. Tyrone kiddingly demanded as a reward, a very professional-looking charcoal drawing that Linda had done of him. But Tyrone wasn't content with that alone. He pointed out that Linda owed him more. For his posing, Tyrone demanded, also, her autographed picture, and Linda held out on her charcoal until it was duly autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it proved that Ty had gypped her a few years previously, before they had ever met. She took out a publicity department autographed photograph that Tyrone was supposed to have signed for her when she was just an ardent fan of his. Linda kept her charcoal drawing and the real signature, which she could plainly see was nothing like the faked one.

CLARK GABLE'S the fellow who's always willing to learn something new about acting. He doesn't profess to have the inside track on all there is to know about the business. Quite unexpectedly for a scene in "Strange Cargo" he had a very celebrated coach, who is not an actor, but an ornithologist. That's a fancy name for what William Beebe, the bathysphere diver, used to be before he took up diving. The scene being shot when the famous Mr. Beebe visited the set happened to be an exact experience from his own life in the British Guiana jungles where he studied birds. He was asked for his opinion of the tropical situation and he gave out. He explained that Clark, in the scene, had fallen from exhaustion too easily and quickly. A man fighting his way out of a jungle, and finding himself face to face with a dwelling, clearly that of another white man, would fight collapse with all he had in him. Two strange white men in the jungle are closer than fast friends anywhere else. Beebe knew because he spoke from experience. You'll see Gable play that scene with great finesse, because, after all, he took lessons from a man who really knew.



In "Blondie Brings Up Baby," Arthur Lake gives Larry Simms a lesson in how to dunk. Daisy, the dog, is an interested onlooker. First, one's napkin must be ready.

Dance Secrets of Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire

Continued from page 23

Fred and Eleanor were warring; they even went so far as to hint that the strife between them was turning Eleanor into a nervous wreck. Perhaps you heard or read those rumors. If you did, you'll be interested in hearing the authentic facts. I've known Eleanor for a long time and I've always known her to be very frank. Eleanor wanted to talk about Fred Astaire. If there were a feud between them, she would admit even that.

She began by saying, "The first question everyone asks me is, 'How do you like dancing with Fred Astaire?' Well, it's a shame I can't tell him and the world how I really feel about him, but if I go overboard, they'll say that I'm in love with him! So I'll just take off by saying that if anyone had told me five years ago that I would ever dance with Fred Astaire, I would have thought him the victim of a brainstorm! Why, I remember a night when I was dancing at Billy Rose's Casino de Paris in New York and was told that Fred Astaire had booked a ringside table. It was really very funny. I was so nervous; this was such a major event in my life, that all the waiters decided to help me, and when I did my number not one of them was to be seen on the floor—they were all back-stage or spotted around the house applauding their heads off. I've told Fred about it since. I said to him, 'You must have thought that I was a sensation!'

"I had always ducked meeting Fred. I didn't want our meeting to be a casual 'how-do.' I wanted him to *remember* the meeting when or if it ever happened. I'd had several opportunities to meet him and always ducked them all. I was at the races one day, last year, and Al Jolson said to me, 'There's Fred Astaire over there, you know him, don't you?' and when I said that I didn't, Al almost broke down in a *Mammy* song, he thought it was so ridiculous. He was all for introducing us right then and there and I had to beg him not to. I explained that I wanted our meeting to be at a piano or some place where we could really sit and talk shop.

"When I heard that Fred was free-lancing I thought, 'It just wouldn't be my

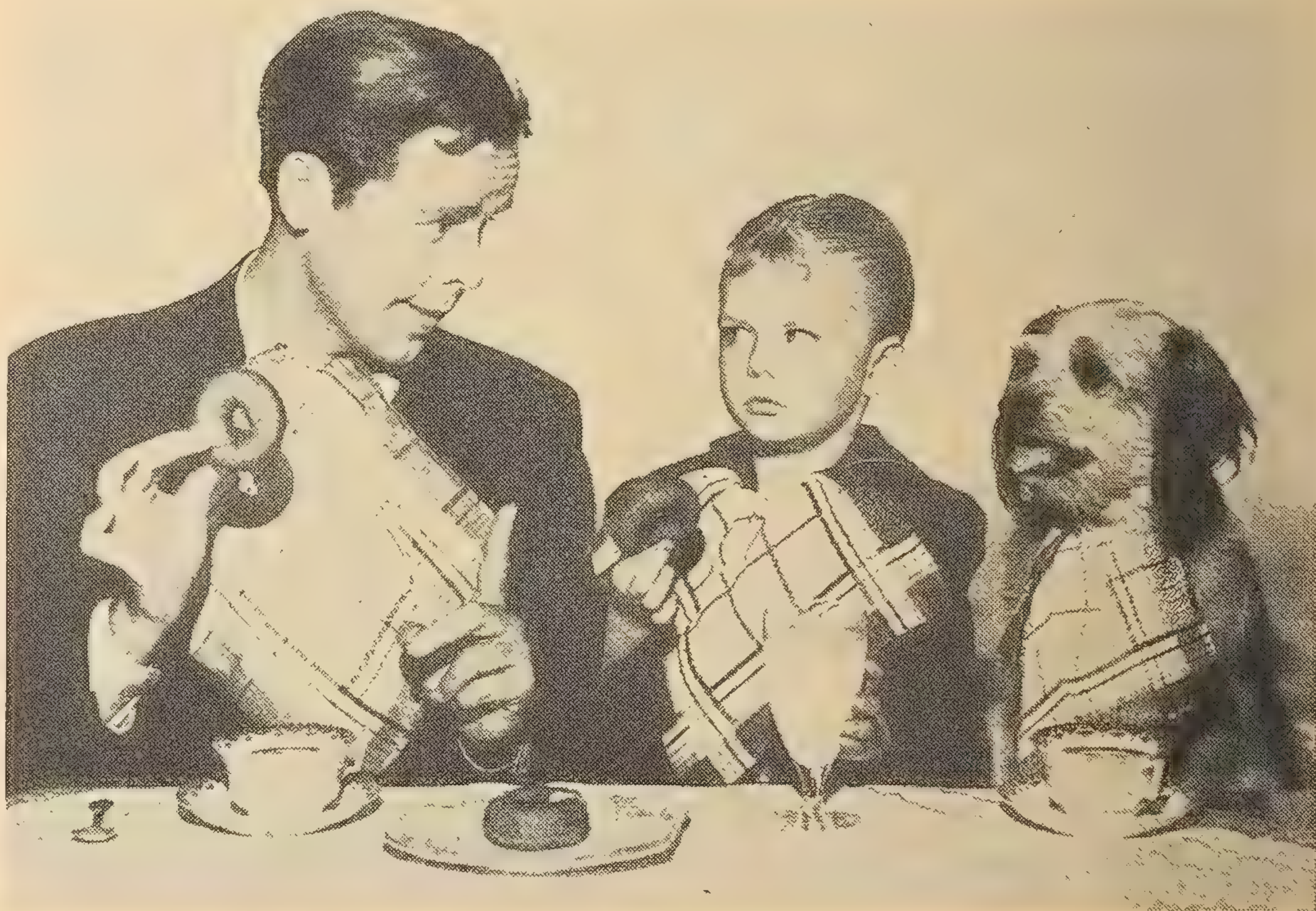
luck to have him come to M-G-M.' When I heard he *was* coming to M-G-M and that, if all went well, we were to be teamed in 'Broadway Melody of 1940,' I walked around for days with all ten fingers crossed! Then, one day, Mr. Mervyn LeRoy said to me, 'Eleanor, I want you to meet Fred at luncheon here in the executive bungalow tomorrow!' Well, I got there twenty minutes early. I was shaking like seven aspen leaves. He was an almost mythical person to me, you see. You fans should know how I felt. I *am* an Astaire fan, the most rabid of them all! I felt, too, that I was really coming up against Someone who Really Knows! When I got there, Mr. LeRoy suggested that I hide behind the door. Pretty soon, Fred came in—he was

ten minutes early—and he went straight over to Mr. LeRoy and said, 'Where is she? Where is she?' and his voice sounded as aspeny as I felt. We finally sat down to luncheon—Mr. LeRoy, Jack Cummings, the producer of 'Broadway Melody,' and Norman Taurog, our director. The Big Moment of the luncheon came when Mr. Cummings suggested that we both stand, back to back—our height had something to do with our suitability, as partners, you see. I knew that if I were much taller than Fred, it wouldn't be so good. As I got to my feet, I was muttering to myself, 'Please, Lord, make me smaller!'—and then I heard Mr. Taurog shout, 'Hooray, he's *two inches taller!*'

"After the luncheon was over, I thought, desperately, that I must find something to talk to Fred about, something that would break the ice. I had found out that he is very keen about Benny Goodman's records, and so I suggested to him that we go over to the practice hall and play some of the records, which I had, providentially, brought with me. I put the records on and we played them and played them. At that meeting I learned how thin-skinned and sensitive Fred is. Meaning to be funny, and complimentary at the same time, I said to him, 'You know, Mr. Astaire, I'm really disappointed that you signed for this picture!' Well, you never saw such a long face as he pulled then. I almost expected him to stick out his lower lip and cry! And then I said, 'You see, I thought I might have things to look forward to on the screen, but after this—*what is there?*' And then he smiled, he was still shy, but he smiled.

"I tried another tack. I said, 'We're in an awful spot, you and I. You know, they're going to say that we quarrel; they'll work up a feud between us. They'll say that I make up all the routines or that you work out all the routines, that there's jealousy. I am in a worse spot than you are, if possible, because I have to try to overshadow a predecessor and you don't.' We agreed that we'd pay no attention to anything anyone said or printed.

"Well, it was really very funny," laughed Eleanor, "the way we hedged about actually getting up and taking the first step. The first day we met after that initial introduction we had the sheet music of *Begin the Beguine* with us. We sat side by side looked at it, each waiting for the other



Second, grasp the doughnut firmly between the thumb and the index finger. "Now watch very carefully," says Arthur Lake. "Don't put the doughnut in till I signal."

to make the first move. Finally I said, 'It's three o'clock already—do you—er—want to start work this afternoon?'

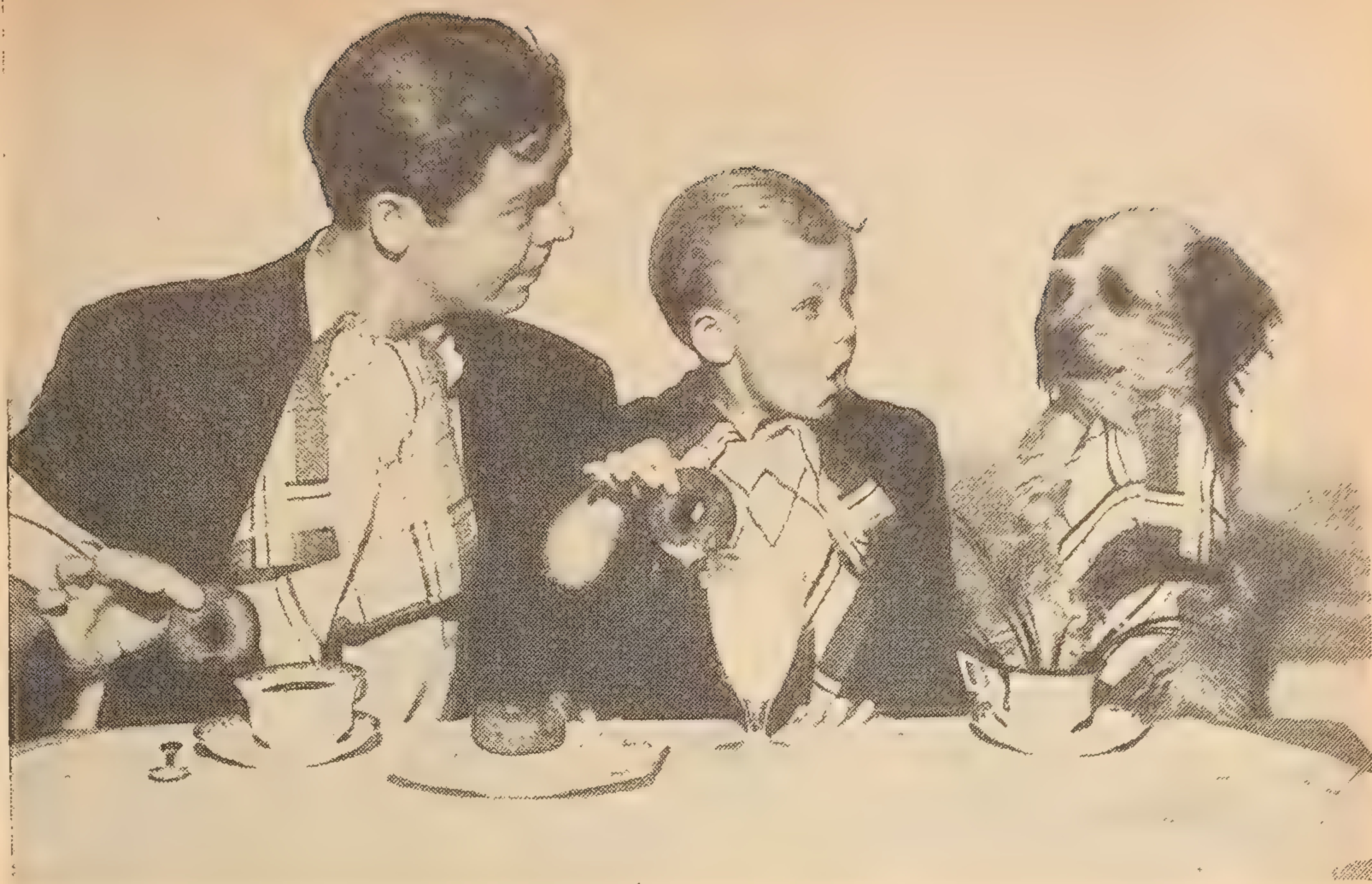
"No," said Fred, with alacrity, 'I think—er—tomorrow.' 'What time?' I asked. 'What time do you say?' countered Fred. 'Any time you say,' I insisted. And then began an Alphonse and Gaston routine in which I insisted that *he* name the time and he insisted that *I* name the time, and I had visions of this going on forever, and I finally blurted out, 'Ten o'clock in the morning, how's that with you?' and he said, 'If it's all right with you, it's fine with me.'

"Then he said, 'Do you mind if I have my piano player?' 'Not at all,' I told him. I thought, 'He's on a strange lot, everything is strange to him, and if a familiar face will make him feel at home, that's fine with me.'

"If you have the maternal instinct, even a smidgen of it, you just go overboard about Fred," Eleanor explained. "He's got the same quality that Chaplin has, I think. You just sort of feel sorry for him, without any reason. And he's so kind—do you know that, before we started this picture, he said to George Murphy (also a dancer, remember, and also in the cast of 'Broadway Melody'), 'If my being in this picture is going to hurt you, George, I'd rather not do it. I'll get another picture!' George said he'd do nothing of the sort, that he had always wanted to see Fred and me together, that he was so happy we finally were together—and you can believe me, this is not little Ellie being pleasant for publicity purposes. I wouldn't *dare* to tell anything about Fred that wasn't precisely so. And while on this subject, if there had been even the slightest little 'feeling' between us, I'd say so—I'm frank enough, as you well know!

"Well, the next morning we began again. Again we had the sheet music of *Begin the Beguine* with us. I said, 'Well, here we are—we've been dodging this long enough.' Fred said, 'Let's hear the music first.' Now, we'd both heard the *Beguine* until it came out of our ears, but anything to get us on our feet, so we heard it again, and still we sat, side by side, like two gawky kids on Amateur Night!

"Finally I thought, 'Well, one of us has got to get up!' I said, 'I know an old routine Jack Donahue taught me.' I thought, 'This will get me on my feet,' so I started



"Why, Daisy, what in the world are you doing? I was trying to teach Baby to dunk, not you. Must you always copy every single thing Baby and I do? Shame on you!"

to tap, and Fred suddenly said, 'How would it be if you put a heel-tap on that middle step, like *this*?' and then *he* was on *his* feet, and I said, 'Fine—look, you jam around over there and I'll jam around over here, and when one of us sees a step we like, we'll sing out.' Well, we started tap dancing, and he'd say, 'That one right there, oh, I love it,' and I wouldn't know which one he meant but pretty soon it didn't matter, we were just doing it.

"From that time on, I want to tell you, there never have been two people who hit a chord like we did! Why, we could turn our backs to each other and we'd both do the same rhythm. When I danced back to back with Fred, I felt like I was up against my own back! We aren't two dancers; we're *one* dancer. Our inner body rhythms were so attuned you'd think we'd been working together for years. We work *alike*, Fred and I. Neither of us knows where the camera is half the time, either. That day when I asked him if I could call

him Fred, he said, 'I should say so; this "Mr. Astaire, Mr. Astaire" is driving me crazy.' But, you see, you don't call Mr. Astaire Fred, not until the barriers dissolve, not until he asks you to. Fred is very much the gentleman, very formal, very distant or—very near. So we became like two set designers," smiled Ellie. "One designer likes blue, you know; the other likes pink; they combine them and get a pinkish-blue, a blend."

Mr. Astaire, I fancy, expected a co-worker when he knew that he was to dance with Eleanor. But he also wondered a little, I'm sure, whether, being a girl, she might not have outside interests, interests which would conflict with his own way of working. He wondered all right, but not in the way he had feared, when he found that she hadn't an interest to her name apart from the picture. And I don't suppose that Fred had expected Ellie to be humble with him. She was, because she wanted to be, because "You can't help wanting to do things for Fred." She'd run and get a towel for him when he was tapping and she wasn't. And his gratitude, not to say amazement, was something special to see! He'd say, 'I heard him once, "Gee, it was swell of you to get me that towel!"' In every possible way, she was considerate of him. Eleanor's sets have always been Open House on the lot; the more visitors the merrier for Ellie! But Fred doesn't like visitors, since they make him nervous, and so Eleanor gave orders to have the sound stage doors locked. She'd order his luncheon for him. She'd consult with him, saying, "Chicken pot pie?"; he'd agree. He'd say, "Coffee," and she'd say, "No, certified milk, better for you!"

They actually became chummy, Ellie and Fred, so chummy that when she did a step he especially fancied he'd run across to her and hug her and exclaim, "*Oh, Ellie, that was wonderful!*" When they were working out a routine together and *had* been working for seven hours straight, she'd say to him, "Honey, do you want to try this again?"

One day Eleanor came upon Fred walking around the set trying to talk without moving his tongue. Now, Ellie, as she goes about her business, has a childish habit of humming to herself, or she'll imitate people doing Grand Opera, and when she heard Fred doing the tongue-tied talk, she exclaimed, "Good gosh, he's as nuts as I am!"



"No, no, no! That isn't the way at all, Baby. If you'll just pay attention to me, you won't get the milk all over you. This is a lesson in dunking, not in squirting."

"Dancing keeps you young, you know," explained Eleanor. "You've got to be light of heart to be a dancer. Think of Marilyn Miller, how young she was the very day she died, Pavlowa, Mistinguett, never looking half their age, never feeling it, *never having time to feel time passing.*"

"And now we are coming to me, to the reasons why I've never married, and time is one of them. Not long ago, for instance, a very grand, very eligible man came to town. Billy Seymour, who has been my good friend ever since I've been in Hollywood, who takes me to previews when I want to go and is always on tap when I'm not tapping, told me he wanted me to meet this young man. And the young man was reported to have said, 'If I could meet Eleanor Powell, I'd lose my mind!' Well, we were in the middle of 'Broadway Melody' then. I was rehearsing seven hours a day. When I'd get through, my hair would be falling down my back, I'd be tired, all in. Besides the seven hours a day we were rehearsing, I had, and have, my vocal lessons every morning. I have my dramatic lessons from Phyllis Laughton, all this *before* my seven hours with Fred. At the end of the day I'd have a hot bath, an hour's massage and dinner. Then I'd go to bed at ten, with my script, going over my lines for the next day. And that was that, and that has been that, right along! And I *didn't* meet the young man—and perhaps it's just as well I didn't. He might not have lost his mind if he'd met what was left of me, then, but he certainly wouldn't have lost his heart, either!"

"I'm driving Mother *crazy*," laughed Ellie, a little sadly. "She wants me to get married. She wants to see me happy, and settled in life. She doesn't think that I am very happy. She says to me, practically every day, 'If you don't go anywhere, how are you going to meet anyone?' She has something there, of course. But the thing is, I *haven't* something there, not much of anything at the day's end."

"I know men like Fred Astaire and George Murphy and I don't seem to meet single men who measure up to them. I think, if I could only meet someone who would some day say about me, as Fred and George do about their wives, 'My wife, this, and my wife, that.'"

"A girl came on the set one day, a stunner in a red gown and with coal black hair. Instantly George said, 'Julie has a red gown and you should see *her* in it!' Fred's wife was bitten by a dog while she was on the golf course one morning and he was so upset he couldn't even *tap*! Fred always speaks of his wife as 'My bride.'"

"I've been in love once," Ellie told me, then, "just once in my life, *really* in love. No, not with Abe Lyman, that engagement was mostly publicity. Not with anyone you know. No, no, not with Robert Taylor. I did go out with him occasionally, but that was long ago, long before he went with Barbara Stanwyck, even before he went with Irene Hervey."

"But I hope to find love again," Ellie was continuing, her voice muted. "If I could meet that Someone, I'd give up my career, right here and now. I'd never make another picture. If I could only meet someone," she laughed a little, "who would sweep me off my feet, who would send me a rose every day, who would say to me, 'Let's be married tonight, now, this very hour!'—and then *be solid afterwards!*"

"For I would have to find that combination. I do too much thinking, too much analyzing. So that it would have to be a storm, and he would have to be an older man, a man in his middle thirties, preferably. I like older men. I'm not much attracted to younger men. I work too hard to feel 'sympatica' with the hey-hey, happy-go-lucky boy type. And I'm very me-

thodical. Everything with me has been routines, so that a storm is needed to carry me away, but there would have to be a safe and sound harborage after the storm!"

"I'm looking for an American man with Continental manners, and when I find him, when I have time to find him, he'll be the answer to 'Whom will I marry?'" said Ellie.

She added just one thing, as she walked down the garden path with me, "Everyone thinks I'm so frivolous—it's too bad they can't know—being a tap dancer, you know, labels you as a light person. If you are a ballerina, people say, 'Oh, ah, she's *lived*.' Sometimes it's more poignant," said Ellie, ending on a smiling sigh, "if they think to say, 'Oh, ah, she hasn't *lived*.'"



She wears a pretty smile, dons a lovely gown, does a mean rumba—Virginia Field in "Cisco Kid and the Lady," with "Kid" Cesar Romero.

Muni Goes to Town

Continued from page 25

not later than July 1st. "We Are Not Alone" was scheduled after "Juarez." He'd decided on it, both because he admires Hilton's work and felt it would be a good idea to make a non-epic for a change. It was also a relief to go into a part that required no make-up. Only a moustache, which he grew, and an English accent in which Flora Robson coached him. "Beethoven" was to follow the Hilton story—provided he didn't find a play.

The script arrived in May, and disappointed him. "We're doing 'Beethoven,'" he told Bella. They had planned a trip to Honolulu before starting "We Are Not Alone." On the eve of their departure, a producer sent Muni two acts of another play, which so impressed him that he all but committed himself. Prudence bade him wait till he'd read the third act, which was just as well, for, having read it, he sighed, "We're still doing 'Beethoven.'"

Bella's first job on their return from Honolulu was to rent a house, her second to go over the mail. "Nothing important," said Muni's secretary, handing her a batch of letters and bills and ads. Down at the bottom of the pile, she came on a wire. "WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN

READING MY NEW PLAY? MAXWELL ANDERSON." The next few minutes were a study in accelerated action, with Bella waving the wire at Muni, and Muni leaping to the phone, for Anderson was in Hollywood.

Two days later—they both remember it was a Tuesday—Mrs. Anderson brought the play over. In an effort to hide the excitement he considered childish, Muni said, "I'll let you know on Thursday, if I've had a chance to get the right reaction by then," knowing full well he was going to pounce on it the moment she left. Bella did persuade him to eat his dinner first, after which he retired to his study and closed the door. A moment later he poked his nose out. "Maybe we'll be going to New York," he grinned. She made a face at him. New York is a standing rib between them. Bella nurses a passion for the city of her birth. By a stern effort she succeeded in riveting her attention on her book. An hour and a half passed, with only the occasional thump of Simon's tail to punctuate the silence. Then Muni came in. "I've read two acts," he said slowly. "It's beautifully written, but I don't think I can do the part."

His wise wife smiled. "So we're not going to New York. Never mind. I'll take a couple of weeks off and go by myself."

"Now wait a minute! There's still a fifty-fifty chance. I'm going to read the last act."

The clock ticked off another forty-five minutes. Then Muni was standing in the doorway, eyes aglow in his quiet face. "That fellow sure can write," he was saying softly.

It was then Bella felt with a surge of excitement that their seven-year-quest had come to an end. "Want to read it?" asked Muni. The clock pointed to eleven.

"If I start it now, I won't sleep all night. I'll read it first thing in the morning."

She got up early and, as she finished the script, heard Muni ringing for his breakfast. She was in the room on the heels of his tray, slamming the play down on the desk. "You're going to do this, if it's the last thing you do!" Above the rim of his coffee-cup, his face was like a happy child's. "You like it that much? You're not kidding me? You think I can do it?"

Ordinarily, he takes a lot of convincing. The goal of well-nigh impossible perfection which he sets himself makes him more conscious of where he falls short of that goal than of where he approaches it. This time, however, Bella's face was almost enough. "All right, all right! Got anything important to do? Mind if I read it to you?" When he'd reached the end of the second act, he lifted his eyes and met his wife's. There was a moment's silence. Then he walked to the phone and called Anderson's number. "I'd like to do your play," he said.

The Andersons came over at four next day and stayed till midnight. Muni read them the play. He was nervous before starting. He feels such vast respect for men like Maxwell Anderson and Guthrie McClintic, the producer, and for their achievement in the theatre. He tends to lose sight, in his admiration, of his own comparable achievements. When he'd finished reading and Anderson tried to express his pleasure, Muni flushed and squirmed, pleased but too embarrassed to make graceful responses.

"There's one thing that worries me," he interposed hastily. "You know, I'm no juvenile and your character is quite a young man. I don't want to be one of those actors who forgets he's growing older."

Anderson grinned. "I'd intended making the guy about thirty-five. Now that I've seen you without make-up, I think I'll cut him down to twenty-eight."

As a director of the Playwrights' Pro-

ducing Guild, Anderson is empowered to draw up contracts. On a sheet of paper supplied by Bella, he and Muni drew up a binding agreement that covered the essentials in three lines. The rest of the day was given to excited discussing and planning. When the door closed behind their guests, Muni turned to his wife. "So I'm engaged, hm?"

"So I'm going to New York, hm?" Bella retorted.

He put "Key Largo" out of his mind, as one puts a Christmas package on a shelf, to devote himself to "We Are Not Alone." As you've heard before, he's obsessed by the part of the moment. Bella prepares herself for the inevitable period of stress and strain. In this case, it began the evening he saw "Mr. Chips." She had literally to drag him from the phone, to which he'd rushed for the purpose of informing the studio that he couldn't undertake *Dr. Newcome*. "It would be sheer arrogance," he stormed, "for me to play an Englishman in a Hilton story after that perfect performance of Donat's."

She argued with him for hours and prevailed upon him only by pointing out it was too late to withdraw. Not till the picture is finished, does she relax. For though he continues to mutter, "I should have done that scene this way," she then has the final unanswerable word. "It's in the can now, darling. What are you going to do about it?" Once, standing beside her chair, he frowned: "You've got some gray hairs." "Mhm. This one's from 'Zola,' this one's from 'Pasteur,'" she told him, "and this one's from 'Juarez!'" Her husband wasn't impressed.

While the picture was shooting, Muni spent so many nights at the studio that they gave up the rented house. Bella stayed with her brother and sister-in-law. Simon hadn't liked the house anyway. Indeed, so annoyed did he become by the restrictions placed on his roving spirit that he ran away. Muni was hurt, bewildered, and indignant. "If that's all he cares about us, let him stay away. I won't let him in, if he does come back." Four days later a dirty, dishevelled Simon, his conscience apparently quite clear, bounded into the arms of his master, who all but wept with relief.

So now they were homeless. The Palos Verdes house had been sold. The ranch-house had been put on the market. Bella looked the other way when she turned it over to the agent. She had always loved the ranch-house. She kept putting off a necessary check-up visit to the place, till she could put it off no longer. When she got there, her heart turned over. It was even lovelier than she remembered. Three years earlier she'd had a pergola built, with grapevines trained over it. The Easterner in her had hankered after Concord grapes, and here they hung in thick purple clusters. Three years earlier she'd planted some almond trees outside her bedroom. They'd been sticks when she left. Now they were tall green beauties, shadowing the window. That night she said to her husband: "Would you consider moving back to the ranch-house?"

He could see it wasn't a casual question. "You don't want to give it up? All right. You can have the ranch-house, if I can have my shack at the beach."

Not that he was able to build it before he left. But he could and did make exhaustive plans. On seven and a half acres of beach property, this shack of his dreams will go up—a single huge studio room with kitchenette and bath—no frills, no servants' quarters, no chance of its ever turning into an epic. He's going to furnish it himself, with benefit of suggestion from no one. That's what he says now, anyway. It's to be his kingdom, and he its unconditional monarch. Even Bella will come out only by invitation. And she'll have to cook.

If this gives the impression that there are times when Muni enjoys solitude, it's a correct impression. There are also times when he doesn't. He's no brooding hermit. Though he hates crowds and is shy of strangers, he can be as companionable as the next. While you won't catch him hoofing at the Coconut Grove, he's an expert dancer and, to the tune of Benny Rubin's cornet, will do a soft-shoe specialty on his own hearthstone that would make *Juarez* whistle. He's been known to give vent to his spirits by leaning out of his car and gravely shaking the hand of a lady, whose arm is out for a left turn.

"That's in Hollywood," says Bella, "where everyone's crazy and we can get away with murder." In New York, she's afraid they'll be picked up, singly or to-



Here's a new departure for Richard Greene. For the first time, he appears in costume, in "Little Old New York," Alice Faye's latest film.

gether, some day and sent to Bellevue for observation. Muni stopped traffic at Broadway and 42nd one afternoon by impersonating a hick who couldn't extricate himself from the jam. There must have been something appealing about him. While horns hooted and drivers swore, the harried cop took him by the arm, planted him on the sidewalk, and commanded him to "Stand there, Hi, till I find yuh a nurse-girl." Airedales are Bella's hazard. No dog of that breed is safe from her. She stops them, smiles at them, holds conversations with them. Though their owners may raise condescending eyebrows in the best New York manner, the dogs themselves don't seem to mind.

As this is written, the Munis are in New York with "Key Largo." The glowing reports of play and performance indicate that they will spend at least part of the winter in New York. Still, New York is an interlude. Mr. Muni goes to town, but Mr. Muni will return to Hollywood. The plans for the shack are waiting. "Beethoven" is waiting. The ranch-house is waiting. Simon's installed there, with a caretaker and Muni's secretary. He helps with the marketing. He makes a daily tour of inspection over his five acres. He's fairly happy—as happy as a dog can be without his nearest and dearest. For all Simon cares, "Key Largo" could be a flop.

Saint or Devil?

Continued from page 29

an extra smart Eve, that one, with more subtle sophistication in her finger-tip than most stars have in their entire anatomy. No wonder men go mad over Marlene.

My press agent friend was back. "See that girl over there?" he said. "That's her daughter Maria. She's shot up something awful these last few years. Marlene doesn't try to conceal her, but has her on the set with her nearly every day. See that whistle the assistant director wears around his neck? Dietrich gave it to him. He called her one day and she didn't answer, and he said, 'In the future, Miss Dietrich, I'll whistle for you.' 'All right,' said Marlene, 'whistle.' And the next day she presented him with an expensive whistle, all monogrammed, from the best jewelers. And that fellow over there has a cigarette case she gave him that's a knock-out. He had to watch her words when she was doing her song recordings and so she had an impression of her mouth made in the inside of the case. The hairdressers are crazy about her and the waitresses in the commissary—she eats right in there with everybody, none of this I-want-to-be-alone-in-my-dressing-room stuff about Marlene—practically shove and push each other down to wait on her. I'm telling you, she's a New Dietrich!"

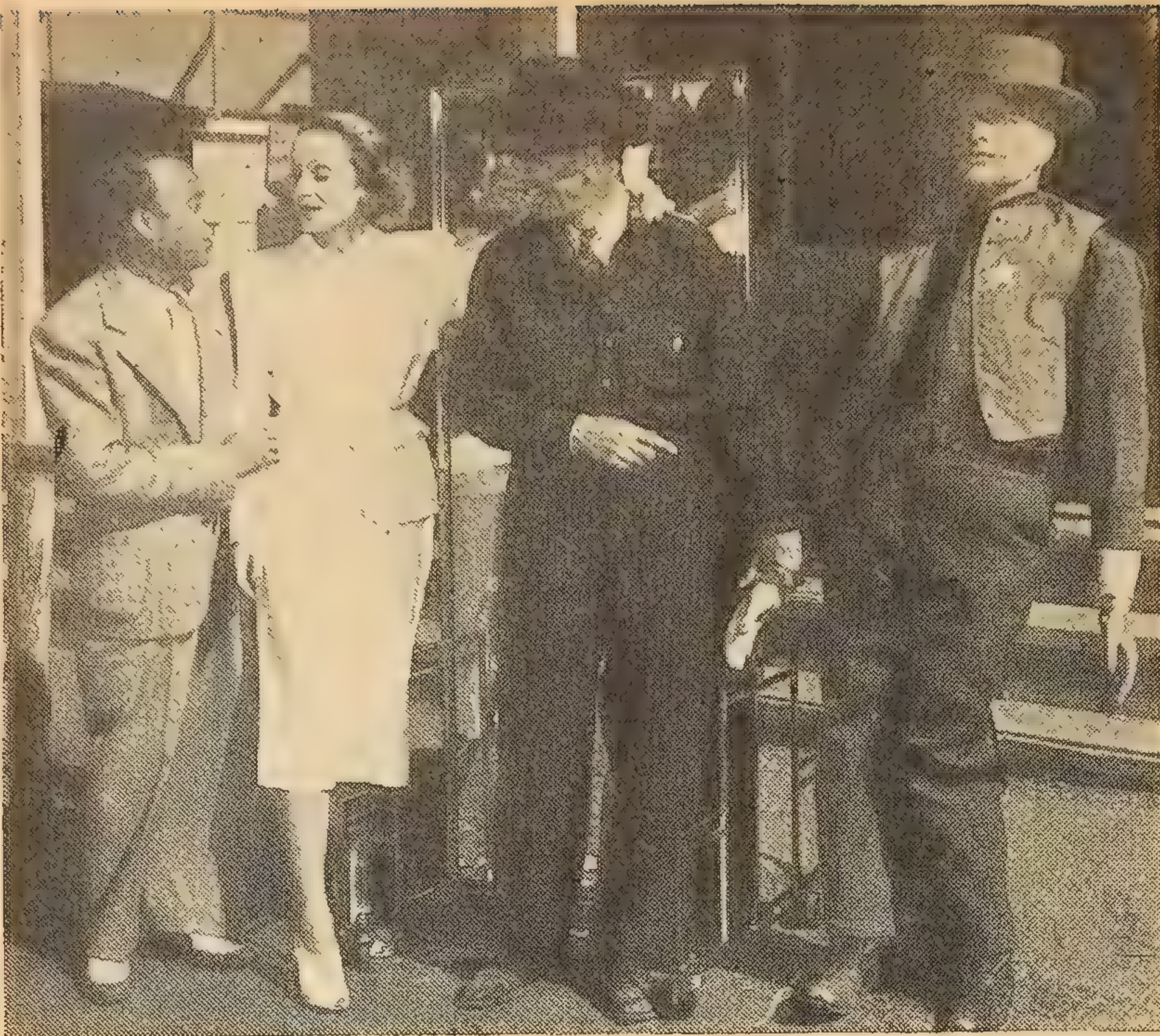
And I'm telling you, my friends, that the press agent is full of soap. There isn't a New Dietrich. It's the same Old Dietrich, for which heaven be praised. She hasn't changed a bit. I admit that at first I was a little skeptical. Marlene hasn't made a picture in Hollywood in over two years—not since she mewed about the mystery of the desert and nearly choked herself to death with scarfs in "The Garden of Allah"—and two years off the screen is a long time in the career of a movie star. Also, it is reported that she used to get \$150,000 for a picture, and that she made "Destry Rides Again" for \$75,000. (If I know Marlene, and I think I do, she would have made *that* picture for nothing, so enchanted was she with the part of *Frenchie*, the dance hall dame.) A drop in the exchange, and a drop in the box office, is certainly more than a drop in the bucket to a Glamor Girl. It has a very chastening effect. Yes, I admit, I was a bit wary at first.

Since I watched Marlene and Una scratch and pull and bite on the set that day I have spent an afternoon with Marlene at her bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and I take great pleasure in announcing, and definitely, that Marlene hasn't changed. She hasn't any wings, or any halo. Why all this hoopla about the New Dietrich she doesn't know. She'll tell you that she's just like she always was, a little good, and a little bad.

Marlene always was the "easiest touch" in Hollywood. I've known her off and on for some seven years now, and with the possible exception of Joan Crawford she has paid more hospital bills and handed out more groceries, rent checks, and winter coats than any star in Hollywood. ("She'll die a pauper," her friends have said for years.) And I suppose with the exception of Barbara Stanwyck and Mae West she has donated more watches, cigarette cases, bill folders, and bracelets to the people who work with her than any star in Hollywood. She gets a big kick out of giving expensive presents to people who can't afford expensive presents. She adores sending flowers to people to whom an Orchid is an Event. But she gets mad when you write about it. "I don't want to be known as Good Deeds Dietrich," she'll complain.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15



When Producer Joe Pasternak and Director George Marshall presented Marlene Dietrich with a portable mirror, a gift from the crew on "Destry Rides Again," Jimmy Stewart couldn't come! So the prop man rigged up a dummy instead.

"I do not give presents for the publicity." So she was always killing copy written by the publicity boys at Paramount. And that's how the rumor started that she was fussy, and that's how she got a bad name with the press.

After she left Paramount an annoyed writer fixed her up good with one of the weekly magazines in an article which described at length how the waitresses at the studio hated Dietrich. When the article appeared in print Marlene felt all cut up in little pieces. But not for long—immediately she received letters from the Paramount waitresses resenting the article and begging her to come back. One day recently she did "come back." She had to confer with a producer at Paramount in regard to a re-make of "Applause" (wouldn't she be wonderful in the old Helen Morgan rôle?) and instead of hiding away in a neighboring restaurant she insisted upon lunching right there in the commissary. When Dietrich entered the waitresses dropped their chicken sandwiches and Coca-Colas helter-skelter and with one accord gave her an ovation that brought tears to her eyes.

Despite a lot of spiteful talk to the contrary Marlene has never made any effort to hide her fast-growing daughter, who fairly worships her. The first thing she did the afternoon I spent with her was to show me Maria's new pictures—Maria on horseback in a wild west outfit. "It's the 'Destry' influence," says Marlene. "She is as crazy about the picture as I am. She rides beautifully. Maria, I suppose, is the only person who is enjoying the war in Europe. She was at school in Switzerland, but when the war broke out I had her brought to America at once. She loves it here."

Marlene has a "feeling" that the war will be over by Spring. Her hunches rarely fail her. She gets very excited when she talks about the war. She is very proud of the fact that she voted for the first time in the recent California elections. She knows much more about the Constitution and American history than you and I do, so don't tackle her on that subject. She thinks her meeting with producer Pasternak was quite the nicest meeting with any producer she has ever had. Mr. Pasternak, the most important producer in Hollywood at present, isn't the least concerned with his importance. He met Marlene when she got off the train in Pasadena, and as soon as he had her in the car he said, "Can you roll cigarettes? I don't suppose you can. I brought you the makings. You might just

as well try rolling one now. You'll have to do it in your new picture and the practice won't hurt you." From Pasadena to Beverly Hills they rolled cigarettes.

The *New* Dietrich, it seems, is supposed to be so unselfish, so interested in helping other people. There's nothing new about that. She's been helping young and ambitious actors and actresses get a foothold for years. She has started many of them off by giving them encouragement—and speaking to a director—when they needed it. At present she is interested in Virginia Gilmore who is under contract to Sam Goldwyn. Virginia is being coached by Hans von Twardoski, a friend of Marlene's, who used to appear in German pictures with her before she came to America, and both Hans and Marlene are firmly convinced the girl has great talent. When a columnist came out recently with a headline that Virginia Gilmore's legs were far more gorgeous than Marlene's poor Virginia had a fit. "What will Marlene say?" she moaned. But she didn't have to worry about Marlene. As far as she is concerned every woman in Hollywood can have gorgeous legs and she won't lose a night's sleep. But Marlene never misses a chance to give you an eyeful of those priceless gams. When she talks with you she immediately draws them up in the chair. If she is on the set she will sit on a table, when possible, and cross them. Marlene likes those legs. She still likes her mirror, too; I was delighted to discover. She puts on her own make-up at the studio, and before every "take" spends a goodly time before her mirror. She is about the most meticulous actress I have ever known. If you don't like her you call it conceit.

She is still a devout Clark Gable fan, which is all right with me, and she still scribbles when she talks over the phone. She still adores well-tailored suits, dresses in them almost entirely, and when she gets a hat she likes she has the same model made up in a dozen or more colors. She still likes to cook and spent hours on the set of "Destry Rides Again" swapping recipes with Mischa Auer for Russian dishes. She still likes to bake cakes and bring them in to the crew on her pictures, and still gets annoyed when she reads that she is a good cook. She still goes dancing of an evening with one of Hollywood's attractive males—at present it's Jimmy Stewart.

A lot of things have changed in the last two years—but not Dietrich. A *New* Marlene Dietrich, my eye!

by a minister who lived in California back in 1870! He made notes for his sermons and put down what he got for each one, \$2 one Sunday, \$1.50 the next. I checked up for a month and he made \$17.50, including weddings, christenings, funerals and services. I felt as if I had stepped back into the history of California."

Another archway leads to the white marble fireplace, with its heavy metal screen. "Mother was simply enchanted with that mantel," cried Una. "She says this is the first time she has ever found a place to put two of her most cherished possessions, those two Dresden vases, given her for her wedding—her wedding, not mine. They look lovely there with the Dresden clock. Over in *that* archway, you can see her decorated French desk. I tell you, no architect ever designed this house, he dreamed it one hectic night!

"We've just moved in, you know, and this house has been a parade of moving men, men bringing in new furniture, men coming to connect pipes, turn on gas, fix lamps and so on. Yesterday, a man came in dragging two tremendous andirons. He'd been here so often that we felt we knew each other very well. He began: 'Look, I'm no salesman, but a friend of mine asked me to bring in these andirons for you to see. He wants \$60 for 'em, but I wouldn't give \$60 for all the andirons they make. These are so heavy you couldn't move 'em yourself, and every time you start a fire they have to be moved.' 'In that case,' I murmured, 'I'd better ask you to take them back.' 'That's what I was going to do, lady,' he replied, and off he went.

"It's been a madhouse moving in. Everyone worked so hard that I felt so sorry for them dragging the heavy stuff around that I had cases of root beer and pots of hot coffee all the time, so whatever they wanted they could get. They came so often that I got to know them and before they came in I could say to Katie, my cook: 'He'll want coffee,'—or 'He'll want beer.' Mother went to a wedding in the middle of it—I had to work so I couldn't manage it—and she came home with a piece of wedding cake for me to dream on. Next morning Katie greeted me with: 'Don't eat anything now until you tell your dream, or it won't come true.' I told her I dreamed that a little newsboy came marching upstairs to where I was lying in bed, sat beside me talking, and Katie came in with root beer and cakes for him. 'Stop right there,' said Katie, 'That's no dream. I do it all the time!'"

One of the ideal things about Una's new home is that upstairs the house can be shut off into three suites: one for her mother, complete with dressing-room and bath in blue and sand; one for her father, done in light wood and equipped with desk, bookcases and deep chairs; and a large one for Una and Ronnie Burla, her husband, the bedroom in modern Chinese, furniture in white and gold, blue walls, two bathrooms and dressing-room.

There's a deck upstairs with a pull-out bed and painted wicker furniture, overlooking the garden. "Once, they tell me, director Sidney Franklin lived up here and cured himself of arthritis with sunbaths," related my hostess. "It's a glorious place for sunbathing. Look at the magnolia, the crepe myrtle and the sycamores below us. That's our largest patio with tiled floor and awning, large enough for a living room. The garage has room for several cars, but it closes with a roll-up awning. A break for Ronnie, I tell him—he never shut a garage door in his life!"

Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent
Sub-Deb

Popular
Senior

BOTH
Young Moderns
CHEER THE
Thorough
SAME SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

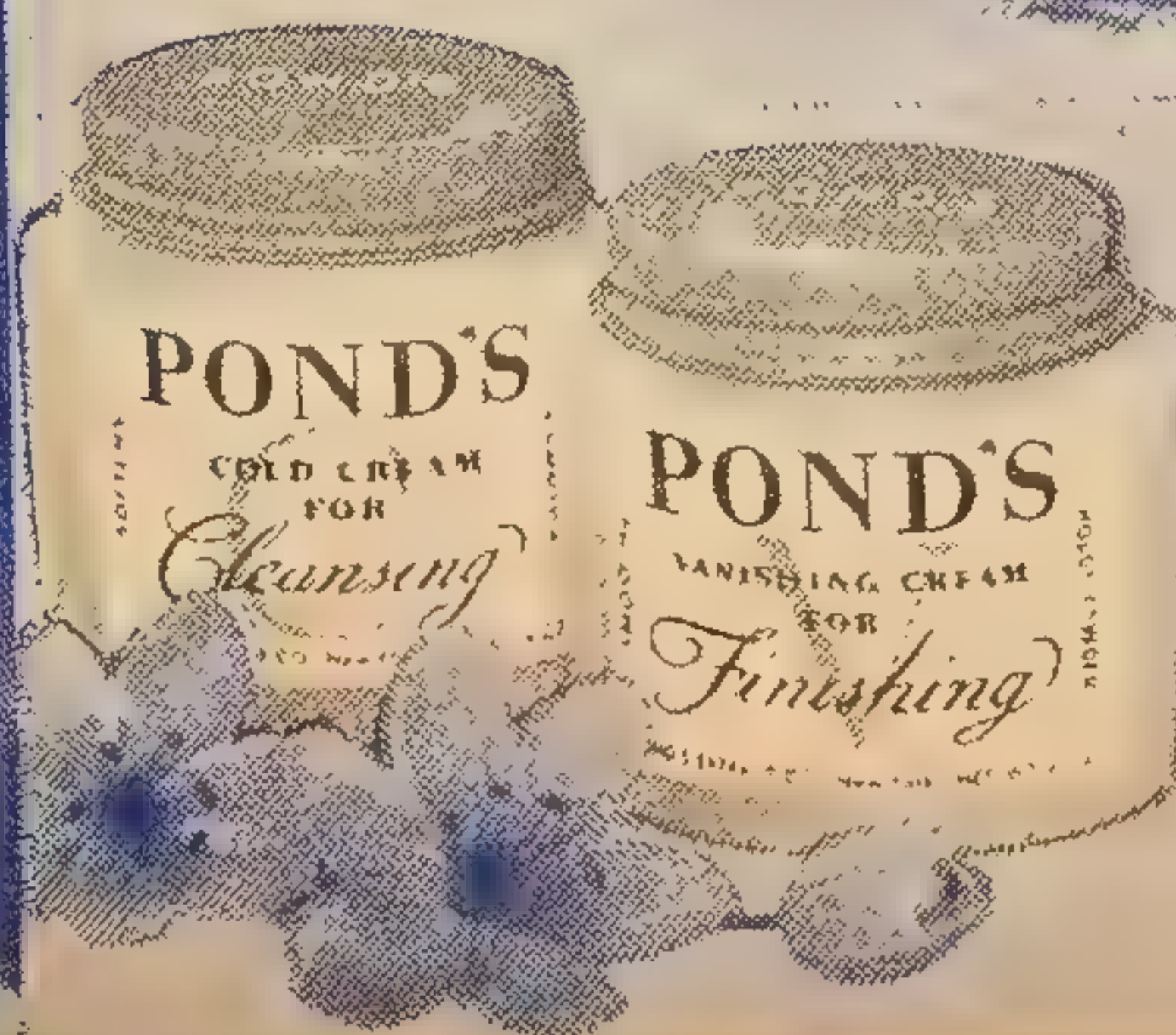
Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Branchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CVB, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

He's Living for Today

Continued from page 30

thirty-five days to make. Because of my recent illness we worked six instead of eight hours a day. But I could have done eight on my head. 'Stop me, Bill,' said Van Dyke, 'if I get going too fast for you.' 'Don't think of slowing down on my account,' I advised Hollywood's speediest director. It felt good to be working again, especially with my old gang. We know one another's ways, and they're all exceedingly expert. With everybody evincing the utmost concern for my delicate condition—he smiled indulgently—"I could not have come back to more considerate surroundings. To add to the happy conditions, it was most gratifying to be with Myrna Loy in our eighth picture."

"By this time," it was assumed, "you must feel fairly well acquainted with her."

"And most pleasantly," he glowingly emphasized. "Myrna Loy has an AAA rating in my particular Bradstreet's—as far as I know, in everybody's Bradstreet's. One thing that I hoped for in the hospital was reunion with her. Various contingencies set me to thinking there."

"You found it a good place to think?"

"I found it," supplemented the clever Powell, "a place to think of a good many things."

"What did you think of?"

"What did *you* think of, Charlie?" he countered. "You've just been in a hospital, and must have done a job of thinking yourself. Tell me about it." He listened closely. "So that's what you thought! Unable to walk yourself, you'd lie there looking at people walking down in the street and wonder if they realized how fortunate they were. Well, I thought along exactly that same line. I'd been going through a long period of doubt as to whether I would ever be able to work again. When they were taking me back home the first time—and I was no prize package—we drove along Melrose Avenue through a poor district of small houses and little shops. In those shop-windows I noticed signs reading, 'Cards Printed, 25 Cents,' and 'Suits Pressed, 35 Cents.' Those lucky, lucky people, I thought, doing those things! If only I were able to do them, I'd be glad and thankful to walk to those shops in the morning and print cards and press suits. Of course, everything in life is relative. Things taste good in proportion to how hungry we are. All the time I was aware of asking, 'How well am I?' There wasn't any answer. Nature doesn't always close the book in just the same way. I had lived long enough to digest a variety of circumstances. Among other things, I had learned that, quite apart from any monetary consideration, anything conserving time in an interesting way is a gain. What, then, would I do in case it became necessary to give up what I had been doing? I couldn't spend the rest of my life playing golf or tiddlywinks—that wouldn't be good enough. It's not much fun being in disuse. Mature reflection sort of reaffirms the fact that the idleness we hoped for in our youth is a little bit of an illusion. Everybody finds this out. Leisure which is nothing but leisure is pretty wearisome. You've got to have something to make you appreciate that leisure, if only something by way of change. This brings up that tale of the old gentleman hitting himself on the head with a hammer and giving as his reason for this eccentric diversion, 'It feels so good when it stops.' That strikes me—speaking of hammers—as extraordinarily sound logic. Work makes play pleasant, and you have to work to make play enjoyable."

As to whether he always had taken this Spartan view of the matter, Mr. Powell reluctantly admitted: "N-no, not exactly. From your usual dogged pursuit of it, I suspect you want the truth. Sure you wouldn't rather have another drink? Sorry. Since, then, you must have the truth, here it is: At one time it was my ambition to be a retired millionaire movie star in residence on the Riviera and living exclusively on champagne and caviar. I went over there and put in three or four months rehearsing my self-appointed role. I never want to taste caviar again. (Champagne was left high and extra dry.) In short, I was a complete flop. Playboys, I found, were born, not made. Congenitally, it just wasn't in me to be one. Gay life would go on as ever in salons and casinos, but not with me as any part of it. That was definitely 'out'."



A siren in satin is Marian Martin. Too bad you can't see her back in this picture. Photographers say it's the most beautiful one in Hollywood.

Suiting action to the word, the reformed Sybarite snuffed out his cigarette, then recalled: "But once I seemed to be working altogether too hard. However, by some chance, I happened to have a day off between pictures. Accordingly, a busman's holiday was planned. Not that this was my own hammy idea. Credit for it, granting it deserved any credit, must go to my young son. Strangely, the boy wanted me to take him to one of my pictures, and rashly I consented. Of course I realized I'd be running the risk of having some observant patron of the cinema recognize my intrusive pan and unfeelingly remark, 'All that Bill Powell does when he isn't working is chase around and look at himself on the screen.' But even with that disturbing thought in mind, I girded up my cheaters, the good old dark glasses, and prepared to fare forth. 'Better look first, dad,' advised my prudent offspring, 'and see if you're in anything.' Frowning down this aspersion, I nevertheless consulted the movie ads in a morning paper. In *anything*? To my horror, I seemed to be in everything. There was William Powell in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,' this Powell person in 'After the Thin Man,' W. P. in 'Libelled Lady,' that Powell guy in 'My Man Godfrey,' W.

Powell in 'Evelyn Prentice,' Wm. Powell in 'The ex-Mrs. Bradford,' Powell, W. in 'The Great Ziegfeld,' and the ubiquitous Powell in a re-issue of 'One Way Passage.' I dropped the paper and stared into vacancy. 'What's the matter, dad?' inquired my young hopeful. 'Look,' I muttered, dragging up the paper. 'Why,' he brightened, 'we could go every weekday and twice on Sunday to see you, couldn't we?' 'We could,' I darkly agreed, 'but we won't.' Instead, I took him out to San Fernando Valley and tried to teach him driving a car.

"Suddenly I realized an actor may do more work than is good for him. In my case, at least, there was the danger that audiences would get sick and tired of seeing me. Certainly I felt I ought to be kept out of pictures for six months. There was far too much of me. You know, an actor should be like a ventriloquist and his doll, without showing the ventriloquist. But he's really like a double exposure where you see the same image twice. Anyway, that's how I see myself. The second view comes at night. I give my best performances in bed. No sooner is the light out than I lie there staring at that fellow who has been working at the studio all day, watching him in all the scenes he played. Lousy! Then I play them all over again in the way they should have been done. Fine! I'm like the fellow who gives dull answers to bright questions, then goes home and thinks of the brilliant repartee which would have dazzled his hearers if he'd only been smart enough to think of it at the time."

"Meanwhile, it must be remembered that in this business you can't last forever. I have been in pictures since 1922. For ten years before that time I was in the theater—and I did not start as a child actor. In point of service, Lionel Barrymore and I are Metro's oldest actors. My first picture work was with Jack Barrymore in 'Sherlock Holmes.' Somehow, I seem to run in the family. My dressing-room is just across from Lionel's, so I'm still with the Barrymores. For more than one reason I am glad to be near Lionel. At Christmas, as well as other times, there is always a floral wreath from him for Jean Harlow's tomb at Forest Lawn. There is a man who doesn't forget. To him, Jean was just a little girl for whom he had high regard, and so now when Christmas time comes around he still sends flowers to that little girl."

There in that chair across the patio was another man who would never forget. In the memory-haunted hush which fell upon his words, I now could understand the meaning of that faint new light first noticed in his eyes. It meant something more than the vague gleam which had lighted him back to life when the shadow crept so close, meant more to him than even life itself.

He raised his eyes. "You know, Charlie, that poem beginning, 'Look well to this day . . .?' I'm doing just that to this day. We wonder, most of us, what's ahead. This is only natural and right, perhaps, who knows? Yet, for me, life now means its living today. My one purpose is to 'Look well to this day.' My thought now is to take things in their stride. I hope I have enough health to go on making pictures and getting as much interest out of them as I always have, at the same time making them of some interest, perhaps, to others. People have been more than generous to me. This is warming to the heart. I would have to be cold indeed not to appreciate the friendly feeling of picturegoers toward me, the many kindly messages sent me when this friendship meant more than I can say. For this reason alone, if no other, I would be glad to be back."

Many happy returns, Bill!

Try this **ACTIVE** lather facial for 30 days



THE **ACTIVE** LATHER
OF **LUX SOAP** GIVES
THOROUGH CARE.
PAT IT GENTLY
INTO YOUR SKIN



NEXT RINSE WITH
WARM WATER, THEN
A DASH OF COOL.
ACTIVE LATHER
LEAVES SKIN
REALLY CLEAN



THEN DRY THE
FACE BY
PATting LIGHTLY.
REMEMBER MEN
ADORE A LOVELY
COMPLEXION!

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about **ACTIVE-lather** complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. **ACTIVE** lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, *really* clean. Try **ACTIVE-lather** facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, **ALWAYS** at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.

**Use cosmetics all you like, but
don't risk Cosmetic Skin**

It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has **ACTIVE** lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Use Hollywood's beauty care regularly!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**





The four frightened girls in this picture are Ellen Drew and Judith Barrett, below, and Kitty Kelly and Virginia Dabney above, featured in Paramount's prison picture, "Women Without Names."

He's Living His Life Backwards

Continued from page 31

actually made it possible for me to sleep there whenever the fancy struck me—that is, when digging up the old room rent was a physical impossibility. Later on, after I'd married, another and greater difficulty confronted me. It took the form of a \$2.80 water bill. That's a lot of money when you haven't got it. When the man came around to collect it and threatened to turn off the water, we seemed to be in for a long dry spell. It didn't do any good telling him that a certain studio was going to fire John Barrymore and give me his job. That one left the collector absolutely cold. So by way of something hot I told him a story of the desert. It was the tale of a poor devil left to die of thirst by a heartless wretch who forever after was haunted by a thermos bottle that kept gurgling, 'I hope you choke!' Just as a story it wasn't worth much, but as a moral it proved to be worth exactly \$2.80."

And this was the same actor who today draws a salary that would choke a water buffalo. This the selfsame actor who has won two out of three Academy Awards for the best supporting performance of the year. Yet now he turned back fondly to those bad old days when his rewards were so slender he could keep his still streamlined figure without guarding it against the danger of too nourishing food.

"I've never had so much fun as I had in those days," recalled the grateful Brennan. "In 1921 I made a lot of dough in real estate out here. It was after I went broke that I busted into pictures. I got more fun than money out of them. Gary Cooper and I were extras together. Clark Gable was also an extra at that time, but we never happened to be in the same ensemble, so I didn't meet him. Gary didn't talk much. He was very quiet and easy-going, just as he is today. Cooper's peculiar, deep down—you've got to get under his hide to reach the real guy. It's the same with his work. Nobody can do what he does. Whatever he does is like himself. He has such a strong and likeable personality that it stands by itself. I don't believe he ever studies his lines. And to watch him work you'd think he wasn't doing anything. But it comes out on the screen. It's thinking that does it.

That's the secret of his acting—it's all in the bean. I realized this when I was with Cooper and Anna Sten in 'The Wedding Night,' then in 'The Cowboy and the Lady.' I'm to be with him again in my next picture, 'The Outlaw.' After our extra days Gary went ahead so fast that you couldn't see me for his dust. I was still at Universal when he struck his gait. The only sign of speed I showed at that time was when occasionally working as a stunt man. I'd run autos off piers and fall off horses. My week-ends were spent in hospitals. I got so used to them that they seemed like home. Even today when I see Gary he hails me with, 'Hello, Cripple!' Cooper's a swell guy—hasn't changed."

As for the remarkable change in his own fortunes, the young-old man passed it off with: "If I'm as long coming down as I was going up, I'm set for the rest of my life. But finally getting a break didn't surprise me, not even one bit. I only wondered that it took me so long." There was no vestige of conceit in this, only ever-youthful confidence in things turning out all right—and perhaps the luck of the Irish. "When told that only one in a thousand got a break in pictures, I said, 'S-shhhh, I'm that guy.' How'd I feel about my Academy Awards? Oh, those things just happen, that's all. But I'll never forget how puffed up I was over my first fan letter. Charlie Murray wrote it after seeing me do a bit in 'Barbary Coast.' It read, 'I enjoyed your antics very much.' It was harder for me to go into a picture and do a bit than it is now to play a long part. But whatever I get to do I'm always startled a bit, become a little self-conscious. If people don't notice it, that's only because they don't know what my stomach's doing. I was deploring this weakness of mine one day when Lewis Stone said, 'Walter, when you quit being nervous, you'd better have enough money saved up so you won't have to work any more.' Lew confessed he'd never got over being scared stiff. Stone's so fine an actor that he ought to know what he's talking about, though nobody would ever suspect him of being nervous. With him, I suppose, acting's in the blood."

At the suggestion that acting probably was in his Irish blood, Brennan turned in surprise and made the even more surprising revelation: "The Irish in me is only half. My father was English." No matter. A decided leaning towards the maternal side was evidenced by the sense of humor ever playing behind the thought in his mind, gaily dancing in the twinkle of his Erin-gob-blue eyes.

"Of course," he granted, "the Irish, like the Italians, are emotional. But emotion is no good to an actor unless he can control it. If he lets it control him, it's bound to get him into trouble. Uncontrolled emotion is something he should leave entirely to his audience—if he's lucky enough to stir it. That's all to the good. And I'm pretty good at it myself. When I went to a theater to see 'Kentucky' I cried like a child at the death of *Uncle Peter*. I had forgotten it was I up there on the screen. That old horse trainer was just someone I'd grown to like very much, so it broke me all up to see him die. But it would have been disastrous if I'd felt that way while playing the part. That would be the same as feeling sorry for yourself. If there's one thing an actor can't afford to indulge in, at least while playing a part, it's self-pity. His emotions, whatever they may be, must be part of the character, not any part of himself. The moment he lets them slip over the personal line he's done for, all shot to pieces. If he's going to do any crying, let him do it while reading the script. I've done that lots of times. To the actor, this is his danger signal, something he must heed the moment he gets into his part. Sometimes, when I go sniffing around the house after reading a script, one of my kids—I've got three in high school—will grin at me and inquire, 'What's the matter, dad?' I just say, 'Must have caught a little cold.' But I never get away with it."

So much, then, for the sentimental Irishman, and nothing at all for the unemotional Englishman. If he could cry—in the right place—over an old man, it was to be wondered how he felt about the young one he now was playing.

"I'll take the old guys," was his prompt reply. "I like them better, and they're easier to do. They have more character and deeper meaning. For this reason I find it less difficult to be someone other than myself. Another thing about it is that in losing myself in that kind of character I'm in less danger of gumming up the English language. An old fellow slams his words around any way he likes, doesn't have to be so particular in his speech. To me, it's like wearing old clothes instead of being all dressed up. You know, kind of homey. When I saw the first rushes of this young fellow I didn't know him from Adam. Looking at him got me worried. For the life of me I couldn't understand how Ruth—Ruth's my wife—had ever fallen for anybody that looked like that, and what's more of a mystery gone on living with him. You see, I'm still married to the same gal who was my first sweetheart, and I'm still nuts about her. After getting a peek at my earlier self, I realized I'd been taking a lot for granted all these years. On getting home I said as much to my wife. She said there were worse looking men in the world than I—but she didn't mention any names. That left me brooding. 'Don't worry,' she said, 'I'm not.' 'Wait till you see what you married,' I told her, then tuned in the radio on 'Calling All Cars!' But," he brightened, "playing this postman of 25 has its pleasant side. I'm not only playing a youth for the first time, but I'm in love for the first time in pictures. And in playing my love scenes all I have to do is to think of my wife. I also get a kick out of knocking twenty years off my life."

Who wouldn't, if he had the chance?

Lady Esther says
**"You can't expect to win
 NEW LUCK
 if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"**

Is the powder shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you now!

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps

ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today*. For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering.



It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

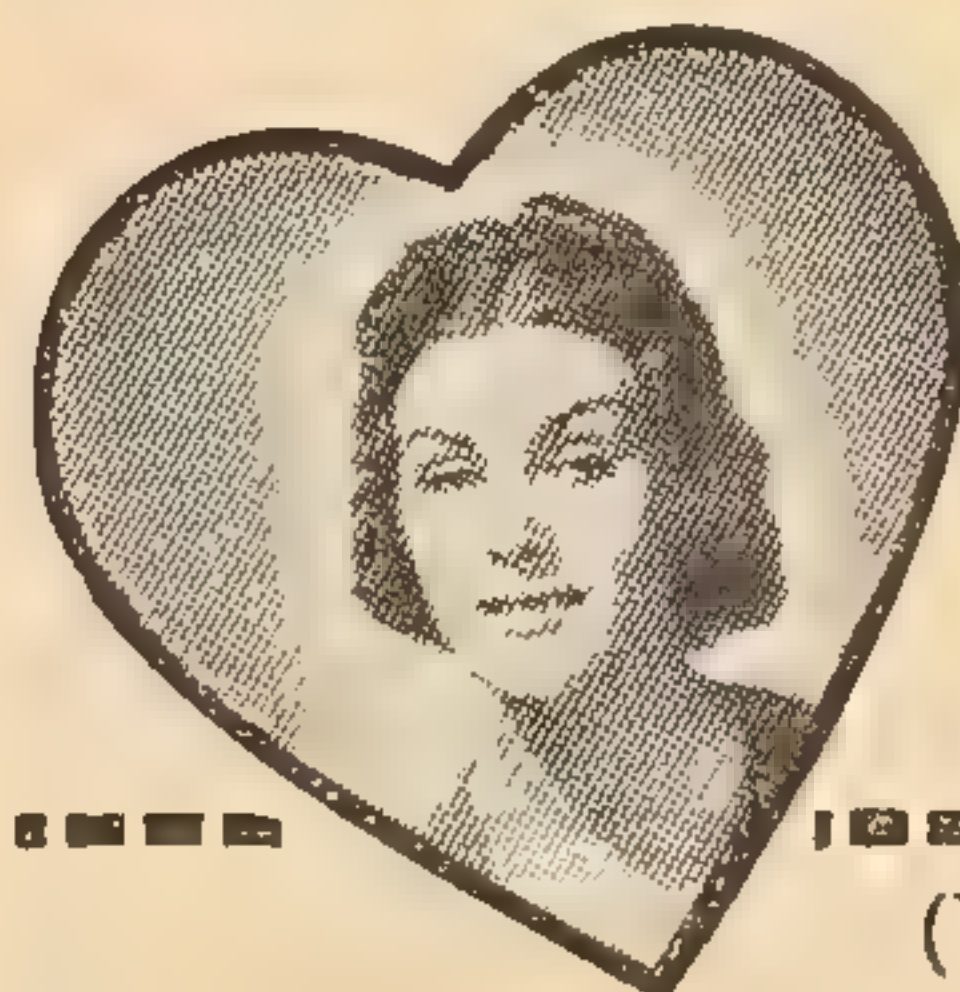
And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder . . . but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you *free*. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for you.

Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for *four full hours*.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!



Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



LADY ESTHER POWDER

What Next for Hedy Lamarr?

Continued from page 58

fairness to Hedy, that she did *not* demand \$5000 a week, and hasn't any idea how that bit of misinformation crept into all the columns. And she *didn't* say she was a better actress than Helen Hayes, either. How do I know? She told me herself. *Avec* indignation. "Why do people want to print such lies about me?" she said. She isn't the first one to say that.

When I heard that she and Metro had had a little hatchet-burying out in Culver City I called at once to express great pleasure that there would be more Lamarr pictures forthcoming.

"It's so beautiful," said Hedy over the phone. "Oh, I love it so."

"The new contract!" I shouted. "Did you get a raise?"

"Contract?" said Hedy with a sniff. "I'm talking about my adopted son. He's more beautiful than a million contracts. I've wanted a son for seven years, and now I have one. His name is James. I am so happy; I have never been so happy before. Would you like to come up and see him?"

Would I? I'll say. When I am not being a pushover for beauty, I am a pushover for babies. And besides I just couldn't imagine Hedy Lamarr, whose name has become synonymous with sex appeal, mystery, charm, and enchantment, with a baby. Hedy, who always has a fragrance about her of exotic perfumes, with a baby in her arms smelling of talcum powder, milk, and cod liver oil—no, I couldn't imagine. I knew that Hedy had been talking about adopting a baby for several months—but talking about adopting babies is one of the pet pastimes of the movie great so I thought little or nothing about it, but Hedy adopted little Jimmy.

Young James Markey, age seven months, is quite the handsomest baby I have ever seen, with big blue eyes and long thick dark lashes that put even Hedy's to shame. And what a disposition! Never cries. Never sulks. Just laughs all the time. And wiggles. He was completely fascinated by a clip I wore, and when I said, "James, if you pull the petal off that, I'll pop you one," he threw back his head and gurgled—

and then pulled off the petal. Hedy definitely is going to be the type of mother who thinks everything her son does is simply wonderful. And Gene Markey, I fear me, is going to be just as bad. Gene, in a mad dash home from the studio to see his son before he went to sleep, barely took time out to kiss Hedy or make pretty manners with me. The first morning after James' arrival, Hedy told me, Gene, who hates early hours, got up at five o'clock and peeped in the nursery. Later he reported to Hedy, in great disgust, "James didn't even wake up until seven. *Must* he sleep so late in the mornings?"

When she isn't raving about James, Hedy is raving about her new home. "It's the smallest home I ever had," she says, "but it is the only one I ever loved." And I don't blame her for being proud of the honeymoon house that Gene took her to right after their marriage. A few months ago they decided to buy the house, which is high up in the hills near Mulholland Drive, and remodel it, and as I saw it both before and after, I can certainly recommend Hedy as an interior decorator. She has added two extra rooms to the house, one a nursery and the other a small playroom, and has enlarged both bedrooms. Her room is done in the Austrian peasant manner and is one of the most feminine and attractive bedrooms I have seen in Hollywood. You feel that you should look out of the windows and see gay young people skiing down a snowy mountain side. Hedy in a dirndl is right in character.

After I had "ohed" and "ahed" over her new furnishings and her warm, colorful drapes, I was snared, against my better judgment, out to the backyard to see the chickens, the ducks, and the pheasants. I was presented with a couple of fresh eggs—which I proceeded to lose on the way home, and I still don't advise anyone to sit down in my car too hastily—and was shushed for ten minutes while the ducks, the dopes, made up their minds to go in swimming. I am not the rural type.

What with her new home, her ducks, and her clip-snatching son, Hedy is very happy. But once the grease-paint gets in your blood

you're lost. Hedy got a good injection of it when she was in Europe, and she can no more give up acting than a fish can give up swimming. When Metro informed her that they weren't going to give her a penny more and that she could just sit out the remainder of her contract, which has years and years to go, Hedy was pretty miserable, though she certainly had no intention of letting her friends, or especially Mr. Markey and James, notice it. Life was wonderful indeed but she wanted to act. She just *had* to act.

Her spirits sank to a new low the day it appeared in all the papers that Metro had signed the lovely Baranova of the Ballet Russe, and that she would probably play the lead in "The Ziegfeld Girl"—the picture which had been scheduled for Hedy Lamarr. Hedy didn't know it, but that was old stuff. Whenever a studio has a feuding star it invariably brings in a "threat." It's supposed to frighten the day-lights out of the rebel. Rosalind Russell was signed as a "threat" to Myrna Loy, Allan Jones as a "threat" to Nelson Eddy, John Payne as a "threat" to Dick Powell, Merle Oberon as a "threat" to Bette Davis.

Then Hedy decided to give Metro a scare. Luther Green, Hollywood theatrical producer, was eager to star her in a road company of "Salome"—and believe me, Hedy stripping off seven veils would certainly have been a Something. Hedy said yes, indeed, she would be very glad to serve up John the Baptist's head on a platter (she was deeply regretful that it couldn't have been Metro's head) and announced to the newspapers that she was going on the stage, which after all was her great love, etc., etc., etc. That, too, was old stuff. There has never been a feuding star yet who didn't threaten to go back to dear old New York and the dear old stage.

Metro immediately retaliated with an injunction which restrained Hedy from accepting any engagements from any employers as long as she was under contract to them. And then, of course, Hedy said she'd sue. And Hollywood was all agog. Film feuds, however, rarely get into the courts of law. Stars remember just in the nick of time how much dough that little battle of legal wits cost Bette Davis some years ago. And, anyway, the studio always wins, so it isn't even sporting.

The day before the trial was scheduled to take place in the Los Angeles courts (and fans by the hundreds were already lining up for a good front seat) Hedy and Metro sat down for a good gab—which they should have done in the first place—and after an hour or so of peace-pipe smoking, they fairly fell into each other's arms—which too is a part of the tradition. "I Take This Woman" was dragged down from the shelf and is now in the process of being repossessed. The stigma of a shelved picture is being wiped from the beautiful Lamarr brow.

As I said way back yonder, it's my contention that both sides have won. Hedy will be given a raise when her option comes due, the studio is on a mad hunt for bigger and better parts for her, and they have promised her a publicity campaign that will put her right up there on the top of the pile where "Algiers" left her. And Metro has back in its fold once more by far the most glamorous picture personality that Hollywood has had since Barbara Lamarr. And with Garbo going comedienne and Dietrich going western we can use a little glamor in this business.

What will Hedy Lamarr do next? Plenty! Now that she has checked her feud she can become the biggest and brightest, and certainly the most beautiful, star in Hollywood. Well, Hedy, Hedy hangs over your head in the future.



Len Weissman

A kiss for the bride, yoo-hoo! And though Emily Post might say it was the wrong place to kiss (Victor Hugo Café) Roz Russell approves. The bride? The former Charlotte Wynters. The groom? Barton MacLane, the well-known featured player.

...ever pack a suitcase?



How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally — it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines... the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And — for complete peace of mind — remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard... newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!



**FEEL
ITS NEW SOFTNESS**

**PROVE
ITS NEW SAFETY**

**COMPARE
ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS**

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

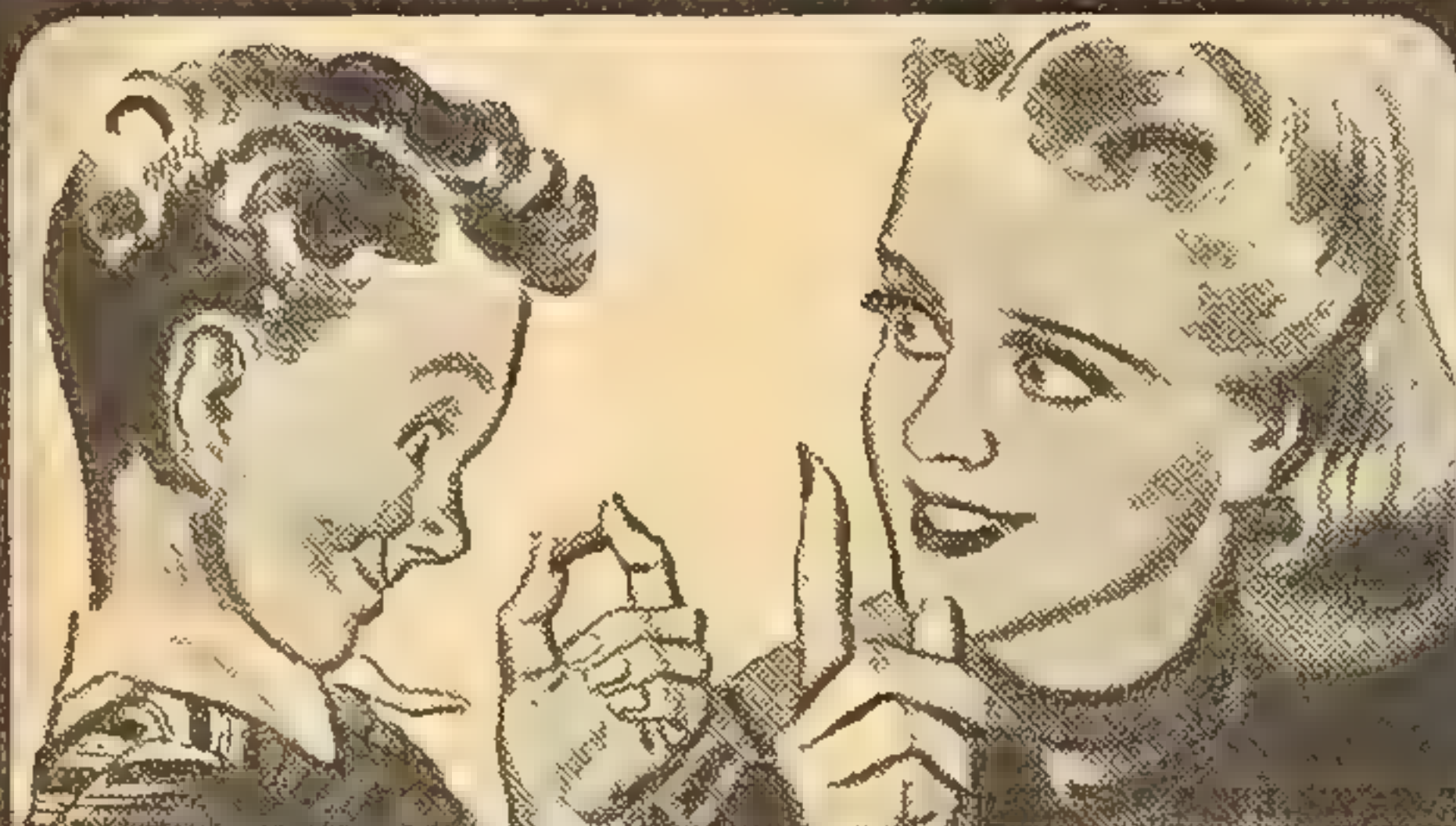
EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible



TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you will like!



TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!



LATER

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Yours for Loveliness

Destined to encourage more high moments, more admiration and more beauty



Cinema Sable lip-brush, Hollywood inspired, for lips like the screen stars'.

AT LAST, here is what we have been waiting for—Cinema Sable fountain lip-brush! Born in Hollywood was the art of perfectly shaped lips by the use of brush and concentrated color. Now both combine in Cinema Sable. The brush is easy to use. It makes shaping exact, and color feeds into it from the body of the container. It draws a sharp, clear line and permits real color control. Very lasting is the color, too, because of its concentrated cream form. Sizes for every purse, colors for every whim, and refills for all. You are going to like this brush method, and you are going to have lovelier, more appealing lips when you use it. A real innovation in modern make-up methods. The price is about what you pay for a good lipstick.



A tub of perfumed froth when you add My Royal Lady Bath Foam to water.

BATHE in a blanket of fragrant foam. Make a luxurious ritual out of the prosaic bath by adding My Royal Lady Bath Foam to your tub. If softens the hardest water, perfumes your tub divinely and makes you tingle with exhilaration. My Royal Lady Bath Foam has the added virtue of making your soap lather even more profusely. Bath water drains away without sediment or the usual tub ring. The Foam is a grand "cocktail" when you're tired and need a lift for a big evening. The Foam comes in ten odeurs, including pine, and is for sale in drug and department stores. One bottle goes a long, long way. This is a good casual gift thought, too, for everyone loves bath accessories.

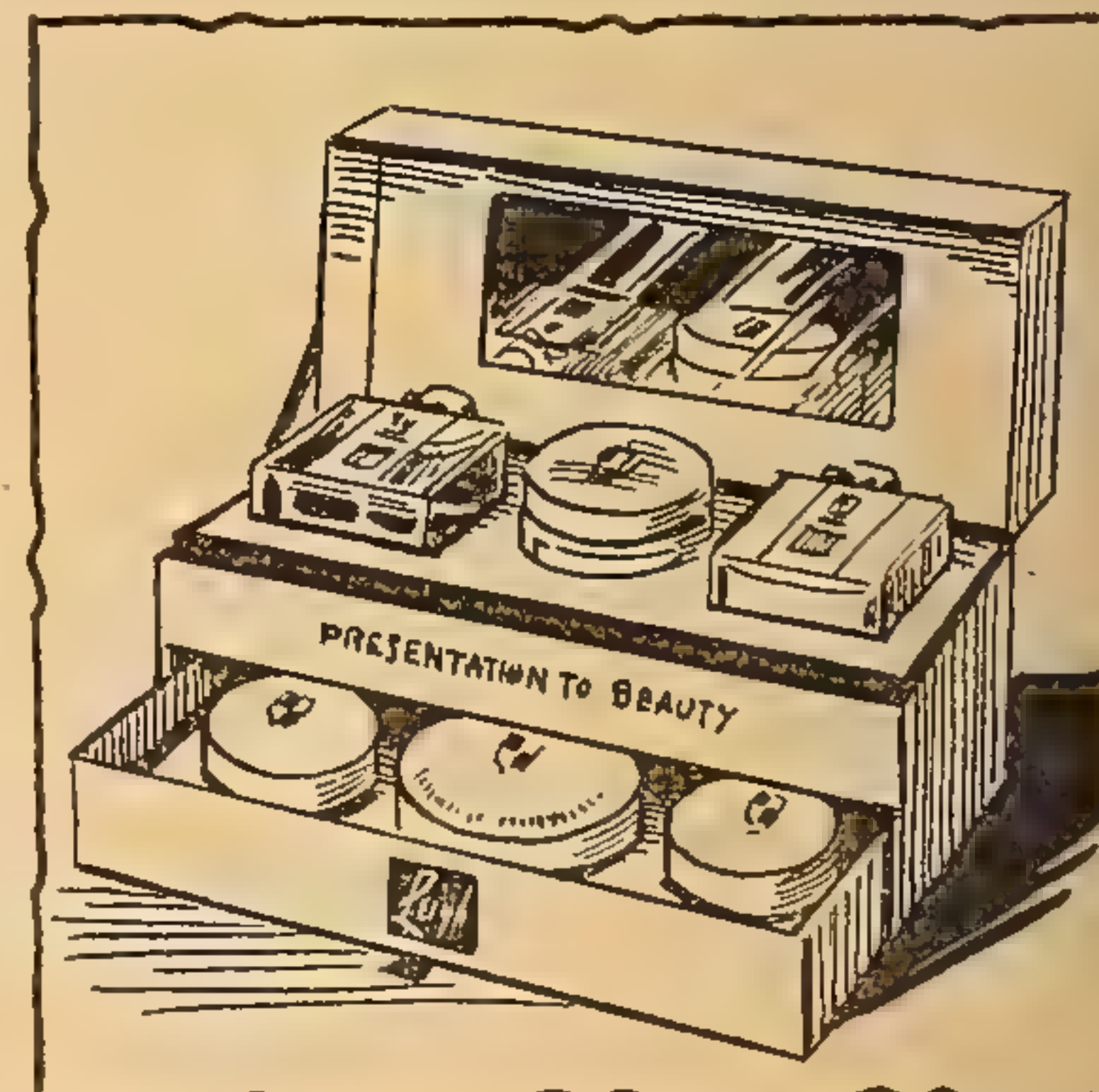
FOR you drifting off to Southern vacations or you to whom personal appearances are extra-important, what better than a liquid powder? There's Raydence, for instance, a good skin lotion, powder base and powder all in one. When you use Raydence, nothing seems to disturb the smooth, velour finish of your complexion. Simply smooth on the lotion and let it dry. It lasts for hours. An effective means if you long for a shade lighter or deeper skin tone, too. Write me if you can't find it.

TO GIRLS who must often beautify from their bags, here is a timely tip—Camille Mascara. In a small dusty pink and black plastic container are a little brush and a tube of fine cream mascara. It always stays moist (no water needed), spreads smoothly and leaves your lashes looking like Nature's very best handiwork. Thus you can instantly tip your lashes with beauty, wherever you are. Camille Mascara comes in black, brown and blue, and is but a song in many of the chain stores.



Thank Cue for a lovelier smile. Accompanying is Pro-phy-lac-tic toothbrush kit.

FOAMING, refreshing and effective! That's Cue, a new type of colloidal dental liquid. It cleans your teeth, it sweetens your mouth and makes it feel young and fresh. Cue is a deep, ruby red and goes on your brush neatly, with nothing to spill. Social security rule #1 is sparkling teeth, and a sweet, sweet mouth. Cue is one answer. It is inexpensive and for sale everywhere. Next to Cue, is the Pro-phy-lac-tic travel toothbrush kit. The brush unscrews, slips into the case handle, and stays clean and out of the way. For travelers and fastidious girls who know that brushing is a good idea before leaving the office for a date. Fine bristles in a colored container. Good little going-away gift idea, too.



From Leigh comes a cabinet of fine preparations for late-Winter skin needs.

FOR more than forty years, the name of Leigh has meant fine beauty products. Sketched, is a very complete cabinet, with ample mirror, holding daily necessities for skin loveliness. There are cleansing cream, skin freshener, a night cream, a soothing, smoothing lotion, finishing cream and face powder. The sizes are ample, so you can see just what these splendid preparations can do for late-Winter skin. Exceptional preparations at a very exceptional price now! C. M.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Pantie-Girdle by The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.

William Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
R. H. Stearns Co., Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Ill.
The Fair, Chicago, Ill.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Texas
Titcher-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Texas
W. A. Green Co., Dallas, Texas
Sanger Bros., Inc., Dallas, Texas
Best & Co., New York City, New York
Bloomingdale Bros., New York City, New York
B. Altman & Co., New York City, New York
Arnold, Constable & Co., New York City, New York
Oppenheim, Collins & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Emporium, San Francisco, California
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco, California
Raphael Weill & Co., Inc., San Francisco, California

Shoes by The Scholl Manufacturing Company, Inc., 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

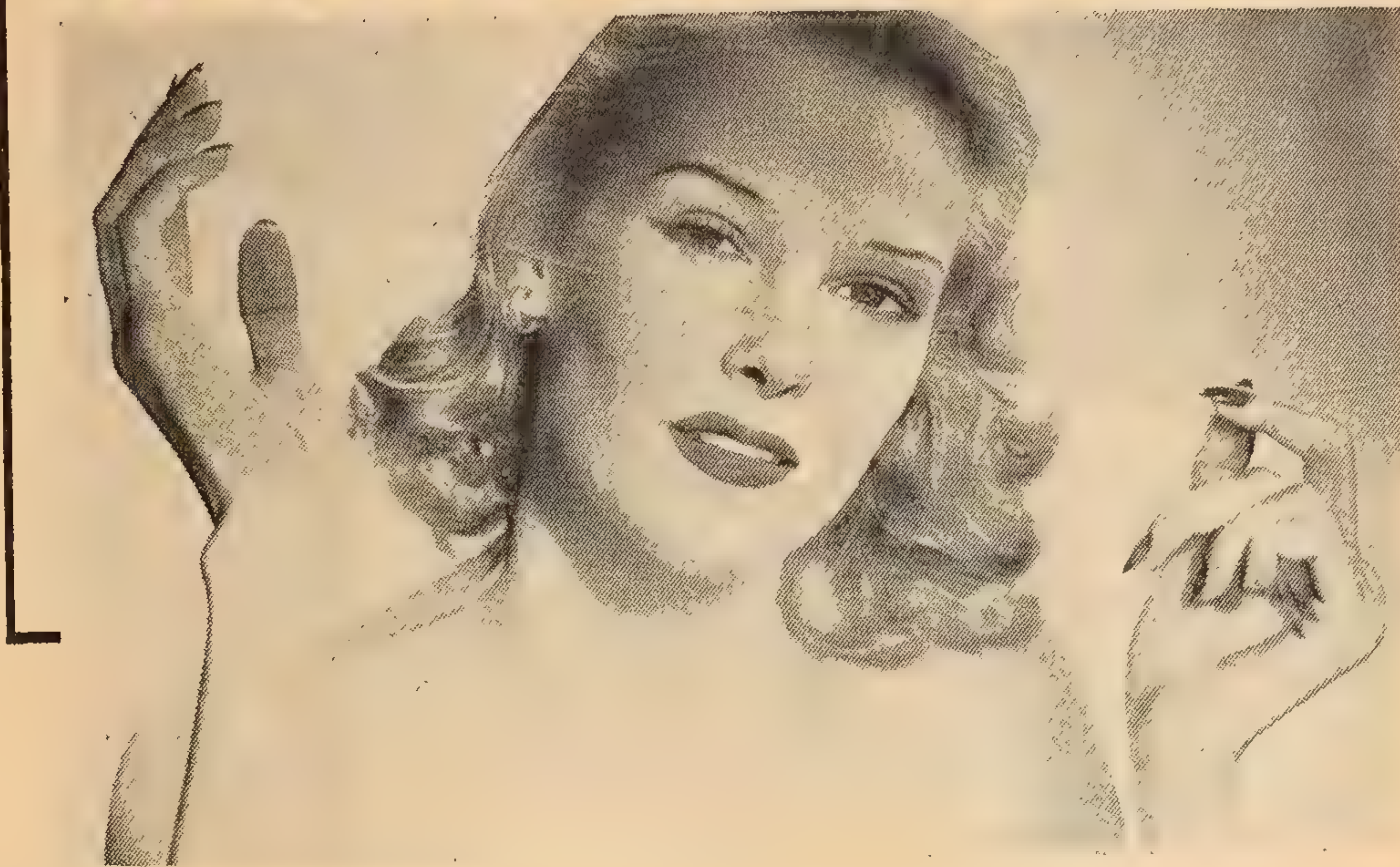
Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops

Brooklyn, N. Y.—281 Livingston Street
Chicago, Ill.—21 N. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Ill.—213 W. Schiller Street
Cleveland, Ohio—726 Euclid Avenue
Detroit, Mich.—36 W. Adams Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal.—429 W. Seventh Street
Milwaukee, Wisc.—221 E. Wisconsin Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.—930 Nicollet Ave.
New York City—349 Fifth Avenue
New York City—40 West 34th Street
New York City—62 West 14th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—1628 Chestnut Street
St. Louis, Mo.—617 Locust Street
Syracuse, New York—436 So. Warren St.
Toronto, Canada—142 Yonge Street

Frock by George Hess Co., Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York City

Rosenberg Bros., Albany, Ga.
Delano & Co., Boston, Mass.
Belk Bros. Co., Charlotte, N. C.
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., Denver, Colo.
Ernst Kern Co., Detroit, Mich.
Sage Allen & Co., Inc., Hartford, Conn.
L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Kahn's Dept. Store, Oakland, Cal.
Olds Wortman & King, Portland, Ore.
Scruggs-Vandervoort & Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
Rhoades Dept. Store, Tacoma, Wash.
Viola Todd Shop, Tampa, Fla.
Anthony's, West Palm Beach, Fla.

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION



Let the Famous Medicated Cream That's Aided Thousands . . . Help Clear Up Your Complexion

A POOR COMPLEXION can cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't try to "cover up" a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! All too often you're only making those very flaws you wish to hide worse!

Do as thousands of beauty-wise modern women are doing today. Let *Noxzema*, the dainty, snow-white *Medicated Skin Cream* help restore your natural, healthy skin beauty.

Works 24 hours a day

Here's a medicated cream that can work 24 hours of every day to help improve your complexion...For *Noxzema* is not only an effective *Night Cream*—it's a splendid *Powder Base*, too. Day and night it works for your skin—helping reduce enlarged pores with its mild astringents . . . aiding in softening coarse, rough skin...soothing irritated skin...helping heal up externally caused blemishes.

How to use—Massage your face and neck with *Noxzema* each night—it's *greaseless*—a

real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly in cold water and apply a thin film as a base for make-up. You'll find it a grand day-long protective foundation.

Read what women write

Thousands of letters tell what an effective Beauty Aid *Noxzema* is. These are typical . . .

"For years I had the most unsightly *blemishes** on my face. Nothing I tried helped. Then I tried *Noxzema*. I used it diligently for six weeks and the blemishes disappeared. My skin became clear, clean and youthful-looking."—Mrs. Hazel Altman, Irvington, N. J.

"I used to be troubled with *Large Pores*, but the regular use of *Noxzema* has helped correct this condition. I also find my skin much whiter and smoother."—Mrs. James H. Donnell, Thomasville, N. C.

"I tried *Noxzema* on my *hands*, which were cracked and chapped. The relief was astonishing and the cracks healed up in no time. Next I tried it as a *Powder Base*—and it's really amazing how much longer my make-up stays on."—Mrs. E. Rosenau, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*externally caused

Limited time offer

For a *limited time* you can get this generous trial size jar of *Noxzema* for only 19¢. See if *Noxzema* can't help solve your skin problems. Get a jar today.



Chapped Hands are Cut Hands

Rough, red Chapped Hands need soothing medication. Smooth *Noxzema* into the tiny cracks. *Feel* the soothing relief—see how *Noxzema* helps restore hands to normal, soft white loveliness.



25¢ JAR
ONLY 19¢



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW *Winx*

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!



New WINX Mascara, flexible cake, will not break.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist... *the appeal men can't resist!* 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, today!



MAGIC HARMONY! *Winx* LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

Sonja Gives the Lie to Gossips!

Continued from page 51

dimples, whom, at first glance, I took to be Shirley Temple. I took another look and realized she was merely Shirley's double.

Sonja was wearing gray sandals, a silk dress of rich color half-way between brick and burgundy with a diamond pin fastened at the neckline, and a hat of the same color, which came from Daché, one of the most exclusive milliners in New York. Score one for Sonja. Girls who are trying to hang on to all the money they make don't wear hats from Daché.

"It is such a funny thing," said Sonja. "Whenever I come back from a tour, reporters ask me, 'How much money have you made?' They all want figures all the time! But I never mention any figures; I just say, 'I do not know.' But they print them anyway, even if they have to make them up. I suppose people go to Madison Square Garden or some other place where I skate and they see that the place is full, so they say to themselves, 'Sonja Henie must make millions of dollars.' They forget that a large troupe travels with me, and that I must pay their salaries out of the money I make."

It's been said that before starting her recent tour, Sonja had a guarantee of two million dollars. It's also been said that her movie earnings are about \$250,000 a year. But no one knows these things. When Sonja is asked such questions, she gracefully evades them. So it must be remembered that all figures about Sonja's earnings are just so much guesswork.

It's also been said that Sonja is insured for two million dollars. I asked her about that. She looked at me reproachfully. "Now you do not believe everything you

read, do you?" she asked me, then chuckling, "Surely as a writer you know that lots of those things are made up!"

"But some things have to be true."

"Yes, I guess so, but that is very, very much exaggerated."

"They say your legs alone are insured for \$100,000. Is that true?"

Sonja smiled. She glanced down at those precious legs, which have made her one of the most popular stars in pictures. "For more than that," she said, caught off her guard for a moment. "For a couple of hundred thousand."

Though I have known Sonja for three years, that is the only time I have ever heard her mention any figures pertaining to money. Like other reporters, I, too, have been guilty of asking her how much she made on a tour, and she has always answered with a smile and a helpless shrug of her shoulders.

Sonja sighed. "That was not nice, that article," she said, "saying I was money-mad. But I did not answer the article, because I think when you deny such things people think maybe there is something to it. When things are written about me that are not true, I do not complain about them, because I do not think complaints do any good. Once when I was in Palm Springs, a photographer for a national magazine asked if he could take some pictures of me playing tennis. When you take such pictures, if you do not hold the camera at the right distance, you can make the person very fat. They ran a picture of me in which I looked terrible. I told the magazine that I did not like the picture, so what do you think they did? The next month they ran



My, my, this looks like the lavish Cecil B. De Mille days, doesn't it? It's from Alexander Korda's "Thief of Bagdad." The girl? Exotic June Deprez, his new discovery.

the very same picture over again, saying, 'SONJA HENIE DOES NOT LIKE THIS PICTURE. WE THINK IT IS CUTE.' Sonja smiled. She looked more amused than indignant.

We talked of a publicity woman who had lost her job because, rumor had it, an unfavorable article had appeared about one of the players at her studio. "That was so sad," Sonja said, "and it made me feel terrible. She has always been so wonderful to me, yet there was nothing I could do. People think that a star can do anything, but that is not true. However, she is an excellent publicity woman, and could get a job at any studio in Hollywood.

"Of course, the publicity department is not to blame when a bad article appears about a player; they do not send it out. That is why I did not complain about this article that was so bad about me. Why should I hurt someone who is not to blame?"

"It said," I reminded Sonja, "that you don't have a swimming pool. Why don't you have one?"

"But I *do* have one!" said Sonja. "I have a swimming pool and a tennis court—a nice one. Not that it is important whether I have one or not. It would not be so dreadful if I *didn't* have a swimming pool. Sometimes they criticize a star because she has one; sometimes, because she hasn't! You can't possibly please everyone, so if I didn't want one, I wouldn't get it. They say I do not tip—and that is true in a way. I, myself, never tip, but someone in my party always tips for me, and they tip three times as much as anyone else does."

Of course, Sonja always refunds the amount of the tip in private. When she is with her brother, Leif, he takes care of the tips for her. Probably when her father was alive, he took care of them. There are dozens of situations in which it is awkward for a woman to do the tipping herself,



Isn't she stunning? She's Margot Stevenson, ex-Broadway actress, now appearing in "Invisible Stripes." Her charm is anything but invisible.

so what is so dreadful about it if Sonja has an arrangement with other members of her party to take care of the tips? There are thousands of women, who when they are with male escorts leave all the tipping to the men.

"All this talk about Sonja's marvellous

business sense has been very much exaggerated," a man who knows her very well once told me. "A press agent struggling for an angle hit upon that one, and it has proved a boomerang. As a matter of fact, there are girls right on Sonja's own lot who are much better business women than Sonja, but they have managed to dodge publicity on that subject. Certainly Sonja has never demanded or received more money than she was worth at the box-office—from the very beginning her company has made a fortune out of her pictures. Her agent, of course, gets as much money for her as he can—but is there any big box-office star whose agent doesn't?"

There have been stars who have tried to cheat Uncle Sam out of his share of their income, but certainly that can't be said of Sonja. Last year, the Treasury returned \$5,570 to Sonja, for she had overpaid that much on her income tax!

Though Sonja isn't extravagant and obviously realizes the value of money, she is often more thoughtful in trying to save other people money than she is in trying to save her own. You may have heard the story of how she fitted a diamond bracelet on the hand of Marguerite Royce, her wardrobe girl, "to get the effect," and when Marguerite admired the bracelet, said, "I want you to have it!" and bought it for her. On the other hand, in the early days of the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance (long before Tyrone met and married Annabella) when Sonja was on tour, she was very much upset when Tyrone kept sending orchids to every town in which she gave a skating exhibition. Since Tyrone had only recently started in pictures, Sonja knew that he couldn't afford it, so one day she stopped writing him. Frantically he tried to find out what was wrong and to what town Sonja had gone. When he finally located her, she confessed she had deliberately tried to keep him from



Beech-Nut Gum

**WHEN NERVOUS TENSION
GETS YOU DOWN
JUST USE THIS GUM
FROM FLAVOR-TOWN**

It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies (candy coated)—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the famous "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N.Y.—known for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



a Shampoo isn't enough



For Dull, Drab, Lifeless Looking Hair



Any shampoo will remove dirt and dandruff, *but that's not half enough.* Dull, drab looking hair needs more than a shampoo. *It needs lustre and a little bit of color (like rouge to pale cheeks) to hide that lifeless condition — then it will be full of sparkling colored highlights.*

The New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will give your hair this intriguing effect, leaving it amazingly clean—free from dulling, sticky, unrinsable shampoo scum (*same as bath tub scum*) left in the hair after most shampoos—*making it shine like glowing satin.* Then it adds a tiny color tint, hiding drab, mousey looking hair by replacing those appealing, soft, glowing colored highlights that are *so adorable in a child's hair.*



Like rouge to pale cheeks the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse gives the hair a healthy, peppy look, but it won't rub off. *It's really thrilling to have hair as appealing as a baby's curls.* And it is just as safe to use as makeup because the color effect isn't permanent—it washes out completely.

In two minutes and for only a few cents the hidden lights in your hair will appear to have been reborn—glowing again with soft, colored, dancing highlights. *Have cleaner, brighter, more radiant hair.* Get the New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at any drug, department or 10c store. *Beautiful hair is the charm of irresistible women.* Shampoo and tint with Golden Glint.



TRIAL OFFER

ONE FULL SIZE 25c GOLD PACKAGE

THE GOLDEN GLINT CO., INC.
622 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Please rush this offer. I enclose Ten Cents (10c) in coin for handling charges.

CHECK SHADE OF YOUR HAIR

☐ Brunette ☐ Blonde ☐ White or Platinum
☐ Brownette ☐ Auburn ☐ Lustre (Colorless)

Name _____

(Please Print)

Address _____

City and State _____



Len Weissman

Are Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis in the groove? In other words, are they romancing? That's what all Hollywood is wondering. Sonja has certainly put on her gayest smile as well as her brightest jewelry for Alan, who is shown here with her in the "Grove."

knowing her address, because she didn't want him to continue sending her such expensive flowers.

"Having criticized me for not spending enough," chuckled Sonja, "now they are criticizing me for spending too much! One newspaper said that I spent \$20,000 to go to Rio de Janeiro and that I took two maids with me. Like so many things that have been written about me, that is all imaginary. Because I liked them very much, I invited my hairdresser and a skater in my troupe to go to South America with me. But I didn't invite the hairdresser because I wanted her to dress my hair; there are plenty of hairdressers on the Normandie. I invited her because I have known her for a long time and she is my friend."

Sonja decided on that trip to South America very impulsively, half an hour before the boat sailed. So often she has wanted to take trips and has been unable to because she had a picture to make just at the time when some liner was sailing for distant ports she would have liked to visit. "So when I was in Miami, and heard that a liner was sailing for Nassau and South America, I thought, 'This is my chance. Now I have some time free, I can sail.' First, I thought that perhaps we would go to Nassau. But when we got to Nassau (there was a party of eight of us, including my mother and brother), we decided to go on to South America. And I am so glad we went!" said Sonja, bubbling over with sheer good nature. "We arrived in Rio de Janeiro, in time to see their carnival, and I have never seen anything so gay, so mad, so wild! Everyone in Rio danced and danced; the carnival started early in the morning and went on all night. All the streets were blazing with color and lights, and everyone seemed wild with joy. You would think that they would drink a lot during the carnival, but they didn't drink much—only beer and champagne. I saw only the first day of the carnival, but they say it goes on like that for four days, never stopping. I wonder that they can keep it up."

It is strange that Sonja should be amazed at the ability of the natives of Rio to keep up their carnival for four days, for she herself is the greatest little blonde dynamo of energy I have ever met. Once when Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie were re-

ported to be madly in love, I asked Cesar about Sonja and he said, "She's wonderful! She's adorable! She's never depressed, or moody, or unhappy. But Sonja and I are definitely *not* serious about each other. The truth is that she wears me out! The girl is absolutely tireless. She loves to dance and she never feels like stopping. We went out to dance one night, and danced for what seemed like hours. I was ready to drop, but Sonja looked as fresh as when the evening started. Finally I had to leave her, and find my way outside the ballroom, where there was a couch on which I instantly collapsed."

Sonja looked slimmer. I've never seen her look so slim or so well. Often when a girl reduces, her face gets thin, too. But Sonja's face was as round as ever.

"The crowds in South America are very polite," she said. "They form a ring round you, but don't press you the way American crowds sometimes do. When you want to pass, they make way for you, and they don't try to grab any souvenirs."

"No ermine tails?" I asked.

"No ermine tails," said Sonja.

She was referring to the time when she was mobbed by a crowd of souvenir hunters in Washington, D. C. When the crowd noticed that she was wearing a beautiful ermine coat with tails, they crowded round her, and eight souvenir hunters walked away with as many ermine tails.

Though she is embarrassed by the rumors that she was broken-hearted when Tyrone married Annabella, Sonja would make no comment on such stories, feeling that they are too ridiculous to deserve a denial from her.

When the tale that Sonja was broken-hearted by her break-up with Tyrone first began, she told me, "All the stories about my being broken-hearted are very silly. But I will not deny them, because if I do someone else will answer what I say, and all this talk will go on indefinitely."

I noticed that Sonja was wearing a huge diamond ring on the correct finger of the left hand. If ever I saw an engagement ring, that looked like one, so I asked her about it.

"Everyone thinks because I am wearing a ring, it means I am engaged," she said, dimpling. "But I am not. If a girl wants to wear a ring, must she be engaged?"

"But it's on the second finger of your left hand," I said, "just where engagement rings are worn. Who gave it to you?"

"My mother," said Sonja. But she didn't look as if she were telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Are you in love with someone?" I asked the age-old question.

"No," said Sonja, and then her honesty coming to the front, "and even if I were, I wouldn't tell you!"

My guess is that Sonja Henie has found a new Prince Charming. But whether he's American or Norwegian, she wouldn't say. Once Sonja was quoted as saying, "I like American men, and when I get married, I'll marry an American. I like them principally for their spirit of independence and adventure. I like American men for their honesty and pride. There is little conceit or deceit about them. They do not put on a false front or pretend to have more of the physical comforts of life than they actually have. When I get married, I'm going to be very disappointed, if my husband isn't a member of four luncheon clubs and a past president of the Elks or some such organization. I'll insist that he cut the lawn every week and I expect him to insist that he have one night a week to play poker with the boys at the office. He doesn't have to know a lot about opera but he *does* have to know about the best golf balls and courses. In short, I want to marry an American!"

Of course, Sonja probably never said *all* that. Most likely someone asked her, "Do you like American men?" and she no doubt said, "I do." An imaginative publicity agent probably made up the rest of the quote. But anyway, I put the question to her. "When you marry, will you marry an American, Sonja?"

She looked faintly disturbed. "Why do you ask me such questions?" she said. "I might tell you 'Yes, I will,' and then someone else would come along whom I loved and I would marry him, regardless of whether he was American or not. I wouldn't lie to you. Anyway, I am not thinking of getting married for a long time; I am happy as I am. Don't I look happy?" She turned a radiant face to me. She *did* look very happy. But then who ever heard of happiness keeping a woman from marrying?



The picture Shirley Temple's fans have been waiting for! If you've been disappointed in Shirley's recent pictures, don't miss "The Blue Bird," with Johnny Russell as her brother.



"LOVE is your friend
when your HANDS
are endearingly soft,"
says **Nancy Kelly** *
(20th Century-Fox Star)

* NANCY KELLY and JOEL McCREA in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands with Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

YOU'LL hardly know your hands after just a few applications of Jergens Lotion—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch. Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to satin-smoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad

roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than any other lotion. Have romantic, smooth "Hollywood" hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



CUPID'S HINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin.

**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
New—for satin-smooth complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against dull dry skin. Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 3912 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Norvell's Most Startling Predictions

Continued from page 27

opposites, but such a marriage would be likely to end in unhappiness. My advice is against it, but if Cupid holds sway in this instance, it is some consolation to know that "the stars incline but do not compel." Bette must watch her health in 1940, her chart shows. Overwork, nervous exhaustion, and worry might produce health disturbances. Miss Davis will, without doubt, win another Academy Award, (which is no surprise to anyone!). Her career will go on and on, we hope, and her name will become as legendary as that of Bernhardt.

Of the hundreds of horoscopes I have examined, another outstanding star who is shown seriously to consider marriage before 1940 comes to a close is Dorothy Lamour. Her name has been linked with that of Robert Preston, and an examination of their charts shows that they could marry and find happiness together. Dorothy will continue her screen career, as will Robert Preston, and each will be successful in the years to come.

What about Deanna Durbin? Will she marry Vaughn Paul in 1940? The chart advises Deanna against marriage in 1940, although it does show that she will be married by the time she reaches the age of 21. Although Vaughn Paul is fairly compatible to Deanna in many ways, youthful misunderstandings that might spell defeat in the future would arise in such an early union. Deanna should wait a little longer, and concentrate on her career, then when marriage seeks her out she will better know her own mind.

Divorces and rumors of divorces—Hollywood always has more than its share. It seems that the high-pressure living that film work demands, makes it difficult for movie couples to live together as happily as couples in other professions. Let's examine some of the film marriages and see what chances they have to survive.

The march to the altar of Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard surprised everyone in 1939; will 1940 see a similar exodus to Reno from the film capital? The stars point out some dangers in marriage, but if the warnings are taken seriously enough, some of these Hollywood marriages need not end in divorce. Let's see what the planets reveal.

Hedy Lamarr lived up to my prediction that she would become one of Hollywood's best known actresses in 1939. Her career stands every chance of surviving one or more bad pictures in the future, for Hedy's Sign is Scorpio, the same as that of Sarah Bernhardt. Hedy will go far in her career, but in romance and marriage an astrological jinx follows her. One divorce has already taken place in her life. I predicted her second marriage, to Gene Markey, eighteen months before it occurred, and now it is my sad duty to predict the possible ending of that marriage before the end of 1941. Rumors may spread in 1940 that all is not well between them, but another and bigger rumor will baffle the world and might tend to keep the Markeys together a little longer in defiance of their charts.

Will Hedy Lamarr have a baby this year? Her chart clearly indicates that she will have two children in the future. The rumor going the rounds in Hollywood (and denied vehemently by Hedy and the studio, of course,) may find early fulfillment in 1940, for if the astrological indications are permitted to hold sway, a child will grace the Markey ménage in the very near future. Will this affect Hollywood's No. 1 glamor girl? I do not feel it will, but such a child

might help keep this couple together longer than the astrological portents indicate. Here's hoping!

Of all people who deserve happiness in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is most noteworthy. Her entire career has been a struggle; her marriage to Frank Fay ended unhappily, and now in marriage to Robert Taylor, Barbara seems to have found the end of the rainbow. Can that marriage survive the negative Hollywood influences, the gossip mongers, and cynical columnists? What do Bob's and Babs' charts reveal about their marriage? In the first place, Barbara Stanwyck was born in the Sign of Cancer, and Bob in the Sign of Leo—two signs that no competent astrologer



After her success as Bette Davis' co-star in "The Old Maid," Warners' lost no time in putting Miriam Hopkins into another film, "Virginia City."

would advise to marry; but I have closely examined both their charts and find other circumstances that give them common interests, strong minds, and high characters; they can make a success of this marriage if they ignore the opinions of other people. It may mean that Babs will have to sacrifice a very promising career and spend more time at home, being a good housewife, but I predict that she will do even this if necessary. She can and will make Bob a good wife, and the possibility of a youngster (adopted or otherwise), is shown strongly in their charts.

Louis Hayward is a name that will bear watching in the future, for after his brilliant performance in "The Man in the Iron Mask," Hollywood has become Hayward conscious. Louis is married to charming Ida Lupino. Will that marriage last? His chart shows that difficulties will arise in 1940 that may lead this young couple to divorce. Another marriage is shown for them both.

Divorce for Tyrone Power and Annabella? The time? Not until 1941. Their charts show afflictions that are difficult to overcome. In this case the principal reason

for separating will be due to the fact that the husband will be more prominent than the wife, and it will tend to create discord. Tyrone should have waited two years before marrying; then he would have made a more mature and wiser decision.

Of the several marriages which occurred in 1939, one that stands out as having the best chance to succeed is that of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. They have both been through the disillusioning experience of broken romance and marriage in the past; they are mature and intelligent, they are tops in a difficult profession, and what's more, they're very much in love. To top this indispensable formula to a happy marriage, the planets are with them, for Clark was born in the air Sign of Aquarius, and Carole in the compatible air Sign of Libra. 1940 will see them both blazing new trails on the screen.

All is not sugar and spice for Hollywood's gay couples, however, for the stars over Hollywood seem intent on mischief in more than one horoscope. Take the case of John Barrymore, for instance. We have watched the flowering of this sturdy perennial from a handsome, romantic juvenile, to a somewhat mature Lothario who still seems to feel he is a lad emotionally. He had weathered three matrimonial storms before his marriage to Elaine Barrie, and his chart shows that he comes under baleful aspects again in 1940, when a complete divorce may sever the ties between John and Elaine. Barrymore may march bravely to the altar again. We admire his indomitable Aquarius spirit. However, 1940 holds warnings in health for John Barrymore.

Vivien Leigh brings the divorce roster to a fitting close. Born in Scorpio, Miss Leigh's chart shows a divorce from her English husband. There is a strong possibility she will marry Laurence Olivier, for their charts are most attracted to each other. Vivien's career is definitely assured after "Gone With the Wind."

Hollywood has concentrated on divorces so long we are apt to forget the happily married couples in our midst. Let's examine a few of their charts and see how many stand a chance of continuing to be happy. It was somewhat of a shock to the film colony when Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson split, for they seemed supremely happy. Their charts showed a divorce, however, and in a syndicated article over two years ago, I predicted that Ruby and Al might be divorced. Other long married couples will be more fortunate, however. Irene Dunne will continue happily married. Claudette Colbert can overcome difficulties in her chart and stay married. The Gary Coopers must be cautious in the next two years, but if they overcome the hidden shoals, they will see their silver wedding anniversary together. Sigrid Gurie has success in career and marriage. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., have little to worry about in marriage. Wayne Morris and Bubbles are well mated astrologically. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagneys and Pat O'Briens are shown by their charts to be well mated. Paul Muni and John Garfield are two others who have been fortunate in attracting compatible marriage partners; then we have Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, Ronald Colman and Benita Hume; Bing Crosby and Dixie, and the Joe E. Browns. These happily married stars have made the effort to keep career interference out of the home, and there is no reason in the world why they should ever have to worry about divorce in the future.

The one thing you can always expect in Hollywood is the unexpected. No one is more surprised than the producers and stars involved when a seeming "has-been" returns triumphantly to the Hollywood scene. The royal carpet is spread and every-

one murmurs, "I told you so!" Here is a preview peek of some 1940 come-backs that we may expect, if their charts are any indications.

First and foremost is young, vivacious Ann Miller. Since her Broadway success she has been hailed with many hosannahs by the producers. You'll be seeing a sprightlier and lovelier Ann Miller in 1940 than ever before and, by the way, romance is shown for Ann, and a marriage is indicated in two years' time.

Mae West, who practically retired in a storm of disfavor, will come back, a repentant and slightly slimmer star, looking more like a member of the Girl Scouts than formerly, to lure our cash at the box office—and with great success, too. Her career is by no means finished, for hers is the sign of great success—Leo.

One come-back that I am sure we will all enjoy seeing is that of Betty Compson. She has been given an important part in the picture, "Strange Cargo," starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, and Betty's chart indicates that she has nothing to fear. Her great experience and maturity now fit her for a type of character rôle similar to the kind that made Fay Bainter famous, and Betty will shine on the screen.

Then there is Jon (Hurricane) Hall, remember? His one big success was followed by months of silence. Jon's Sign is Pisces, and once again the Sun turns a kindly face toward that Sign. He will return to the screen and resume a brilliant career.

What about the newcomers for 1940? Hollywood is always crying for new faces, and 1939 has produced more new players than any other year in a decade. Which of these younger players will become the screen's most outstanding stars of the future?

William Holden undoubtedly heads the list of those claiming future film fame. His

first appearance in "Golden Boy" definitely proved he has ability. His chart shows that Holden will continue indefinitely on the screen and will gradually change his type of rôle to a slightly more menacing kind. Marriage is not shown for at least two more years.

Ingrid Bergman, the bright star of "Intermezzo," heads a long list of the girls who will flicker brightly on the screen in 1940. Her chart shows she will become outstandingly successful in the future and can go on in her career for years to come. Brenda Joyce is another coming star. She made a brilliant début in "The Rains Came," and she will be well on the way to the top in 1940. Marriage may seek her out by 1941. Maureen O'Hara, introduced to American audiences by Charles Laughton in "Jamaica Inn," has a well-aspected chart for a great career. She has the dramatic timbre of a Bette Davis, and great beauty. Her career will be very brilliant, although she may return to London to make more pictures at the end of the war.

Tim Holt, who is comparatively a newcomer, has experienced a rise in stock since his appearance in "Stage Coach." Now Tim threatens to become even more famous than his father, Jack Holt. Robert Stack, who made his screen début with Deanna Durbin in "First Love," is another newcomer who will bear watching. His chart shows he is star material. Jane Bryan, who hasn't yet revealed the great talents Bette Davis and Noel Coward see in her, will become an important star in 1940. Her chart is well-aspected and she will continue for years. Robert Preston, who has already appeared in several pictures with success, need not worry about his future. 1940 will see him more firmly established than ever before. Patricia Morison is another youngster who is on the way to fame and fortune. She will one day be as famous as our Joan

Crawfords, Norma Shearers, Alice Fayes.

This year interest will be sharply divided as to just who should receive the Academy Award for the best performance in 1939. Although it is difficult to make a specific prediction on that score, I have chosen those charts that are the best-aspected at the time the award is given, and these stars stand an excellent chance of winning outstanding attention. Maria Ouspenskaya, for her supporting rôles in "The Rains Came" and "Love Affair;" Tom Mitchell, for his character work in "Stage Coach;" Miriam Hopkins, for her co-starring rôle in "The Old Maid;" Clark Gable for the part of *Rhett Butler*, and, of course, Bette Davis for "Dark Victory." If "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" does not bring some kind of an award to Jimmy Stewart, it will not be the fault of his ruling star, for his chart brings him into greater prominence than ever this year.

A special word should be included here about the juvenile crop that springs up in Hollywood overnight. No sooner do we have our bifocals focused on their cherubic little faces than they do a fade-out and come back into focus with their hair up, admiring their first engagement ring, or wearing long pants and majoring in economics at dear old alma mater. We hope this current crop stays with us longer than the practically grown-up Deanna Durbins, Bonita Granvilles, Freddie Bartholemews and Jackie Coopers.

First, of course, is the deservedly popular Mickey Rooney. With his chart so well-aspected, and the Sun in the successful Sign of Libra, Mickey is one juvenile who will not retire at the very apex of his career because of buck teeth or gangling legs and knock knees. His chart reveals that Mickey will go right on into maturity and even old age, if he chooses, on the screen. Nothing can stop his great success.

"PEPSI AND PETE" THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG, BIG BOTTLE FOR A NICKEL"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S BETTER TASTING AND WHOLESOME"



HINT TO REFRIGERATORS: Keep this handy carton icy cold. Be ready for unexpected guests.



PARTIES GO FOR IT!

6...8 or 12, no matter how big the party, everyone likes the taste of Pepsi-Cola. Pure and economical, the BIG, BIG bottle holds 12 full ounces. Fills your glass twice. At your grocer's, by the bottle or the 6-Bottle Family Carton. Try it—join the swing to Pepsi-Cola.

THOUSANDS REJOICE AS THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

**SKINNY GIRLS
HAVE NO ATTRACTION
FOR MOST MEN**



Posed by professional models

Amazing Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a Few Weeks Reported by Men and Women Everywhere

MANY thin, rundown, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics without apparent results — who could hardly look at food, slept poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, wonderful new pep, fine appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves through simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are skinny, puny, tired and nervous only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new friends and new joy in life.

Try them on money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have wished for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap inferior substitute. Look for the letters IY on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.
See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Then, that darling of the box office, who has done much to nurture America's maternal complex, Shirley Temple, will continue for years to come in pictures, and even television. Shirley will emerge from adolescence into startingly beautiful womanhood, and will continue with what has already been a most illustrious career. Even time out for her education will not keep her off the screen very long. Baby Sandy, who has just begun her career, is one of the most promising of the very young stars. Publicity and real ability will keep her going through the creeping and walking stages, at least. Gloria Jean will take over Deanna's mantle in singing rôles, and although she may not sparkle brighter than Deanna, she will make quite a mark for herself in the next few years. Little Virginia Weidler, who stole the show in "The Women," will grow into a truly great star. Terry Kilburn winds up our long list of juveniles, and if you saw this child in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and other pictures, you will realize that he must have an especially fortunate chart to possess such an abundance of talent.

As the New Year goes on, we may at times be somewhat in doubt as to the futures of some of our older and more talented stars; we may even do some wishful thinking about retiring a few of them on pensions, but certainly the future must look rosy-hued when we have such a jolly little group of capable youngsters to fall rapidly into the faltering footsteps of those stars who are retiring for various and sundry reasons.

1940 is going to be a very exciting and happy year for Hollywood, and as the planets swing through space and affect the destinies of the screen stars, I will bring you news from the cosmos as it is revealed from month to month.

WHAT THE STARS PREDICT FOR YOU

The New Year opens with different planetary indications for every sign of the Zodiac, so examine the section below dealing with your birth sign and see what this month of 1940 holds for you.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

The year opens under good aspects for business and finances. Be alert for chances to progress in your work. Study and develop your talents, for the Sun gives you progressive vibrations all year, and brings you into prominence in whatever you undertake. Be cautious in romance and marriage, as some disturbances may arise, owing to Mars' afflictions. Invest in stocks and real estate; sign leases or other legal papers. Go into business for yourself, or in partnership. Insurance, sales work, the automotive trade, and banking corporations are favored this month. Begin saving toward financial independence.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

1940 promises you relief from financial problems, but you must help yourself. One or more persons may come into your life who will give you a chance to make a business change; one of these persons may be a man who is an executive in an office. You may change the nature of your work, or move into another location. Jupiter brings you success in a long-delayed venture. Your mind is inclined to be artistic and creative, and Venus helps in music, art, literature, dancing, acting and singing. Romance is favored this month, with changes noted in the affections. If married, unrest may follow you, and you must beware lest you face a break in marital status.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Romantic problems may baffle you this month. You may have to choose between

two people. Not a good month to make a choice for marriage or for other vital matters. Attend to business, routine affairs, and watch the pocketbook. The home is favored. Visits, short trips, and a change in residence—these are all indicated as possible this month. Watch the health on the 3rd, 8th, 17th and 22nd. Be cautious in driving; avoid dark places and stairs in the last two weeks of this month. Problems are being rapidly solved; avoid scattering your energies and concentrate on one course.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

Avoid water travel this month, if possible. Attend to your personal affairs and avoid being too friendly with strangers who might disrupt your life. Mysterious messages by telephone or letter are shown, and an important decision in regard to business may face you. The Moon sends you some confused vibrations that cloud the mind. Wait until after the 15th before taking drastic steps in love or marriage. Watch the diet and health. This month favors teaching, nursing, public institutions, homes, secretarial workers, and those connected with beauty parlors, restaurants, drug stores, or real estate.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

Long delayed plans may mature; interests may include moving into a new house, decorating, or buying furnishings; social activities should be pronounced. Romance beckons, and if free to follow, do so. Remember, this sign often has two romances and two marriages; avoid being hasty, and be sure your heart is in good hands before committing yourself. Children are favored in the home. Some problem about an elderly person may arise. Money comes more easily this month, and business is in a transitory state. Some one in your family may be interested in selling or leasing property. This is a good time for such ventures.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

The mental Planet Mercury, your ruler, brings you active rays this month. Your mind will be more concentrated on success; disappointments of the past may disappear suddenly. Travel to another locality may engage the interest. A proposition in business should be seriously considered. Do not invest money in gold or oil stocks without consulting financial expert. Favors are shown in regard to your place of business; promotion or raise in salary favored. The home is under some affliction; quarrels and misunderstandings may arise. Do not break off a romance without thinking it over seriously first. Watch the diet and health, avoid extremes, and see a doctor if necessary. The good days are 2nd, 5th, 10th, 14th, 18th, 22nd and 28th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Straighten out financial problems this month; avoid debts. Favors selling, dealing with superiors, banking, real estate and stock investments. Lighten the load at this time, and avoid assuming another's obligations. The social activities should be pronounced, and you may meet one or two persons who are very attracted to you romantically. Choose wisely, and make no sudden decisions in regard to marriage. Those married unhappily and on the verge of divorce, may come into complete fulfillment of romantic aspirations. Venus helps you, Saturn retards some business plans, but in general, aspects are good and things should thrive at this time.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Your sign is favored this month. Sun and Mars bring relief from past burdens. Put money away, and avoid extravagances.

Inventive or creative ideas are numerous now. This month favors writing, advertising, publications, radio work, mailing important letters, or approaching executives to sell an idea. Romance brings some confusion, as a sense of loyalty may keep you going when you should seek a change in the love life. Good month for health, but avoid accidents.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

This gifted sign is under better aspects in 1940, so snap out of the depressed mood you have been in! You are assured of a happy ending to your love life, even if it may have been rather miserable in the past. Choose wisely the next time and marry only when you are sure you are in love. The Signs of Aries, Leo and Virgo are best for marriage. Money may come from unexpected sources; real estate sales are favored, and any work where you can contact the public. The home has been under afflictions, but it clears up this month. Approach superiors, seek changes in business, for Jupiter helps you now and Saturn ceases its persecution of you and your interests.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Your luck should change about the 21st of this month, so hold your breath and hope! You have labored under a pall for some years and may have wondered what was wrong with you or your stars. Saturn is at fault, but now he turns a kinder face. Money matters improve, business picks up for you and you may even know happiness in romance once more. If you have loved and lost, look for relief this month and, in fact, all during 1940. Favors the home, relatives, new jobs, new romance, and investing money in safe and substantial things, such as real estate, insurance, mort-

Wonder what the joke is? Have you ever seen Ray Mil-land (shown here with his wife) laughing so heartily? Scene: the Palm Room, the swanky Beverly Hills Hotel.

Len Weissman



gages, etc. The health may cause concern in the first week of this month, but improves as the month goes on.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

As usual, this sign forges to the front in your personal affairs. Your love life becomes more settled, and decisions may be reached that vitally affect your future destiny. Make plans to marry and settle down this year, if you are still among the unattached. Choose someone born in Gemini, Libra, Virgo, or even Taurus, and your chances of happiness are good. Money comes through usual business affairs, although new ventures may succeed also. Just have more confidence in yourself, and this month will bring you greater peace.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Do not worry about pending business plans, for they are under considerable favor from the stars. Take active steps to promote your financial independence, go into business for yourself, or seek a new position, if you choose. Neptune favors you in social life, and brings favorable attention in love and marriage. One disappointment in love should be over by this time, and the way clear for a happy love affair. This month favors deals or relationships with doctors, lawyers, nurses, dentists and other professional persons. Also favors drugs, cosmetics, and travel by land or sea. Word from one long absent may brighten the atmosphere after the 15th. The best days are 2nd, 5th, 9th, 14th, 18th, 24th and 27th.

LOVELY MARY MARTIN, FRESHMAN AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, SAYS:

For devastating glamour . . .
get that modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU USE THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

It's the modern trend in makeup—the appealing natural charm of gay young “collegiennes”!

And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own skin tones . . . give you that modern natural look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that does the most for you in Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder, the pure, fine-textured powder keyed to the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly it goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For complete color harmony, use harmonizing Richard Hudnut Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



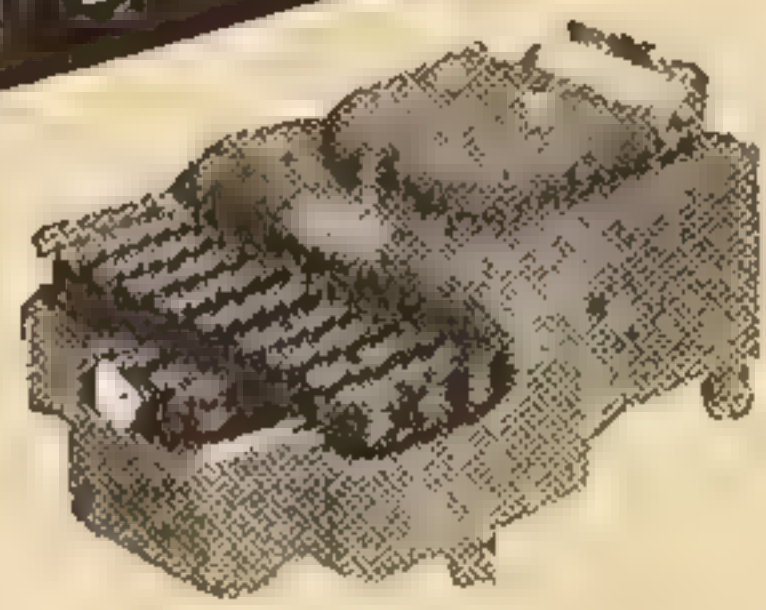
**HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER**
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

SU -240
RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

SECRETARIES STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS ✓ BECOME AN EXPERT STENOTYPIST



STENOTYPISTS win to-day's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Progressive executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation. Stenotypy is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. You can train thoroughly in your spare time—at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Advantages to You in Stenotypy," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.



✓ **The STENOTYPE COMPANY**
Dept. 2419-ST, 4101 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "Advantages to You in Stenotypy," and full information as to how I can prepare myself for the opportunities in Stenotypy.

Name

Address

Position.....Age.....

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

EARN EXTRA MONEY at Home



Increase your income at home by new, simple Wentworth Tempera Color method. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Wentworth Pictorial Company, Ltd. DEPT. 130, Hamilton, Ont.

★ Really KNOW Your Movie Stars!

with the amazing new MOTION PICTURE TEL-A-FAN for 1940—the almost magical device that tells you—INSTANTLY!—the Real Name, Height and Weight, Coloring of Hair and Eyes, Married or Single state, Birthplace and Birth Year of 264 of the World's great screen players. Just a simple twist of an alphabetically-arranged dial, and all of this information is yours—AT ONCE!

There is nothing else like this copyrighted new TEL-A-FAN, yet no really informed fan need be without one. For—remarkable though the ingenious device is—it is mailed to you for only 25¢ in coin. Think of it! Send for yours at once, while you remember it, wrapping your quarter securely, (no stamps accepted), and PRINTING your name and address.

THE CHARTS CO., Dept. S2,
507 Fifth Avenue New York City

Don't Be a Dud—Shine!

Continued from page 63

Now things are different. Because Alice has reason to be more sure of herself in all ways, she has shed many of her distrusts and defenses. Consequently it's infinitely easier to like her—no trick at all, really. While she, warmed by the knowledge that she is liked, is far happier.

Don't let an antagonistic attitude, born of an inferiority complex, erect barriers which people must hurdle before they can get to you.

Miriam Hopkins is rated as especially likeable by her own groups in Hollywood and in New York. And since it is only with these groups that Miriam wishes to be likeable—being far too intense an individual to care about anybody and everybody—it is clear enough that Miriam has a very definite quality of attraction. Actually the secret of Miriam's charm is her refusal to expect too much. Whenever someone she knows is criticized Miriam invariably will say: "So what! I never expected her to be kind or considerate. She's amusing and she's stimulating. You can't have everything."

Miriam admits, frankly, that it wasn't always thus. Not so long ago, like most of us, she expected those she liked, those who were her friends, to measure up in every way. And when they didn't do this she was disillusioned and disappointed and depressed—she felt she had been let down. "And," she says, "worse yet, I would bring about a rift between myself and the person who had let me down because in a dozen little intangible ways I would let him know things weren't the same between us. I would act a trifle cool or a trifle hurt or a trifle independent. And usually, having behaved in what was a perfectly normal manner for him, he would have no idea what it was all about."

"After I had lost the friendship of several people I really admired and whom I wanted to keep in my life I began to get sense. I began to realize that you are attracted to different people for different reasons and you mustn't expect all the charms and virtues from anyone. In other words, if someone is kind and considerate let that be enough. And if someone else is witty and amusing don't expect him to be at your door with offers of help the minute you are in trouble. For if you do this you'll frequently be disappointed and in time you'll grow distrustful and bitter and no one will like you or want you around." That Hopkins girl has brains under her corn-silk hair. We do well to remember what she says, to remember to:

Accept different people for what they are. Make sure we don't ask people who originally attracted us because they were stimulating to play the Good Samaritan—not their natural rôle at all—in odd moments.

Then there's Phyllis Brooks, Phyllis who picked off Cary Grant while at least two dozen beautiful glamor girls stood by wondering why their best technique had failed them so miserably. For there are times when being likeable not only insures your popularity and general happiness but contributes to the success of your love life too.

When Phyllis was growing up her mother gave her a beautiful present. She taught her observation. "Phyllis," she said to her, "watch the boys and girls and the ladies and gentlemen who are popular and tell me what quality you think they have in common."

Phyllis watched for a long time. Then

she told her mother the one thing she thought all popular people had in common, different though they might be in other ways, was a knack of making those around them seem important, a knack of drawing people out.

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Brooks, well-pleased. "Exactly, Phyllis. When you help others to be at ease and to be successful socially they like you. And when people like you, you're popular. And when you're popular your life is good and you are happy. So! Go on from there!"

Phyllis went on from there, and very successfully too. And all the time she continued to observe and mark the attitude of others and the results of their attitude. Not so long ago Noel Coward, of all people, who was Cary Grant's house guest, was the object of Phyllis' observation. "Noel," she says, "could have the center of the stage every minute. And he would enjoy the center of the stage every minute for he has fine enthusiasm and an instinctive showmanship. But he's too smart, too clever, too understanding, to monopolize all attention or even the major portion of it. He performs just enough to make you feel his personality. Then he sets about to listen to others, to discover what they think about things and how they feel."

She laughed. "When I knew I was to meet Noel I prepared to be an audience, to sit back and listen, and to be entertained. Instead I was surprised to find myself talking, appearing smarter than I am usually and more amusing too. Noel drew me out by being intent upon everything I said, by laughing appreciatively if I was even a little funny, and so on. Act bored and blasé," Phyllis concluded, "and soon enough you'll have ample reason to be both of those things—for you'll stifle those around you and get nothing from them in return." In other words, if you would be likeable:

Encourage others to express their ideas, to tell their funny stories, even to do their card tricks, if they do card tricks. For when you draw people out, when you help them give a good performance they feel warmly towards you.

Take a vote in Hollywood—among stars, directors, stage-hands, members of the press, and studio workers—as to who is the most likeable girl in the film colony—and again and again you'll hear the same



See with what confidence red-headed Ann Gwynne is facing life? And no wonder, when Universal gives her such choice pictures as "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," with Bergen.

name shouted: "Una! It's Una Merkel!" Ask why and again there will be enthusiastic accord. They won't tell you Una is especially dynamic or colorful. They won't go into rhapsodies over the parties she gives. They won't come forth with any sensational reasons at all. But with a sincerity that will convince you they'll say: "Una's likeable because she *really* is interested in people. If Una's stand-in has a date she sees to it that the girl gets away in time to bathe and dress and relax. If the studio makes an appointment for Una that isn't convenient she'll break her fool neck to keep it rather than inconvenience the person with whom that appointment was made. And none of this, with Una, is a Nice Nellie act. It's friendliness, all wool and a yard wide!"

Wherever you live, whoever you are, be sure of this: those around you may be lonely. Often they're afraid, too, afraid of all kinds of things. Offer them consideration and understanding and interest and you'll find they will draw close to you.

Be considerate. You'll get warmth from people in exact proportion to the understanding you show for their well-being. And you'll get resentment from people in exact proportion to the indifference you show, even though you try to hide this indifference with superficial enthusiasm.

It's Una who rates first in a general vote for being likeable. But were just the members of the press to cast ballots Bette Davis would get this honor. For when the famous Elsa Maxwell was an honored guest at the Women's Press Club she demanded to know whom the members of this club liked least among the stars and whom they liked most—AND WHY! The

"Wanna match, Joe?" That's what Charles Winniger, Gertrude Walker and Mrs. Joe Penner seem to be asking Joe (Wanna duck?) Penner. They make a happy foursome at the Palm Room, Beverly Hills Hotel.

Len Weissman



consensus was impressive. Again and again the same names rang out. The star liked least of all shall, out of kindness, be nameless. The star liked best was Bette Davis.

And let me make it very clear that Bette makes no effort to "buy" the press. She doesn't wine and dine writers. She doesn't make them handsome presents upon every possible occasion. And the liking and respect the press holds for her is not based on her undisputed artistry. Bette rates high with the Fourth Estate because she's a square-shooter.

When Bette is impulsive in the things she says during an interview she stands by them. She doesn't ask the writer to strike any indiscreet remark she made off the record. And several times when almost everyone in Hollywood was up in arms over a critical story that reached print. Bette's attitude was different—and fairer.

"If that is the kind of story that sells magazines and it is true," she declared

crisply, "the editor was only being efficient in printing it. It's ourselves we should criticize—not the magazine—for giving them the material for such a story. After all, if we're important enough to warrant the reams of praise that are constantly printed about us we have to expect to be targets for criticism too."

Bette never tries to fool people or to put anything over on them. This spares her the resentment people naturally feel for those who believe them stupid enough to be dealt with in this insulting manner. So then, what do we learn from Bette who gets a gold star from the most hard-boiled group in her town for being likeable? We learn we should:

Try to grasp the other fellow's point of view regarding the things he is doing as well as the things we are doing—so we will respect his rights and avoid hurting his pride.

JOAN BLONDELL
Star of
"AMAZING
MR. WILLIAMS"
A Columbia Picture



Aboard Streamliner

Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood



See Film Hits Made



Meet the Film Stars



Lunch at Brown Derby



Dine at Coconut Grove

3 Lucky Girls

WILL GO TO HOLLYWOOD FREE!

"The Perfume of The Stars" OFFERS 3 FREE VACATIONS TO MOVIELAND! 51 OTHER PRIZES! YOU MAY WIN ONE!

THINK OF IT! A thrilling 2-week summer vacation to movieland with all expenses paid! See Hollywood as visitors seldom see it. Watch film hits in the making! Meet and be photographed with the Stars!

Beauty and Talent Not Essential

Unknowingly you may be a "movie type" and thus you have an equal chance to win one of three free trips to Hollywood . . . or a year's tuition and room at Defiance College . . . or one of 50 De Vilbiss Atomizers filled with PERFUME OF THE STARS—in the exquisite fra-

grance that accents your charm and personality.

How to Enter: Go to your ten-cent store and obtain a bottle of either Joan Blondell or Franciska Gaal Perfume for only 10c. Follow the easy Rules of the Contest by answering the few simple questions about yourself printed on the back of each card affixed to the bottle. Send the card, or facsimile, with a snapshot or photo of yourself, as directed. Nothing to compose! Nothing to name! Mail before May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st—in time for vacation planning. Don't delay! Do it now!



4th PRIZE

One Year's Tuition and Room Paid For at

DEFIANCE COLLEGE



Located in Defiance, Ohio it has a record of 94% placements of its graduates for past 10 years.

NEXT 50 PRIZES

Beautifully Designed

DE VILBISS ATOMIZERS



Each filled with 1 oz. of Perfume of the Stars in your choice of the two exquisite fragrances.

10c

AT LEADING TEN-CENT STORES

IF YOUR TEN-CENT STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, MAIL COUPON

WARREN-SMITH CO., DEPT. 11-B, DEFIANCE, OHIO
Please send me . . . bottles of Perfume of The Stars mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice: ☐ Joan Blondell ☐ Franciska Gaal. I enclose 10c for each.

Name

Address

Look Sweet and Neat

at breakfast in
Bob Pin & Ribbon
Coiffure . . .
double-breasted,
puff-sleeved
housecoat.



DE LONG
BOB PINS
won't slip out

Almost Everybody Asks for **DE LONG**

WANTED ORIGINAL SONG POEMS
any subject. **YOU CAN**
write the words for a
song. Don't delay—send
us your poem for im-
mediate consideration.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co. #123-F, Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

For Your Class or Club

Pins, rings and emblems. Over 300 designs.
Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30c up.
Write today for our attractive, free catalog.
Dept. W METAL ARTS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

**.. AND I USED TO BE SUCH
A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS**



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have

been distributed during that period. Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

Courage, a Heart—and Brains

Continued from page 64

straight back to the crown of your head, twirling the ends into curls, and catching the hair at the crown with a big, perky bow of ribbon; or you might like a little one of velvet ribbon, with ends trailing the length of your long bob. Any change in your hair-do may revolutionize the type of hat you wear, and make you altogether different and refreshing.

When you get to your face, there is just so much and no more that you can do. You might routine skin care, and thereby, in a short time, see a much clearer, finer skin. If you have a short nose, a young face, try your rouge high up on your face, almost under your eyes, and see if you don't make an impression for radiance. Then over your eyelids, spread a clear oil or cream to make them shine—and your eyes look like stars. This is a great Hollywood trick with the younger players. Try, too, that new fountain-brush to give you cinema lips, so perfectly outlined, so clear, so soft that your mouth will pass for pretty, regardless of its natural merits.

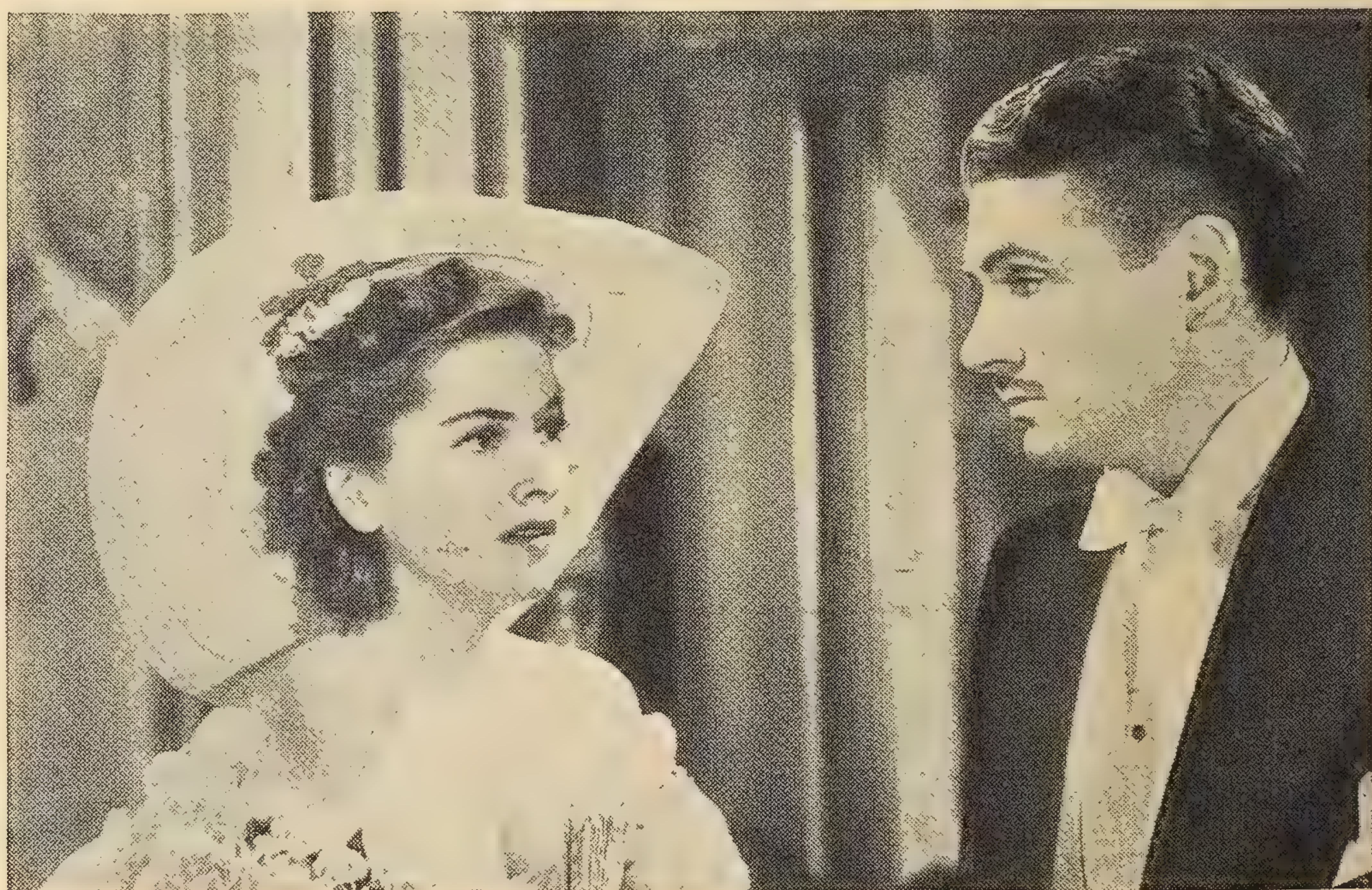
I am afraid at this season figures are definitely a matter of concern. You probably know plenty about corrective exercises and diets, or if you don't I'll be glad to send you a very sensible little book. Of course, both exercises and diets take a little time to work, so since we're in the dumps now, let's do something that shows immediate results. So—stand up, weight on both feet, and slowly move your relaxed arms until the thumbs are slightly back of your hipbones. Can you feel a difference in posture? Then look in your mirror and see it. One of the Hollywood training tricks, this, for good posture. Maybe you wish you were taller, so you could wear clothes with the swish of a mannequin. "Carriage and posture are most important if you would appear taller," says Anna Neagle, who knows the queen rôle well and how to assume the queenly character. Miss Neagle further adds that a lifted chin, squared shoulders, and a straight back take advantage of every inch of you. See the difference this makes, too. When you do your utmost—or upmost—with this posture, you may find your figure isn't so out of sorts, after all. So—up on your toes!

Consider, piece by piece, the rest of you: hands, nails, legs, and feet. Right now, you'll feel better about your feet if you toss off your shoes, arch them slowly and rotate them slowly several times from the ankle. You might also check up on these points: are your legs perfectly groomed for those sheers? Are your toes pedicured as carefully as your fingertips? Are your black sueded brushed to freshness and are the heel lifts in perfect condition?

It's not time for Spring yet, but brighten up the remainder of your Winter wardrobe. Maybe a bright wool jacket to wear over the black crêpe, a dazzling new color in a tiny hat to wear with the black coat, or maybe a lovely new belt to make a new frock out of an old one. Or you might find a pastel wool frock just the thing. Whatever you do now, do it with color in mind, and do it because you like the color. As lovely Gail Patrick once said to me, "I wear red because it makes me happy." A definite taste for a definite reason.

If your courage is working now, take heart. Indeed, do something with your heart. And I don't mean wearing it on your sleeve. However, you will find that responsiveness is one of the greatest charms any girl may possess. And responsiveness means kindred feeling—an answer to the invitation. So many people show this quality long, long after you've thought you knew them, and it is always a pleasant surprise. Don't hide your light too far from sight. At least, go half the way in meeting another. The natural ability to do this gives you a surer reputation for charm than any one thing I know. Emotion, pure and simple, when controlled, is that gift, individual in every person. When uncontrolled—well, you know all about that. It's emotion that makes your smile, not merely the stretching of the lips. It's emotion and feeling that give you the ability to excel in and add something beyond to your own special forte in life. You can feel this when Deanna Durbin sings, when Ginger Rogers dances, and when Victor McLaglen gets good and mad on the screen. You have a heart, so use it in the right place. Don't be too brittle.

And brains, too. These we scatter over a multitude of things, and have a very good



Olivia de Havilland's kid sister makes good! Joan Fontaine plays Laurence Olivier's bride in the film made from the best seller, "Rebecca." This is the rôle which all the beauties of Hollywood coveted. Joan won it with her fine acting in "The Women."



See how chipper Rosemary Lane was looking when she arrived in New York for a vacation. Turning out picture after picture hasn't downed her a bit.

time doing it, thank you. I know. However, when it comes to your person, use them to make you happier. No use to cry for blue eyes if you have green. Instead, capitalize on them. Make them greener, and you have something. If your hipbones are just so wide, and you haven't any excess flesh on them, then don't try to melt from a sixteen to a twelve. Bones can't be reduced. If you are a little girl, you can reach for the stars just so far and not beyond. So make the most of your petiteness, and be glad for it. If you are a hale and hearty type, as Miss Lombard can be on occasion, don't go shy-violet and expect it to work. Though Greta Garbo did fool us all and laugh. Work on the things that can be changed, and wishful thinking here will help produce results. Your posture, your grooming, your voice and personality will sprout like weeds at even a little encouragement. And these work better than perfect features any time.

The courage to dare, and daring, do; the heart to feel, and feeling, be; and brains, as a stop-and-go signal now and then—and I don't think the February dumps will get us down. Nor will the cozy chair and Winter mood hold too long.

BUBBLE YOUR TROUBLES AWAY

You are cordially invited to accept an experience in beauty bubble baths—our gift-of-the-month. The World's Fair made this bath famous and you'll revel in it. Our February bulletin specializes in quick ways to beauty and tells how to get your gift. Besides, it contains tips on new fashions and good times. The bulletin is yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Will Mortimer Supplant Charlie McCarthy?

Continued from page 33

Antidote is right. Snerd and McCarthy have nothing in common but the breath in Bergen's throat. Their personalities are as different as the human race allows. Snerd's I.Q. is sub-zero—he don't know from nothin' and admits it. What McCarthy doesn't know he claims he does. Snerd is a plow-jockey still damp behind the ears; Charlie is a cosmopolite. Women terrify Snerd, but not since Casanova have we had a wolf like Charlie. So it goes. Charlie would swindle a worm from a famished robin, but Mortimer—no, he's too ignorant.

A lot of people ask why Mortimer hasn't appeared on the air more often.

"What do you think about going on the radio, Mortimer?" Bergen asked.

"Uh-unh. Nope."

"Why do you say that, Mortimer? You know Charlie does."

"Yuh, but Charlie's smart."

"But Mortimer," said Bergen, "there are a lot of people on radio that aren't as smart as Charlie."

"No difference," said Snerd. "Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ain't got nothin' to say."

Nevertheless, Bergen thinks that after the release of his new picture Mortimer will want to be a radio star, but Bergen isn't sure Snerd will click as keenly as McCarthy.

"Mortimer's charm is much more visual than Charlie's. Mortimer really has to be seen to be funny."

All of which gets around to saying that Snerd is best fitted for motion pictures. As a matter of fact, that's been evident for some time. Mortimer first appeared in "Letter of Introduction" in a very small rôle and made quite a stir. Then came "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" and after they'd counted the votes on that they found Snerd was a hit. Somehow Mortimer's goodnatured rustic stupidity had touched the public's calloused old heart. And if you don't believe that you ought to take a peek at the letters that poured in asking what had become of Mortimer at the end of the picture. You remember that final fadeout—Snerd gurgling contentedly in the basket of a runaway balloon—well, a good many people got to worrying about him. Had he just gone sailing blithely off into the stratosphere? To allay all such frettings I cross my heart and hope to die if Snerd is not sitting safely and happily on the floor of Charlie McCarthy's closet.

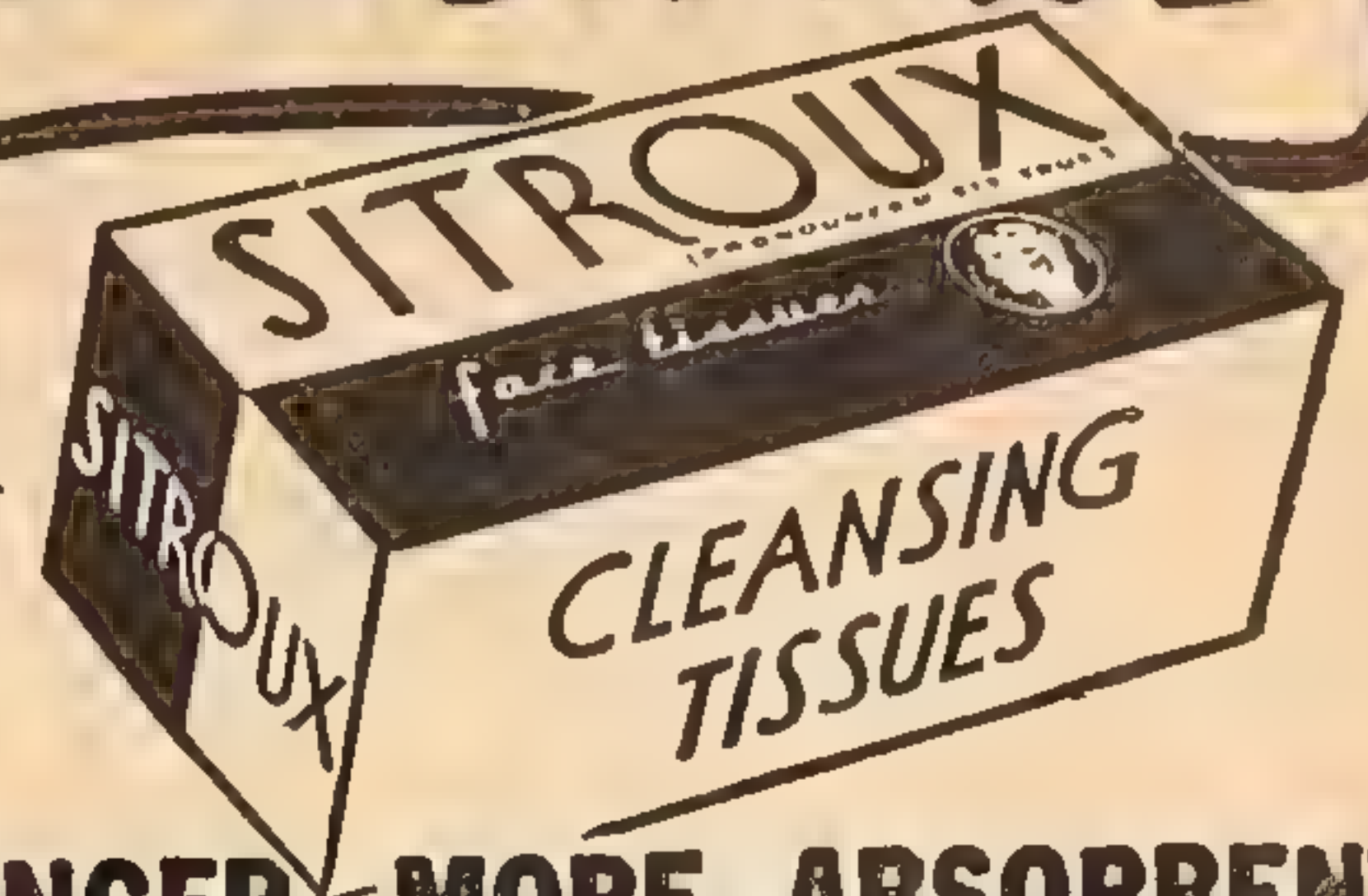
They're in the new picture now. By popular demand Snerd is given equal billing with Bergen and McCarthy.

"Mortimer has to be used sparingly," Bergen insists, "or he gets monotonous. He must be given in small doses. Another thing, neither Charlie nor Mortimer is an integral part of the plot in the picture. They've got to be nuisances, that's all."

And there's a technical hurdle to be jumped. It is Mortimer's face. The angles, bumps, bulges, gullies and all make it difficult to photograph. They have to use "soft" photography on him and shoot him from certain angles only.

All this sounds a mite discouraging, but Bergen is a smart showman. He knows Mortimer can be, and is, for that matter, a powerful box office persuader; he knows that Snerd has cut himself a three-foot niche in the public's fancy and that the public cannot be stood up. Bergen is simply going to make sure he doesn't give the theatregoers too large a dose of Mortimer. We have Bergen's own word that we're going to see more of the rustic gopher puss.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER—MORE ABSORBENT



TRY OUR NEW

SITROUX BEAUTY CREAMS

COLD CREAM for proper cleansing.
FOUNDATION CREAM for smooth, long lasting make-up.

BUY SITROUX CREAMS WHERE YOU BUY SITROUX TISSUES



HELP smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

B & P Wrinkies & Frownies
On the Market for over 40 years

Made in two styles—WRINKIES for lines in the face, FROWNIES for between the eyes. Sold in 65c and \$1.00 boxes at most drug and department stores. Trial package, 35c. If your dealer's stock is exhausted, sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE B & P CO., (Two Women)
P. O. Box 2632 Lakewood, O.

MAKE MONEY

AT HOME!

Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home," and requirements. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL

3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 4432 Chicago



Meet your favorite Movie star?

all original photos of your favorite stars and scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays, size 8x10 glossy prints, 4 for \$1.00, 12 for \$2.50. Positively the finest obtainable anywhere. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Film Center Bldg., Studio 452, 630-9th Ave., New York City

WANTED

ORIGINAL POEMS, LYRICS, SONGS by a recognized Music Organization. Our contracts GUARANTEE PUBLICATION, marketing; include expert collaboration, where required. WE GIVE YOU ADVANTAGES NOT OBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE. Send your material today.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS AGENCY, DEPT. X7, Portland, Ore.



FREE SAMPLE

FREE to Women!

Frank and interesting Booklet answers the question uppermost in minds of married women. Explains use of Boro-Pheno-Form—easier, daintier method of feminine hygiene. No water or accessories needed. Convenient, soothing, odorless. Proven by 47 years use.

Write today for Free sample of Boro-Pheno-Form and booklet "The Answer."

Dr. Pierre Chem. Co., Dept. 208, 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago

SHE STILL HAS TOO MUCH S-E-X A-P-P-E-A-L . . . !

Mae West returns to pictures after two years absence and are the censors jittery . . . ! Read this big feature in the February SILVER SCREEN, now on sale 10c

Rheumatism Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

HOW TO BRING THE CLARK GABLE OUT IN ANY MAN!



WHAT MAKES GABLE "TICK" AND HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR BOY FRIEND "TICK," TOO!

Elizabeth Wilson, intimate friend of CLARK GABLE, explains what makes America's heart throb "tick"! Here's a gay and amusing article, exclusive in the February SILVER SCREEN, now on sale! Don't miss "HOW TO BRING THE CLARK GABLE OUT IN ANY MAN"! Packed with surprises!

Read Every Issue Of Silver Screen! No Other Screen Magazine Like It!

SILVER SCREEN brings you the intimate, gossipy side of Hollywood! The keenest filmland reporters dig out the unusual each month! America's best screen writers present it to you exclusively in SILVER SCREEN!

SEND A DOLLAR! USE THIS MONEY-SAVING SUBSCRIPTION FORM TODAY!

SILVER SCREEN
45 W. 45th Street
New York City

Date

I want to save money by ordering your special one dollar subscription offer. This entitles me to your regular one year subscription of twelve issues. (Cost \$1.20 by single copies.)

Send to

Street and number

City and State

(Attach One Dollar, Currency, Stamps, Money-Order, Check)
(Offer good in U. S. only)

"Golden Bill" in Fast Company

Continued from page 34

living room window, watching the flight of a paper airplane he had fashioned. To understand how Bill Holden can remain level-headed in the midst of all the ballyhoo, you have to get a picture of the family in which he was brought up. In these days, when a half dozen "isms" have swept the land like evil winds from Europe, it is good to know that there are throughout our country, simple American homes like Bill Holden's. No hatred and intolerance were preached in that home. It was—and is—a stronghold of Americanism. For Bill is descended on his mother's side from Martha Bell, mother of George Washington, and his grandfather was a cousin of President Harding's.

He was born William Franklin Beedle, Jr., in O'Fallon, Illinois, twenty-one years ago, but his family moved to California when he was four years old. His father is a chemist, and there was a time when Bill thought he would become one, too. He has two younger brothers, Bob, who is seventeen, and is wild about chemistry, and Dick, who is fourteen, and who ever since Bill was chosen for the part of "Golden Boy," is determined to become an actor some day, too. Bill lived exactly the sort of boyhood which any boy might live who was brought up in a wholesome American family, ruled by love instead of the iron hand of discipline. It was a boyhood of hunting and camping and going to the beach. And a boyhood, too, of dabbling around with musical instruments. At nine Bill took a few piano lessons; a year later he was learning to play the clarinet, and at twelve he studied the violin for nine months.

"I gave it up because I didn't care much for the violin," he said. "However, when I was chosen later for the part of 'Golden Boy,' I took lessons every day. It was the same way with boxing. I never boxed until I was chosen for this rôle, and then I took two hours of boxing lessons every day for two months."

Bill's greatest thrill as a youngster came at the age of twelve when his uncle took

him for a ride in a plane, and they flew over Mount Wilson. Six years later came the next big thrill—he bought a motorcycle. Suspecting that his father might disapprove, he kept it in a friend's garage, saying nothing about it at home. When his father learned about it, he said, "Bill, you've got to get rid of that motorcycle. It's dangerous for you to drive it."

"Dad, didn't you have a motorcycle when you were a boy?"

"Yes, that's true."

"And don't you remember what a thrill it was?"

Dad's face relaxed into a smile, and it was obvious that Mr. Beedle, Sr., was recalling the joys of motorcycling. "Yes, it was a great thrill," he admitted, "but I lived in the country, where there was practically no traffic. In the city, it's very risky."

Bill's voice became very cajoling. If he had been taking lessons from Dale Carnegie, he couldn't have been more persuasive. "It isn't really more dangerous in the city, dad. When you used your 'cycle on country roads, you had to have great skill, for those country roads were pretty bumpy and full of mud puddles. It took just as much judgment to ride a motorcycle in the sand and mud and dirt of a country road as it does to dodge traffic."

"Maybe you're right, Bill. All right, you can keep the motorcycle, but if you're ever careless enough to have an accident, you'll have to get rid of it."

When, a year later, he had his first accident, his father insisted that he sell the motorcycle. "If I can prove to you that the accident wasn't my fault, may I keep the 'cycle?" Bill asked. His father agreed. "The driver of the car made a left-hand turn without signalling, as he was supposed to," Bill explained. He kept the motorcycle.

All the members of the family like to kid each other, playing mild, pleasant jokes on one another. There was the time when Bill's mother was all set for a trip to the Yosemite with her husband. They had been looking forward to it for a long time. Half

No, Wayne Morris isn't making love to Priscilla Lane. They're just chatting together. These two players are teamed again in Warner's "Brother Rat and a Baby."





Len Weissman

Married or single? Single or married? Hollywood can't decide. Whichever is right, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard still dine together. Why is he frowning, she smiling? Your guess on that angle of their mystery romance is as good as ours.

an hour before they were scheduled to start the phone rang. "I'm sorry," Bill's father said, "but I can't get the time off. I have to see some people in Los Angeles on business. We'll have to postpone our vacation." Heartbroken, Mrs. Beedle unpacked their grips, only to be confronted a half hour later by her husband, who said, "Well, are you all set to go, dear?" And she had to repack the trunks!

"At Christmas time," Bill told me, "I'd say, 'Here's your present, mother,' and 'Here's yours, Bob.' 'Dad, I'm awfully sorry, but I had no time to shop around for you.' 'Sorry, Dick, I didn't have time to get you anything either.'" Dick and Dad knew he was kidding, of course. No member of the Beedle family would think of overlooking Christmas. But they knew, too, that they'd have to wait until the triumphant moment when he dragged out their gifts from their hiding place. Then they'd pretend to be very astonished that he had, after all, found time to shop for those gifts.

One Christmas when Mr. Beedle unpacked the gifts, he picked up a package containing a bottle of whiskey. He seemed surprised. And no wonder! For that wasn't at all the type of gift the Beedles gave one another. And they all knew that he didn't drink. He asked them all if they'd given it to him and each one of them denied it. Breaking the seal on the bottle, he said, "Well, it looks like good liquor and there's no sense in wasting it." Whereupon he put the bottle to his lips, and began to drink its contents. Aghast, they all stared at him. Why, he had already consumed half of the liquor in it.

"Mother put her hand to her head. None of us could understand it. Since dad was not a drinking man, I expected him to keel over in a dead faint. Suddenly, he began to laugh. Dad had steamed the seal off the bottle, had filled it with water, then replaced the seal so that it looked as if it hadn't been touched. We thought he was drinking whiskey, when he was drinking nothing but water! It surely gave us a great scare."

Since the family lived in Pasadena, Bill attended the South Pasadena Junior College, where he joined the glee club, never dreaming that this was to change his whole life. While they were rehearsing for a concert, Robert Ben Alley, the author of "Manya," which was to be presented at

the college, said to him, "I like your voice. Would you mind recording some vocal parts for 'Manya'?"

"Not at all," said Bill, "I'll be glad to."

The following year, the dramatic club at the college decided to present "Manya" again, and Robert Ben Alley gave Bill the part of Pierre Curie, Sr., a man of seventy. This time "Manya" was presented at the Playbox, which is connected with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Though Bill had only a bit to play, Paramount's talent scout singled him out for an audition.

"It was one of the worst ordeals I've ever been through. The audition room was all black on one side, and a spotlight shone in my face.

"Give me a line from some play you've been in," Arthur Jacobson, talent director of the studio, said to me.

"I've been in only one play," I confessed.

"All right, give me a line from that."

"So I screwed up my face to look like that of an old man, and spoke a line in an old whiney voice."

"Stop," said Mr. Jacobson. "You don't have to give us any of that stuff. If we wanted a character actor, we'd get Paul Muni. We want you to be yourself. Tell me about some experience you've had."

So Bill began to tell him about a hunting trip he'd once taken. After he had spoken a few sentences, came Mr. Jacobson's voice, "Stop. That's enough. We'll shoot a screen test in a couple of days."

Two days later, they shot a test of Bill and two girls. Of the three, only Bill was signed.

The day he signed his contract, he called up his home. "Well, mother, I didn't get the contract." The voice that came over the wire was low and sympathetic. "Don't feel badly about it, Bill. If you'd been trained for the stage, that would be different. But you can't really expect the movie companies to give a boy without any stage experience a contract."

At dinner that night, Bill sat in the dining room of his home in Pasadena with his mother, father, and his two brothers. There was none of the gay atmosphere that usually prevailed at the dinner table. Each of them talked of everything but the movies, the subject that was uppermost in their minds. For they knew how bitterly disappointed Bill must be. Strangely enough, Bill actually seemed cheerful. Finally he



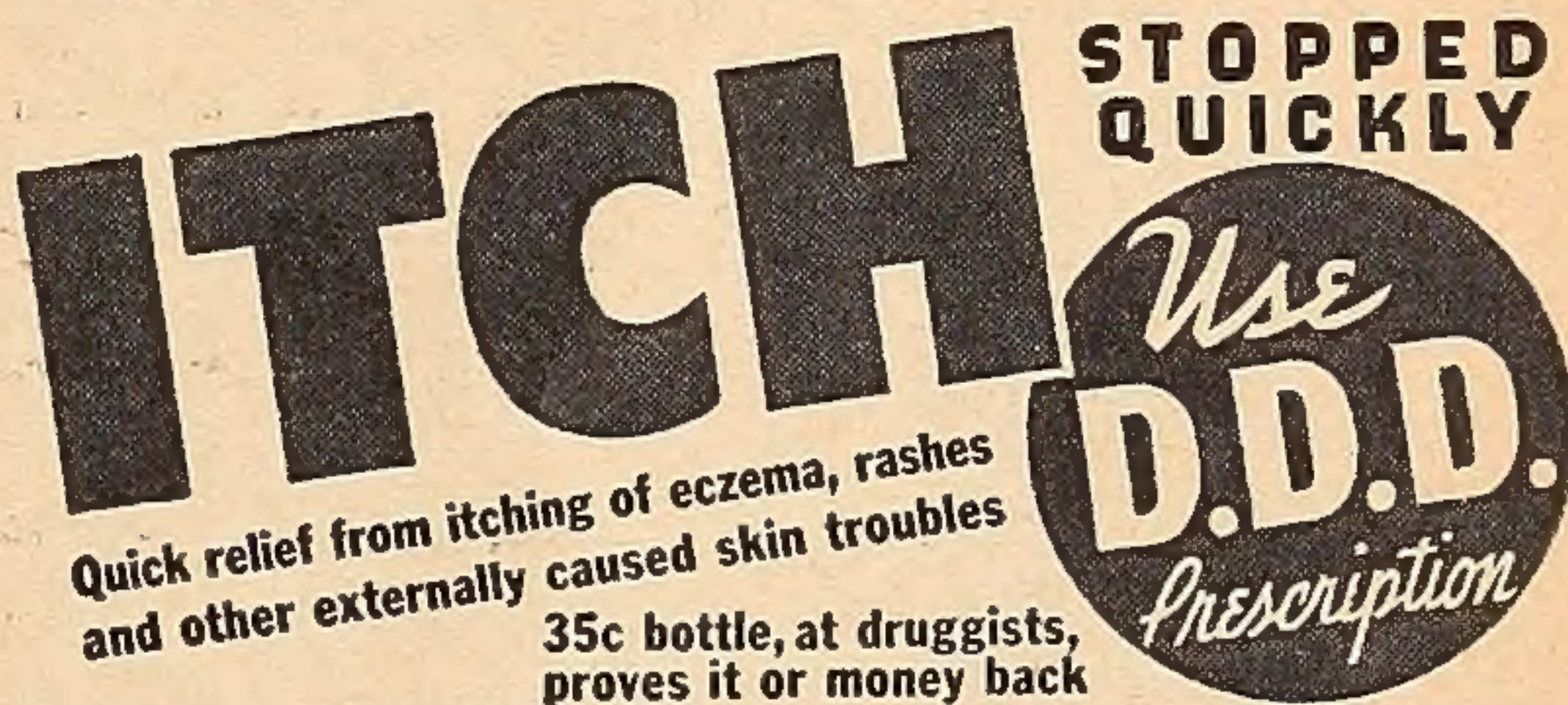
Link them together
in your mind!

IT'S easy to get quick relief from stuffy nostrils with Mentholatum. This soothing ointment reduces the local congestion, thus helping to clear the breathing passages. Mentholatum also checks sniffing, sneezing, soreness due to colds. It soothes irritated membranes and promotes healing. And its vapors likewise carry comfort deep into the cold-infested air passages.



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 12, LOWELL, MASS.**



**IS EPILEPSY INHERITED?
CAN IT BE CURED?**

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SU-2, New York, N. Y.



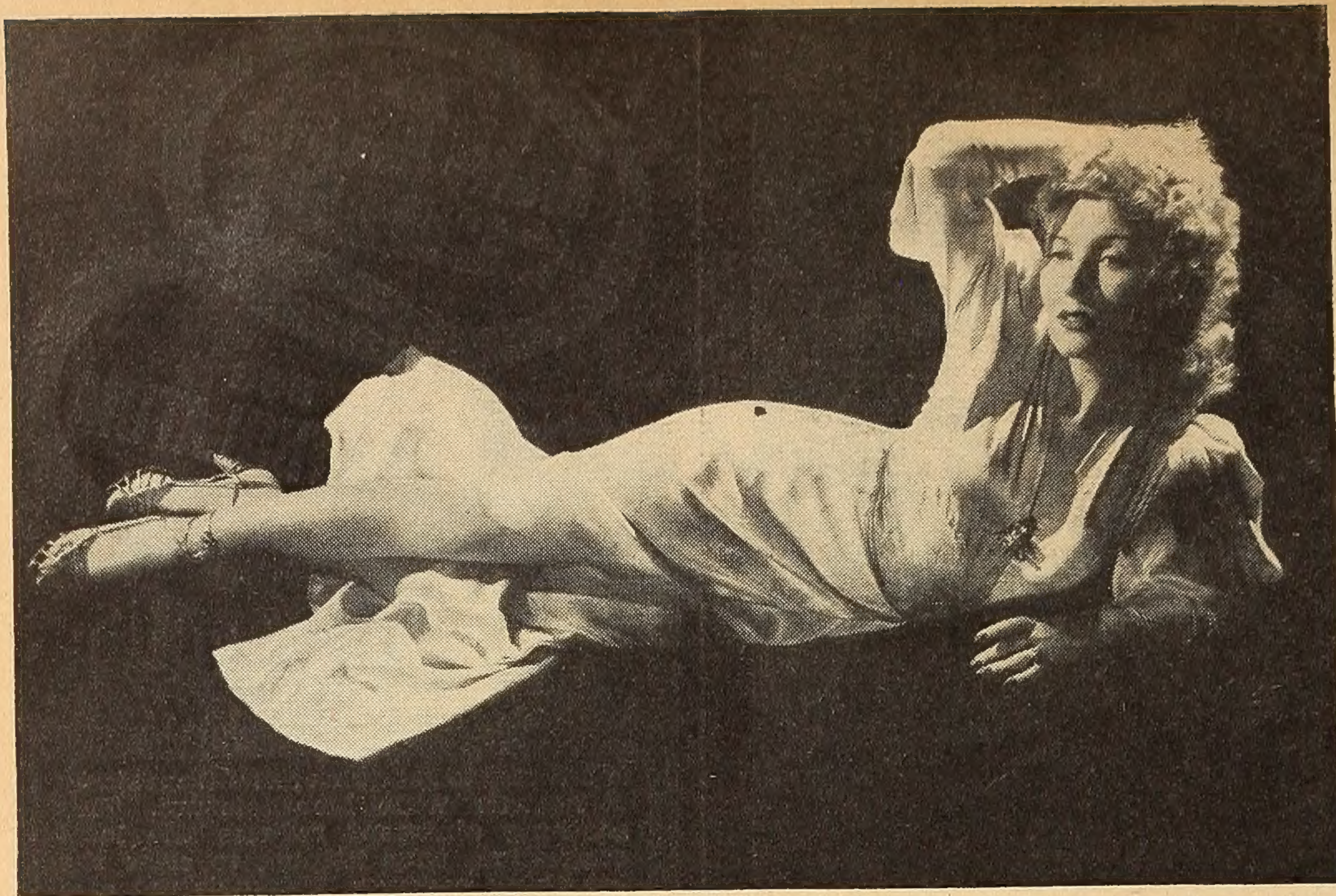
FORMULA 301
Hides Blemishes Instantly,
Soothes, Smooths, Cleanses
Beneath Your Make-Up
A Perfect Powder Base

Helps restore complexion loveliness, alluring smoothness, to skins marred by surface pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness. Works beneath your make-up. Thousands of women and men thrilled with results! If not at your dealer, mail coupon below.

Kay Co., 745 Fifth Ave., Dept. K, New York
Enclosed: ☐ 10c Trial Size; ☐ \$1; ☐ C. O. D. \$1.

NAME

ADDRESS



Now Marlene (Legs) Dietrich has a rival—and at her old studio, too! She's Muriel (Legs) Angelus, Paramount's new pet from England and the Broadway stage. As MAISIE in Kipling's "The Light That Failed," she just can't fail to make a hit.

Jeanette, the Impatient Photographer

Continued from page 61

ten minutes, mildly inquired whether I wanted her with or without eyelashes that evening. And I wonder if my own click-click-click wouldn't have been just as good?"

"Let me offer these candid pictures of the Hargreaves and Irene Dunne," said Gene, extending some prints. "Irene likes your pictures of her, too. The others are examples of really candid art."

"I have a romantic soul," smiled Jeanette. "I love to catch my married friends in a cute set-up like that. Those were made at our latest Sunday breakfast. We have friends in for waffles every so often, and I make the waffles on three irons. Talk about heckling! No matter how quickly I do it, they all complain. After breakfast we usually play our cartoon game, where you choose sides and each side draws whatever word is given them on slips of paper, the other side guessing what has been drawn. You've probably played it. I think I got some good informals last time."

"The rule of this house," observed Gene, ruffling through the prints, "is that no one who tells a story shall be permitted to get to the point. It's an ordeal to attempt it, because everyone heckles the story teller and few, if any, finish."

Jeanette caught the candid camera hobby from her husband, who has had it since he was a little boy. "Partly it was because Gene's albums are such a joy to us as a record of all our good times together," she told me, "and partly, I think, because we love doing the same things. I doubt if I will ever be as good at it as Gene is, but good or not, it's fun. Gene has a home movie outfit too, you know. I remember when we were on our honeymoon I thought I'd like to see what I could do with that outfit."

"We were on a boat, and I had Gene running up and down hatchways, coming in and out of doors, and so on. But I didn't stand there and grind the little jigger as any amateur might do. I thought I'd get something different—(like you up on the arbor)—something after the manner of our ace camera artists. I held the camera way up or down and always at an angle. When we showed the film on the screen, believe it or not, Gene was coming in upside down, walking on his head or sort of disappearing into the heavens."

"I can walk upstairs on my hands. I should have tried it then and saved the picture," put in Gene.

"Oh, the scenery, too! You should have seen that!" laughed Jeanette. "I had a gorgeous view from my hotel window. I wanted to immortalize it, so I picked up the camera, started grinding and moved from one side to the other, so as to take in the entire view. When it came on the screen, it simply whooshed right by like a comet!"

"So now I leave the movie outfit to Gene," finished my hostess. "Speaking of albums—were we?—Gene and I had such fun doing his song for my album of concert numbers. Did you know he played my accompaniment for that record? It's the song he wrote for me, *Let Me Always Sing*."

"Since Gene began devoting most of his time to composing music, he has been very happy. And since I began snapping pictures, I've been a happier person, too. We both found ourselves through our hobbies."

said, "I can't hold out any longer. I signed the contract this afternoon. Honestly, I did."

"Bill, quit your kidding," his mother said. "We know how badly you feel about this."

"But I'm *not* kidding," he insisted.

"Then I had the hardest time getting them to believe me," he chuckled. "I was like the boy who cried 'Wolf' too often."

But being signed to a contract didn't necessarily mean being given a chance to act, he discovered. He underwent the experience to which so many young contract players are subjected. For two months he sat around and waited, fearful that his option would expire before he was given a bit in a picture. Players whom he met on the lot said gloomily, "We hope you get a break, but very few of us ever do." Finally he was told that he'd been awarded a bit in "Million Dollar Legs." He was to say two words, "Thank you." When he heard this, he was more discouraged than ever. Certainly with only two words to say, he couldn't make any kind of a showing. But he never did say those two words, for a few days later his break really came. For months Columbia had been searching for an actor to portray "Golden Boy," but without success. Then Harry Cohn, the Columbia executive, happened to see his screen test for Paramount, and impressed by it, he sent for Bill. The very next day Bill Holden was tested, and the day after his test, he was signed, Columbia buying half his contract from Paramount. For thirteen weeks, Bill worked on the picture.

"Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou were grand to me. Miss Stanwyck helped me out with my lines and with my expressions, and Mr. Menjou showed me camera angles. I had no idea whether I was good or bad. All Rouben Mamoulian told me was, 'Don't worry.' For five weeks after the picture was finished, I heard nothing more about it. I was under a terrific strain. I didn't feel as if my work in the picture was really finished. It was just like taking an exam, and wondering how you've made out on it. You're under a strain until the exam notices are posted on the bulletin board. You keep on wondering, 'Did I pass?' I didn't have a good night's sleep until the picture was previewed at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre. The next morning, I saw the press notices, and they were good. So I climbed into bed and went to sleep."

Incidentally, when William Holden went

to the preview of "Golden Boy," he was so completely unknown not a soul recognized him. But as he walked out of the theatre, crowds began to surround him, to pull at his clothes, and thrust autograph books at him. One old woman said in a shrieky voice, "Did you get a big thrill out of kissing Barbara Stanwyck?" That first taste of fame's heady splendors frightened him. He was amazed to have people asking him to sign autographs, as though his autograph could possibly be of any value.

He's very simple, very natural and very honest. There isn't any One Girl in his life. "I've never had much time for girls. I've been too busy," he says. "About once in six months I've taken a girl sailing or to a show or something like that." Asked if he'd ever been in love, he said, abashed, "No, not *really* love. I've had what you might call adolescent attractions."

His favorite book is Lin Yutang's "Importance of Living." "I often pick up the book, read excerpts from it, and laugh my head off," he said. "It's the philosophy of a suppressed race. Not having much of this world's goods, the Chinese have learned to love simple things and to get their pleasure out of those things that are free to all—the earth and the sun and the sky."

His favorite actors are Spencer Tracy and Paul Muni. Although press agents hail him as a future Clark Gable, he himself hasn't the slightest desire to become a matinee idol.

He was glad that his rôle in "Invisible Stripes," for which Warners' have borrowed him, was not too big. "I don't feel that I'm big enough to carry any picture," he told me. "From now on, I hope to be cast in small supporting rôles. Look at John Garfield. After appearing in 'Four Daughters,' 'They Made Me a Criminal,' and 'Blackwell's Island,' he played a supporting rôle in 'Daughters Courageous.' It wasn't a big part—it was only his fine acting that made it stand out. If a part like that is the right kind of rôle to build up John Garfield, then certainly I can hope for nothing better than a chance to be featured in a similar rôle. I didn't become a star overnight, and I don't want to become a star until I've learned how to act."

It looks as if he will be given every chance to learn. Bill Holden is now playing in a comedy, "At Good Old Siwash," for Paramount. In it he'll have an opportunity to express the comic urge that seems to run in his family.



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE

What a Difference Maybelline Makes

Stop . . . Look . . . Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, except her eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

Don't doubt your own eyes. See what Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can do for you. Lashes always take on this dark sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara — and notice how this makes the eyes appear larger, more brilliant. Depth and color are subtly accented with Maybelline Eye Shadow — and brows are tapered so naturally with Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Bring out the beauty of your eyes to your own thrilling satisfaction — today! You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store!



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) comes in dainty zipper case. Black, Brown, Blue—75c.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades. Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS





Above: AN ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U.S. Government methods.

Uncle Sam.

TOBACCO EXPERT!

"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever...and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer.

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert...

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food... that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W: "The best in 300 years... even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W: "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why...**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you
tried a
LUCKY
lately?